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# THE ODYSSEYS OF HOMER

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH

BY GEORGE CHAPMAN

WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES

BY RICHARD HOOPER, M.A., F.R.S.

LONDON



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JOHN RUSSELL SMITH,

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# THE ODYSSEYS OF HOMER,

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VOLUME I.



LONDON:  
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TO  
THE REVEREND ALEXANDER DYCE,  
WHOSE KNOWLEDGE  
OF ELIZABETHAN LITERATURE  
HAS NEVER BEEN SURPASSED,  
THESE VOLUMES ARE INSCRIBED.







## INTRODUCTION.



THE Editor of the present volumes has the great gratification of being the first to restore to light a noble work which has been lying dormant for nearly two centuries and a half. Chapman's *Odyssey*, originally published in folio, 1614-16, either from the limited number of the impression, or the more than ordinary ravages of time, has become so rare as to be inaccessible to the general reader, and comparatively unknown to the more curious student of old English literature. Though issued in a separate form, it is now seldom found except in conjunction with the *Iliad*; and the price of the united volume, besides its scarcity, places it beyond the reach of all but a few whose libraries are stored with the more precious treasures of our language. Of the *Iliad*, portions and the whole, we have seen there were at least four impressions published during the author's life-time, besides Dr. Cooke Taylor's 2 vols. 8vo. 1843, and yet it is by no means a common book, and perfect and clean copies of Chapman's own editions are desirable volumes. Of the *Odyssey*, however, the present is the only edition

besides that superintended by the author himself. Great care has, therefore, been taken in rendering the text as accurate as possible, by reading it with the original Greek, amending the extremely faulty punctuation, judiciously, it is hoped, modernizing the orthography, and adding a few notes illustrative of Chapman's language. The reader has, therefore, now an opportunity of examining for himself the value of this fine old book.

Coleridge, in his letter to Wordsworth (cited in our Preface to the *Iliad*), thought Chapman's version of the *Odyssey* finer than his *Iliad*; but then it must be remembered he also generally preferred the *Odyssey* in the original. "He told us," says Mr. Payne Collier, "that he liked the *Odyssey*, as a mere story, better than the *Iliad*; the *Odyssey* was the oldest and the finest romance that has ever been written."\* The same authority informs us that he preferred the ordinary ten-syllable heroic measure to the longer fourteen-syllable line employed by Chapman in his translation of the *Iliad*, and wished that he had always used it, as "it would have been more readable, and might have saved us from Pope." "Chapman had failed," added Coleridge, "where he had not succeeded, by endeavouring to write English as Homer had written Greek; Chapman's was Greekified English,—it did not want vigour or variety, but smoothness and facility. Detached passages could not be improved; they were Homer writing English." Opinions, however, will differ as to Chapman's metre in the *Odyssey*. The late Dr. Maginn, whose *Homeric Ballads* have caught

\* Coleridge's *Seven Lectures on Shakespeare and Milton*, by J. Payne Collier, Esq. p. xxxi.

the true spirit of the old bard, says: "I am sorry that Chapman, *whose version must be considered the most Homeric ever attempted in our language*, did not apply to the Odyssey the fourteen-syllable verse, which had succeeded so well in the Iliad. There appears to me greater opportunity for its flowing use in the more discursive poem; and Chapman had by no means the same command of the ten-syllable distich." There is some truth in this; and perhaps many readers will share in Dr. Maginn's disappointment. Chapman, however, probably yielded to the objections made against the length of his lines, to which he alludes in his Introductory Poem to the Iliad. But it is surely a mistake to say he had not command over the ordinary heroic couplet! He has certainly not the epigrammatic smoothness of Pope and his school, but his verse has great vigour and terseness. It should be borne in mind that his Odyssey is the first and only considerable specimen of a poem of this measure in the Elizabethan age, and as such claims our interest and attention. "It is like the heroic measure only in its rhyme and its number of syllables. In all other respects, in the hands of Chapman, it has the freedom of blank verse. And in reading it, as well as the Iliad, the reader must not depend for aid too much on the melody of the verse."\* Again, let it be remembered that "Chapman did not perform his task, as Pope was in the habit of doing, by small portions at a time, which were, each in order, burnished up to the highest polish by unremitting care and labour; but, drinking in deep draughts of his author at a time, he became over-informed with his subject, and then

\* Retrospective Review, vol. III. p. 184.

breathed his spirit forth again with the enthusiasm of an original creator.”\* And if this be true of the liberties he takes with his original in expanding and contracting the text as suited his vein, it is not less true of his versification. He paid little regard to the polishing of his work ; nay, perhaps, too little. He poured forth his sentiments, as the poetic phrensy seized him, and consequently, if we be disappointed at not finding the rich melody of a Dryden, we cannot but be struck with his unwonted freshness and freedom. When once the ear has become habituated to the rhythm, there is a dramatic power about Chapman’s *Odyssey* that has never been attained by any subsequent translator. It may be said, that this was not required in a simple ballad-poem like the *Odyssey* ; but it is surely far preferable to the diluted weakness passing under Pope’s name, or Cowper’s abrupt lines. Gilbert Wakefield has said that the “ bee of Twickenham ” sipped the honey from the flowers of Chapman’s garden ; but a close examination will show that this was merely another phrase for simple plagiarism. Pope was indebted to Chapman for more than he was willing to acknowledge. But enthusiastic as we may be in Chapman’s cause, it must not be disguised that in the present version he has too frequently wandered from his original, and not seldom curtailed passages. It was not, however, intended in the present editions to point out these passages, the object being merely to give the best possible text, and in such a form as to be accessible at a convenient price. The Editor still hopes that sufficient encouragement may be given, so that at some future period a more enlarged and splendid impression may be put forth. In the meanwhile the

\* *Ibid.* p. 173.

unlearned reader may rest assured that, besides the intrinsic beauty of the poems, he has far more of Homer in these noble versions than in any other translation extant. If the University of Oxford has wisely determined that greater attention should be paid by her sons to the study of Homer, for the many reasons so ably set forth by Mr. Gladstone, it is not, perhaps, too much to hope that a similiar influence may be exercised over the minds of the less-educated by the aid of the labours of good old GEORGE CHAPMAN. They will not only find Homer here, but they will read him in the language of the friend and contemporary of Shakespeare. They will read him as Shakespeare himself probably read him; and their minds will be carried back to that period of our literature which at once excites our admiration and astonishment, and when, they will not fail to remember, our present venerable and cherished translation of *THE BIBLE* was called into existence.

As it is possible that these volumes may fall into the hands of some who do not possess our edition of Chapman's *Iliad*, it has been thought advisable to append a somewhat corrected life of the Author, as a few details have been discovered since the former publication.



**T**HAT GEORGE CHAPMAN was born at, or in the neighbourhood of, Hitchin in Hertfordshire, and that he there translated at least the earlier portions of his Homer, we have the evidence of his own writings.

In a small poem entitled, "*Euthymicæ Raptus, or the Teares of Peace*," 4to. 1609, he introduces himself in a reverie, when the Shade of Homer appears, and in reply to the Poet's enquiry—

"What may I reckon thee, whose heavenly look  
 Showes not, nor voice sounds, man?—  
 'I am,' said he, 'that spirit Elysian  
 That in thy native ayre, and on the Hill  
 Next Hitchin's left hand, did thy bosome fill  
 With such a floode of soule that thou wert faine  
 (With acclamations of her rapture then)  
 To vent it to the echoes of the vale;  
 When meditating of me, a sweet gale  
 Brought me upon thee; and thou didst inherit  
 My true sense (for the time then) in my spirit,  
 And I invisible went prompting thee  
 To those fuyre greenes where thou didst English me.'"

His contemporary William Browne, also, in his "*Britannia's Pastorals*," styles him

"The learned shepherd of fair Hitching Hill."

The date of his birth we fix by inference in 1559, as round the portrait prefixed to his *Iliad* is the legend "*Georgius Chapmanus Homeri Metaphrastes Æta. LVII. M.DC.XVI.*" The Hitchin Registers only commence with the year 1562, so we are unable to arrive at any facts relative to his parentage. There are, however, several entries relating to the families of John and Thomas Chapman, who were possibly the poet's brothers. In 1593, Aug. 5, was baptized George the son of John Chapman; and from Easter 1603 to Easter 1605 the same John Chapman was one of the churchwardens, and has signed the Parish Registers in a bold and scholarly hand. Amongst the additional MSS. in the British Museum (No. 16,273) is a "*Survey of the King's timber and woods in Hertfordshire and Essex in 1608*,"

and under the "Manēr de Hutchin" (Hitchin) is "*Upon the Copyhold of Thomas Chapman, in Longe Close 27 Saplings £4. In Beerton closes 260 Elmes £18, Fire wood £35.*" This Thomas Chapman was probably a man of respectability and substance, for in Harleian MSS. No. 781, p. 28, is a petition to Prince Charles from Thomas Chapman, in 1619, for the bailiwick of Hitchin, which he formerly held under the Exchequer Seal, but of which the Earl of Salisbury had deprived him. On November 30 of the same year the claim was referred to the Commissioners of the Revenue of the Prince of Wales. The relationship, however, to the poet is mere conjecture, as we have no positive proof of any facts connected with his family. We have carefully examined the various Heraldic visitations of Hertfordshire, and Chauncy's history of that county, but have been unable to discover any traces of him. Nothing is known of the place of his education. In 1574, "or thereabouts" (according to Antony Wood), he was sent to Oxford; and from Warton we learn "that he passed two years at Trinity College, with a contempt of philosophy, but in a close attention to the Greek and Roman classics." Upon quitting Oxford without a degree, about 1576, he probably repaired to London, though some have supposed, without more evidence than a not infrequent custom of the day, that he completed his studies at Cambridge. Upon settling in the metropolis he associated, says Wood, with Shakespeare, Spenser, Marlowe, Daniel, and Drayton, and other celebrated persons of the day. Though he undoubtedly knew Marlowe, it is not very probable, as Mr. Dyce well observes, that they were very intimate, as their dispositions and characters

were very dissimilar. He early acquired the patronage and friendship of Sir Thomas Walsingham and his son. The date of Chapman's first acknowledged publication, in 1594, is such a long interval from the time of his quitting Oxford, in 1576, that Mr. Singer has conjectured that he had probably appeared as a writer anonymously, although we have no clue to his earlier performances. But though, upon the authority of Wood, we have said he settled immediately in London, his time seems to have been occasionally spent at Hitchin, from his informing us that he there translated Homer. We are ignorant of his occupations during these many years. Mr. Singer's conjecture, however, is strengthened by the fact that in 1596 was published "*A relation of the Second Voyage to Guiana, performed and written in the yeare 1596. By Lawrence Keymis, Gent.*" A small 4to. tract of 32 leaves; republished in the third and last volume of Hakluyt's Collection of Voyages, fol. 1600, p. 668. In this is an English poem in blank verse, "*De Guianæ Carmen Epicum*, by G. C." George Steevens, in writing to Bishop Percy (Nichols's "Literary Illustrations," vol. vii. p. 21), assigned this to Chapman, and it bears evidence of his style. It is curious and interesting, as being one of the earliest specimens of blank verse in the language. In the same volume (viz. of Keymis) is a short Latin poem, "*Ad Thomam Hariotum Matheseos et universæ philosophiæ peritissimum*, by L. K." This was, doubtless, the M. Harriots to whom Chapman addressed a poem at the end of his translation of the "*Shield of Achilles*," and who is mentioned in the Preface to the Iliad. In 1594, Chapman published two fine poems, "*The Shadow of Night: containing two poetical hymnes*,



devised by G. C. Gent," and dedicated to his "deare and most worthy friend Master Mathew Roydon." They have been reprinted by Mr. Singer in his edition of "Chapman's Hymns of Homer." (Chiswick, 1818.) In the following year (1595) appeared "*Ovid's Banquet of Sence, a Coronet for his Mistresse Philosophie, and his amorous Zodiacke: with a translation of a Latine Copie* (sc. of verses) *written by a fryer, Anno Dom. 1400,*" 4to. This was also dedicated to Mathew Roydon, with commendatory verses, &c. It was reprinted in 1639, 12mo. without the dedication and verses. John Davis of Hereford has an epigram "To the right-well-deserving Mr. Mathew Roydon." Chapman was now in London, and employed in writing for the stage. From an entry in "Henslowe's Diary," p. 64, we learn that his comedy of the "*Blind Beggar of Alexandria*" was first brought out and acted by the Lord Admiral's (the Earl of Nottingham's) servants on the 12th of February, 1595. It seems to have been very successful, and to have attracted large houses, from the receipts being always considerable. It continued to be acted till April, 1597, when it was withdrawn, and published in the following year (1598). It was revived in 1601. "There is a coincidence," says Mr. Payne Collier, "between a line in it and Marlowe's Paraphrase of Hero and Leander. Marlowe's line is correctly cited, with acknowledgment to the 'dead Shepherd,' by Shakespeare in 'As you like it,' Act III. sc. 5.

'Who ever lov'd that lov'd not at first sight?'

Which Chapman, near the close of his '*Blind Beggar of Alexandria*,' gives thus:

'None ever lov'd but at first sight they lov'd.'

The circumstance might have been passed over without notice, if Chapman's play and Marlowe's poem had not been printed in the same year, and if Chapman, at a subsequent date, had not finished the poem which Marlowe left incomplete. Marlowe's portion having been published in 1598, Chapman immediately continued the subject, and the six sestads appeared together in 1600.\* The coincidence of the date of the publications is all that is remarkable. Marlowe's poem, though only printed in 1598, was entered in the Stationers' Registers as early as September 28, 1593, and again in 1597. It had probably been handed about in MS., as was not infrequently the case. Chapman, probably, had seen the line, and adopted the idea. It is equally possible that Marlowe might have been present at the representation of Chapman's play, and transferred the sentiment to his own poem, though the evidence of priority would seem to be in his favour. An allusion in Chapman's subsequent portion of the poem has led to the inference that Marlowe had at some time or other expressed a wish that he should conclude it. The reader will find an able criticism on Chapman's plays in the fourth and fifth vols. of the "*Retrospective Review*." The rapidity with which Chapman now issued his publications is astonishing. In this same year (1598) appeared his translation of the "*Shield of Achilles*" from Homer, and also his "*Seaven Bookes of the Iliades of Homere, Prince of Poets, &c.*" both small 4tos. "*printed by John Windet, and are to be sold at the signe of the Crosse-keyes neare Paules Wharffe.*" The "*Shield*" is in the ordinary ten-syllable heroic measure,

\* Henslowe's Diary, p. 65 (Shakespeare Society).

and is dedicated to "the most honored Earle Marshall" (Lord Essex). The "*Seaven Bookes*" are likewise dedicated to Lord Essex, "the most honored now living instance of the Achilleian virtues." These books, which are not the first seven continuously, but the first and second, and then the seventh to the eleventh inclusive, are in the long fourteen-syllable verse. Chapman explained the reason for translating the books in this order, and promised to resume the old order in his next edition, which should be of twelve books. The publication of his Homer gained him great reputation. Meres, in his "*Wit's Treasury*," p. 156 (edit. Haslewood—Meres's first edit. was in 1598), speaks of Chapman's "inchoate Homer," for which he ranks him amongst the learned translators. As a proof that he was now in high fame, the same writer says: "As the Greeke tongue is made famous and eloquent by Homer, Hesiod, Euripides, Æschylus, Sophocles, Pindarus, Phocylides, and Aristophanes; and the Latine tongue by Virgill, Ouid, Horace, Silius Italicus, Lucanus, Lucretius, Ausonius, and Claudianus; so the English tongue is mightilie enriched, and gorgeously inuested in rare ornaments and resplendent abiliments by Sir Philip Sidney, Spenser, Daniel, Drayton, Warner, Shakespeare, Marlow, and *Chapman*." (p. 150.) In the next page he mentions Chapman as one of the best of our Tragedians, and, in the following, as a Comedian. This latter assertion is remarkable, as at this period Chapman had published but one drama. He had probably, therefore, written others which had been acted, though never published, and the authorship of which cannot now be determined. At this period are frequent

entries in Henslowe's Diary relating to advances of money made to him. In p. 123 we have, "Lent unto M<sup>r</sup> Chapmane, the 16 of Maye 1598, in earneste of a booeke for the companye xxx<sup>s</sup> Wittnes, W<sup>m</sup> BIRDE." Again, "Lent unto W<sup>m</sup> Birde, the 23 of Maye 1598, which he lent unto M<sup>r</sup> Chappmann, upon his booeke, which he promised us : xx<sup>s</sup>." "Lent unto the companye, the 10 of June 1598, to lend unto M<sup>r</sup> Chapman x<sup>s</sup>." And again, "Lent unto Robart Shawe and Edward Jube, the 15 of June 1598, to geve M<sup>r</sup> Chapman, in earneste of his booeke called the *Wylle of a Woman* . . xx<sup>s</sup>." It would seem, then, that this is the name of the "booeke" for the Company so often alluded to. Mr. Payne Collier, in a note on this passage, thinks that it was only the same play mentioned by Henslowe, in pp. 119-122, as "*A Woman will have her Wille*," and which is there given to Harton (William Haughton), and that Chapman may have added to it, or assisted him in it, as it would seem unlikely that two plays, so resembling in title, would have been produced at the same time. This may be true; but it is equally improbable that Chapman should have received such considerable and frequent sums for merely assisting in writing a play, which is, moreover, constantly styled his book. An entry is made on the 31st of September, 1598, of £3 to buy a "Booeke" of Mr. Chapman entitled "*The Fountain of New Fashions*;" and on the 12th of October he received xx<sup>s</sup>. in full payment for the same play. On the 23rd\* of the same month is an

\* Of this date also is the following memorandum in Henslowe, p. 191. "Be it knowne unto all men by thes presentes, that I George Chapman of London, gentleman, doe owe unto M<sup>r</sup>

advance of £3 to Mr. Chapman on "his playe boocke and ij ectes of a tragedie of *bengemen's plotte*." We have no farther information respecting this "tragedy of *Benjamin's Plot*." In November, 1598, Henslowe records the expenses incurred for the production of "*The Fountain of New Fashions*," and in December an advance of x<sup>s</sup>. to Chapman. On the 4th and 8th of January 159<sup>8</sup>, Chapman received the respective sums of £3 for a tragedy, the name of which is not given. But though these plays were not printed,\* in 1599 was published "*An Humorous Day's Mirth*," a comedy, which had been frequently acted by the Lord Admiral's company. We are inclined to think that this is the play referred to by Henslowe under the entry of May 11. 1597, and elsewhere, where he says "*Rd at the Comodey of Umers*." Malone was of opinion that this piece was Ben Jonson's "*Every man in his Humour*;" but this is absurd, as Ben Jonson himself tells us (folio edit. 1616) that his comedy was first acted by the Lord Chamberlain's servants in 1598. See Collier's *Life of Shakespeare*, p. CLXV. Notwithstanding his labours for

Phillip Henslowe, of the parishe of St Saviours, gentleman, the some of x<sup>li</sup> x<sup>s</sup> of lawfull money of England. In witnesse whereof I have hereunto sett my hand, this xxiiij<sup>th</sup> of Octobr. 1598.

GEO. CHAPMAN."

The signature only is in the handwriting of Chapman.

\* "*The Fountain of New Fashions*," and "*The Will of a Woman*," were in MS. in the late Mr. Heber's library. Where are they now? If the "*Will of a Woman*" could be discovered, it would settle the question as to Haughton's play, which was printed, in 1616, under the title, "*Englishmen for my Money, or a Woman will have her Will*," and several times reprinted. Mr. Collier says it is an extremely good comedy. In the last old edition, 4to. 1631, the printer dropped the first part of the title, and reverted to the name it bears in Henslowe's Diary. It was not given to any author till the discovery of Henslowe's MS.

the stage, Chapman found time to continue and publish, in 1600, *Marlowe's Hero and Leander*, a poem of great beauty. We have seen that it is supposed Marlowe had at some time or other expressed a wish that Chapman should continue this work. From this fact is alleged the intimacy between Chapman and Marlowe; yet it proves nothing, whereas the extreme dissimilarity of their lives would tend to negative the supposition. Warton and others are in error in supposing it to be a translation from the Greek. It is a story founded on Musæus. Chapman subsequently translated Musæus, as we shall see. Chapman divided the work into its present form of Sestiyads, and published it in 1600 (4to.) without his name, which was first attached to the edition of 1606.\* The year 1605 was marked by the publication of "*Eastward Hoe*," which Chapman had written conjointly with Ben Jonson and Marston. The circumstances connected with this play are too familiar to need detail. Chapman and his companions were committed to prison, though they do not seem to have been detained long. Jonson disclaimed to Drummond having anything to do with the offensive passage, and pretended that he *voluntarily* accompanied his friends to prison. The play was well received, and Mr. Gifford says, "Indeed it deserved to be, for it is exceedingly pleasant." "*Eastward Hoe*" suggested to Hogarth the plan of his set of prints of the "Idle and Industrious Apprentices." It was revived at Drury Lane in 1751. This alteration was published

\* Reprinted 4to. 1609, 4to. 1613, 4to. 1629, 4to. 1637; in Sir Egerton Brydges' "*Restituta*," vol. II.; in Mr. Singer's "*Select Early English Poets*," Chiswick, 1821; in Mr. Bell's "*Annotated Poets*," 1856; and in Mr. Dyce's edition of Marlowe's Works.

12mo. n. d., with the additional title of “*The Prentices*,” but it did not succeed. Mrs. Charlotte Lennox altered it; and it was once more revived at Drury Lane in 1775, with the title of “*Old City Manners*,” when it met with a more favourable reception. It will be found in Dodsley’s *Old Plays*. It appears that Chapman underwent a second imprisonment with Jonson, shortly after their release, in consequence of supposed reflections upon some individual in a play of their joint composition. A letter from Jonson to the Earl of Salisbury was found amongst the Hatfield State Papers by Dr. Birch. It is dated 1605, and complains of being committed “unexamined and unheard to a vile prison,” and with him “a learned gentleman (whose name may, perhaps, have come to your lordship), one Mr. George Chapman, a learned and honest man.” It is gratifying to know that it met with instant success. In this year (1605) also was published “*All Fools*,” a comedy, the plot of which is taken from Terence’s “*Heautontimorumenos*.” It does not appear when this play was acted, but there are several curious entries in Henslowe’s *Diary*, which all seem to refer to it. “Lent unto Thomas Downton, the 22 of Janewary 1598, to lend unto M<sup>r</sup> Chapman, in earneste of a booeke called the world rones a whelles, the some of iij<sup>li</sup>.” “Lent unto Mr. Chapman, the 13 of february 1508, in pt of payment of his booeke called the world ronnes on whelles, xx<sup>s</sup>.” Similiar advances of xx<sup>s</sup> and xxx<sup>s</sup> are made on the 2nd and 21st of June 1599; and on the second of July, 1599, is “Lent unto Thomas Downton to paye M<sup>r</sup> Chapman in full paymente for his booeke called the world rones on whelles, and now all foolles, but the foolle, some of xxx<sup>s</sup>.” Mr.

Payne Collier, in a note on this passage, thinks we have a notice of three separate works by Chapman, "*The World runs on Wheels*," "*All Fools*," and "*The Fool*;" yet he doubts "whether Henslowe does not mean that the title of "*All Fools*" was substituted for the "*World runs on Wheels*." There seems little doubt on the subject, and all three names meant the same play. We may observe that in the same page Henslowe enters, "Lent unto Thomas Downton the 17<sup>th</sup> of Julye 1599 to lend unto M<sup>r</sup> Chapman in earneste of a pastrall tragedie, the some of xxx<sup>s</sup>." What this *Pastoral Tragedy* was it is impossible to say, as we have no further notice of it. "*All Fools*," though not published till 1605, had evidently been completed, and probably acted in 1599. It is an excellent play; and a writer in the *Edinburgh Review* (April, 1841, vol. 73. p. 226) considers it Chapman's best—"a piece in which the situations are devised with an infinity of comic and histrionic effect." The *Retrospective Review*\* says: "The characters in general are well sustained; the dialogue is spirited; and the incidents interesting and agreeable; added to which the versification is rich and musical, and many passages of considerable merit are scattered over it. The talents of Chapman nowhere appear to so great advantage." To a *very few* copies a Sonnet to Sir Thomas Walsingham is prefixed, in which Chapman says that "he was marked by age for aims of greater weight." Mr. Payne Collier† has shown that a very beautiful passage is taken from an Italian Madrigal by Andrea Navagero inserted in Domenichi's *Rime Diverse*, Venice, 1546. "*All*

\* Vol. v. p. 316.

† Hist. of Dramat. Poetry, III. p. 257.



*Fools*" was reprinted in Dodsley's Collection, and in the "Ancient British Drama," vol. II. 1810. In the following year (1606), Chapman published two comedies, "*Monsieur D'Olive*," and "*The Gentleman Usher*;" the former of which had been frequently acted with great success at the Blackfriars. In 1607 appeared the first tragedy of "*Bussy D'Ambois*." It had been frequently represented "at Paules." Dryden's contempt for this tragedy, which had pleased him at the representation, is well known from his Dedication to his "*Spanish Fryer*." "*Bussy d'Ambois*" was reprinted in 4to. 1608, 1616, 1641, 1657, and was the most popular of Chapman's tragedies. It was altered and revived by T. D'Urfey in 1691. The following year (1608) produced "*The Conspiracie and Tragedie of Charles Duke of Byron, Marshall of France*," acted in two plays, and dedicated to Sir Thomas Walsingham. These two plays, we are told, have not come down to us as they were originally written, in consequence of the remonstrance of the French Ambassador. (Collier's Shakespeare, vol. I. p. 218.) They are fine, and are styled by Mr. Collier "noble poems, full of fine thoughts, and rich in diversity and strength of expression." The Edinburgh Reviewer (*ut suprâ*) calls the latter play "the finest tragic composition Chapman has left." "*Euthymia Raptus, or the Teares of Peace, with interlocutions*," a small poem, dedicated to Prince Henry, appeared in 4to. 1609. The work is chiefly interesting from the allusion to Chapman's birth-place, as quoted in the beginning of this article. In 1611 we have "*May Day*," a comedy, reprinted in "Old English Plays," vol. IV. 8vo. 1814; and the "*Widow's Tears*," another comedy, in 1612.

This last play is very fine in parts ; but the plot, which is taken from the story of the Ephesian Matron in Petronius, is exceptionable. But, while enumerating Chapman's dramatic efforts, we have omitted to mention that in 1609 appeared the long-promised Twelve Books of the *Iliad*. Warton is in error in saying that *Fifteen Books* were printed in 1600 in a thin folio. Chapman had mentioned, in his Preface to the Seven Books, of 1598, that his next issue should be of Twelve Books; and consequently appeared in this year (1609) a small thin folio, the title of which is, "*Homer, Prince of Poets, translated according to the Greeke in Twelve Books of his Iliads, by George Chapman. At London, printed for Samuel Matcham.*" This work is printed in Italic type, and has (in a smaller size) the engraved title by William Hole, which was used in an enlarged form for the subsequent editions of the *Iliad* and the *Whole Works*, and a facsimile of which accompanies our own edition of the *Iliad*. It contains the Epistle Dedicatory to Prince Henry, the Poem to the Reader, and the Sonnet to Queen Anne. The version is the same as that of the edition of 1598, with the addition of the *iii<sup>rd</sup>*, *iv<sup>th</sup>*, *v<sup>th</sup>*, *vi<sup>th</sup>*, and *xii<sup>th</sup>* Books. The volume is closed with fourteen Sonnets; and has been sufficiently described in our Introduction to the *Iliad*. It is wished, however, to correct an error as to its *exact* date. In the Stationers' Registers is the entry of the "Seven Bookes of Homer's Iliades, translated into English by George Chapman, to Samuel Matcham by assignment from Mr. Windet, November, 14. 1608." Now one of the Sonnets is addressed to the Earl of Salisbury, who is styled Lord Treasurer, which office was con-

ferred on him on May 4, 1609. The volume, therefore, was published, probably, a little later in that year. Mr. Payne Collier possesses an interesting copy of this small folio with Chapman's autograph, "*For Love to the true Love of Virtue in y<sup>e</sup> worthy Knighte, and his constant friende S<sup>r</sup> Henrye Crofts: Geo. Chapman gives this as testimonie of his true inclination, w<sup>th</sup> this most affectionate inscription.*" It is not intended to repeat here the observations in our Introduction to the Iliad, but it may be noted that the first edition of the complete version of the Iliad appeared about 1611, "printed" (without date) for Nathaniell Butter." In 1612, Chapman published "*Petrarch's Seven Penitentiall Psalms, paraphrastically translated: with other philosophical poems, and a Hymne to Christ upon the Crosse,*" a small 8vo. dedicated to Sir Thomas Philips, Master of the Rolls. This is a very rare volume, which we have not yet seen; but we are told Chapman speaks in it of his yet unfinished translation of Homer, which, he adds, the Prince of Wales had commanded him to conclude. It is not improbable, then, that the real date of the printing of the Complete Iliad should be the early part of 1612, though the entry in the Stationers' Books is for the preceding year. A copy of Chapman's Petrarch is in the Bodleian. Upon the death of his best patron, Prince Henry, in November 1612, Chapman expressed his lamentation in a beautiful "*Epicede, or Funerall Song.*" This has been reprinted at the Lee Priory Press, 4to. 1818. In the early part of 1613 he wrote the poetry for the Masque performed at Whitehall by the Societies of Lincoln's Inn and the Middle Temple, in honour of the nuptials of the Princess Elizabeth and the Palgrave.

Ben Jonson told Drummond that "next himself (i. e. Jonson) only Fletcher and Chapman could make a mask." A copy of this masque, corrected by Chapman in his own hand, is in Mr. Payne Collier's possession. In 1614 appeared "*Andromeda Liberata, or the Nuptials of Perseus and Andromeda*," a poem, with a long dedicatory Epistle to Robert Carr, Earl of Somerset, and Frances his countess. This work is curious solely from the fact that Carr seems to have been from this time a great patron of Chapman. It would be interesting to discover how they became connected. Wood tells us that this poem "being not rightly understood, and carped at by many, came out soon after a pamphlet written in prose and poetry, entitled '*A free and offenceless justification of a late published and most maliciously misinterpreted Poem, &c. London, 1614*,' 4to. in two sheets, pen'd, I presume, by Chapman." According to Mr. Payne Collier, Somerset himself had conceived that *Andromeda Liberata* was a covert attack upon him; and from this notion Chapman was anxious to relieve himself. In the early part of this year, however, appeared the first Twelve Books of the *Odyssey*, also dedicated to Carr. From the Dedication it would seem Chapman was suffering under the pressure of poverty, as we find him saying,—

"Twelve labours of your Thespian Hercules  
I now present your Lordship; *do but please*  
*To lend life means*, till th' other twelve receive  
Equal achievement."

Somerset's patronage of Chapman, whatever it may have been, met with no unworthy return; for the distressed poet of 1614, when the royal favourite was still basking

in the declining sunshine of his career, did not forget him when that sun had set. On November 2, 1614, is an entry in the Stationers' Register to Nathaniell Butter of "Twenty-four Bookes of Homer's Odisses by George Chapman," and the complete translation appeared with the old dedication. Besides which, some years after, when the Earl was living in obscurity, the Hymns and Batrachomyomachia are inscribed to him in a noble strain, which reflects great credit on Chapman's goodness of heart, however we may lament the unworthiness of the subject of his panegyric. In this same year (1614) also appeared "*Eugenia; or, True Nobilitie's Trance for the memorable death of the thrice noble and religious William Lord Russel, &c. Divided into foure vigils of the nighte.*" 4to. pp. 44 not numbered. (See Brydges' *Restituta*, vol. II. p. 57.) In 1616 he published the Iliad and Odyssey collected into one volume. He had finished the last twelve books of the Odyssey by the end of the year 1614; and when they were printed they were united with the previous impression of the first twelve, a blank page being inserted between them, and the pagination was continued, to give the volume the appearance of being printed at one and the same time. There is an observable difference, however, which we have preserved in this edition: the conclusions of the first twelve books are in Latin, while those of the later part of the volume are in English. In the Douce Collection at Oxford is a copy of the volume of 1614 (the first twelve books) with Chapman's autograph: "*For my righte worthie Knighte, my exceeding noble friende, Sir Henry Fanshawe. A pore Homericall new yeare's gifte.*" The expression at the end of the

twelfth book, "*Opus novem dierum*, Σὺν Θεῷ," is remarkable; but probably Chapman meant that that book had been completed in nine days, as that the whole twelve were finished in that time would be incredible. The engraved title to the *Odyssey* (which accompanies these volumes) is very rare. To some copies a printed title is given. Though the *Odyssey* had undoubtedly appeared in a separate form, yet, as we have before observed, it is now seldom found but in copies of the united volume of 1616. We affix this date, as it is upon the portrait of Chapman appearing on the reverse of the title. The engraved title by William Hole, which had before served for the editions of the *Iliad*, was now altered to the "*Whole Works of Homer, &c.*" as accompanies our edition; and here again is a peculiarity to be noted: some of the titles have not the portrait behind them, which leads us to remark (as is well known to those conversant with early printing) that the copies of Chapman's *Homer* were corrected as the press was kept standing; and thus, though there exists but one edition of this date, there are several minute differences as the copies were worked off. The portrait, then, most probably, was not finished when the earlier impressions were struck off, and it was affixed at a later period. The titles without the portrait are far rarer than those with it. It will not be necessary to repeat what has been said in our Introduction to the *Iliad* as to the various editions of that version, farther than, from accurate investigation, it would seem that there are but *two* impressions of the complete *Iliad* (our *first* and *second* folios) and *one* of the *Odyssey*. Prince Henry having died in 1612, an engraved plate "*To the immortall memorie of Henrye Prince of Wales,*

&c." was added to the united volume of the "Whole Works." The copy of the Iliad mentioned in our former Introduction as having belonged to George Steevens, from whose library it passed into the Heber Collection, is now in the magnificent library of Robert Holford, Esq. M. P. of Dorchester House. Park, in a note to Warton's History, said it was Chapman's own copy prepared for a future edition. This is a great error. It is a fine volume of the Iliad of 1611, in red morocco of the period. At the back of the title is in Chapman's autograph, "*In witness of his best love so borne to his best deserving friende Mr. Henrye Jones: George Chapman gives him these fruites of his best labors, and desires love betwixt us as long lived as Homer.*" The corrections are merely three or four in the Preface; which may be here specified. In p. lxiv of our Edition, lines 6, 7, the words "*how could they differ far from, and be combined with eternity,*" are pasted over, and "*how could they defie fire, iron, and, &c.*" substituted in a printed slip. In p. lxviii, line 12, "*to cast any rubs or plasters,*" Chapman has run his pen through this word, and substituted "*slashes.*" In the same page, line 3 from the bottom, "*and therefore may my poor self put up with motion;*" is corrected to "*without motion.*" In Book VIII. 497—

"And all did *wilfully* expect the silver-throned morn."

George Steevens remarks that the 4to. of 1598 reads "*wishfully,*" a variation which should be noted, and perhaps adopted, but, printing from the folio, we retained "*wilfully.*" Thus we see upon what slight evidence Mr. Park's assertion was made! The Holford copy, however, has an inserted leaf amongst the Sonnets with

one addressed to Sir Edward Philips, Master of the Rolls. This confirms our conjecture in the Preface to the Sonnets (vol. II. p. 279).

In 1616, Chapman published his *Translation of Musæus*. He informs us in his Preface that it is a different work to the continuation of Marlowe's poem. This extremely rare volume, not two inches long, and scarcely one broad, is fully described by Dr. Bliss in vol. II. col. 9. of his admirable edition of Wood's "*Athenæ Oxonienses*." The only known copy is in the Bodleian. It is dedicated to his "auncient poore friende" Inigo Jones. In 1618 appeared "*The Georgics of Hesiod, translated elaborately out of the Greek*;" a thin 4to. volume, also now very rare. Elton, who, from his own noble version of Hesiod, was a competent judge, pronounces it "close, vigorous, and elegant." (Habington's Castara, p. 155, ed. Elton, Bristol.) It has commendatory verses by Ben Jonson and Drayton, and is dedicated to Sir Francis Bacon, Lord Chancellor, who had been a student of Gray's Inn. Chapman puns on the lines—

"GRAIIS INGENIUM, GRAIIS DEDIT ORE ROTUNDO  
MUSA LOQUI."

"Why may not this Romane elogie of the Grecians extend in praisefull intention (by waye of prophetick poesie) to *Graies-Inne* wits and orators?" In 1619 was printed "*Two wise Men, and all the rest Fooles*," a comedy, or, as the title styles it, A Comical Moral, censuring the Follies of this Age." There is a peculiarity about this play, if it may be so called, which is remarkable. It is extended to *seven* acts, instead of five. "It is, however, on tradition only that this piece is ranked



among Chapman's writings; it being published without any author's name, or even so much as a mention of the place where it was printed." (Biograph. Dramat.) In 1622 we have a small poem, "*Pro Vere Autumni Lachrymæ*," to the memory of Sir Horatio Vere. In 1629 appeared "*A justification of a strange action of Nero in burying with a solempne Funerall one of the cast hayres of his Mistress Poppæa; Also a just re-proofe of a Romane Smellfeast, being the fifth Satyre of Juvenall.*" The version of Juvenal is spirited and good. At what time he published "*The Crowne of all Homer's Workes, Batrachomyomachia; or the Battaille of Frogs and Mice. Translated according to the originall, by George Chapman. London. Printed by John Bill, his Maiesties Printer,*" cannot now be precisely determined. Mr. Singer (who printed an elegant edition of it in 1818, Chiswick) says it would seem to have been after 1624, by comparing it with other books by the same printer. The volume, a thin folio, very rare, contains the Hymns of Homer. The engraved title by William Pass, containing a portrait of Chapman at an advanced age, is most spirited, and called forth Coleridge's admiration. As we shall print this work in a fifth volume of Chapman's Translations, it is needless to dwell upon it now. Messrs. Boone, the eminent booksellers of Bond Street, possess a very fine copy with some presentation verses in Chapman's autograph, and an alteration or two in the engraving made with his pen. In the Archbishop's Library at Lambeth is a LARGE PAPER copy! A magnificent volume, and probably unique. In 1631, Chapman printed "*Cæsar and Pom-*

*pey*, a Roman Tragedy, concerning their Warres. *Out of whose events is evicted this Proposition : Only a just Man is a free Man.*" This play is dedicated to the Earl of Middlesex, and does not seem to have been intended for the stage.\* This was the last of Chapman's works that appeared in his lifetime. "At length," says old Antony Wood, "this most eminent and reverend poet, having lived 77 years† in this vain and transitory world, made his last exit in the Parish of St. Giles in the Fields, near London, on the twelfth day of May, in sixteen hundred and thirty-four, and was buried in the yard on the south side of the church of St. Giles. Soon after was a monument erected over his grave, built after the way of the old Romans, by the care and charge of his most beloved friend Inigo Jones; whereon is this engraven, 'Georgius Chapmanus, poeta Homericus, Philosophus verus, (etsi Christianus poeta) plusquam celebris, &c.'" Misled by a letter from "Myrtilla Glovestring" to Sylvanus Urban in 1737 (*Gentleman's Magazine*, vol. vii.), and by the assertion of Sir Egerton Brydges, in our former Introduction we stated that this monument was destroyed with the old church. It is, however, still standing, and the inscription, which had been effaced by time, was recut under the direction of the Rector (the Rev. J. Endell Tyler, ὁ μακαρίτης) and Churchwardens some years since. The present inscription, which does not tally with Wood's account, contains a strange anachronism :—

\* In the *Biograph. Dram.* "Cæsar and Pompey" is said to have been published in 4to. 1607, and to have been acted at the Blackfriars. This is probably a mistake.

† Wood erroneously says Chapman was born in 1557. If the date of his death be true, he was 75.

GEORGIUS CHAPMAN

POETA

MDCXX (*sic*)

IGNATIUS JONES

ARCHITECTUS REGIUS

ob honorem

BONARUM LITERARUM

familiari

suo hoc mon.

D. S. P. F. C.

The monument, "built after the way of the old Romans," has very much the appearance of a Roman milestone. Habington, who published his "Castara" in the year of Chapman's death, has the following lines ("Castara," p. 155. ed. Elton)—

"'Tis true, that Chapman's reverend ashes must  
Lye rudely mingled with the vulgar dust,  
'Cause carefull heyers the wealthy onely have,  
To build a glorious trouble o're the grave.  
Yet doe I not despaire some one may be  
So seriously devout to poesie,  
As to translate his reliques, and find roome  
In the warme church to build him up a tombe,  
Since Spenser hath a stone, &c."

Habington's pious wish, we are sure, will find an echo in many a breast. The great Translator of Homer deserves a record in the aisles of Westminster, as his respectable character forms a happy contrast to many less deserving recipients of that honour.

After Chapman's death appeared, in 1639, "*The Tragedy of Chabot, Admiral of France*," written in conjunction with Shirley. The reviewer of Mr. Dyce's edition of Shirley's works (*Quarterly Rev.* vol. xlix. p. 29) says: "In the fine and eloquent tragedy of Chabot,

the obscurity of Chapman's manner, the hardness of which his contemporaries call his 'full and heightened style,' is greatly increased by the incorrectness of the press.\* This play, as bearing the name of Shirley in its title-page conjoined with that of Chapman, ought not to have been omitted; yet it is very difficult to assign any part of it to Shirley; even the comic scenes are more in Chapman's close and pregnant manner, than in the light and airy style of Shirley." In the same year (1639) was published "*The Ball*," a comedy, by Chapman and Shirley. "*Revenge for Honour*," a tragedy, by Chapman alone, was published in 1654, 1659, 4to. Dr. Bliss mentions five plays in MS. which were in the library of the late Richard Heber, Esq., "*The Fountain of New Fashions*," 1598; "*The Will of a Woman*," 1598; "*The Fatal Love*," a tragedy; "*Tragedy of a Yorkshire Gentleman*;" and "*The Second Maiden's Tragedy*." This last was published as No. I. of "*The Old English Drama*," London, 1825. From the same authority (and from Sir Egerton Brydges' "*Restituta*") we are informed that there are poems by Chapman in "*Poetical Essays on the Turtle and Phoenix*," published, with others on the same subject, by Shakespeare, Jonson, and Marston, at the end of "*Love's Martyr, or Rosalind's Complaint*," 4to. 1601; a volume of exquisite rarity.

Though we are unable to ascertain any of the details of Chapman's life (and what do we know of any of his great contemporaries?) his many works are before us, from which we may occasionally glean an allusion or

\* This remark applies equally well to the original editions of his Homer, and all his works.

two. As a dramatic writer, he has been frequently criticized, and cannot be placed in the foremost rank. But we should not forget he was one of the earliest purveyors for the public taste. His style, in his original works, is intensely crabbed and confused, yet, "as a poetical imaginer and thinker, far too little attention has been paid to him." (*Edinb. Rev.* vol. lxxiii. p. 226.) Even as a writer for the stage, he attained great popularity in his day. The writings of his contemporaries are full of allusions to him. He is much quoted in "*England's Parnassus*," by R. Allott, 12mo. 1600. In Thomas Freeman's *Epigrams* (4to. 1614, Pt. 2nd, Epig. 87) is the following:—

" TO GEORGE CHAPMAN.

George, it is thy genius innated,  
Thou pick'st not flowers from another's field,  
Stol'n similes, or sentences translated,  
Nor seekest but what thine owne soile doth yield:  
Let barren wits go borrow what to write,  
'Tis bred and born with thee what thou inditest,  
And our Comedians thou outstripest quite,  
And all the hearers more than all delightest,  
With unaffected style and sweetest strain.  
Thy inambitious pen keeps on her pace,  
And cometh near'st the ancient comic vein.  
Thou hast beguiled us all of that sweet grace;  
And were Thalia to be sold and bought,  
No *Chapman* but thyself were to be sought."

It is to his Homer, however, we must look for his greatest reputation. We have elsewhere shown that he had been anticipated by Arthur Hall in the translation of the first ten books from the French; but he claims the honour of being the first original translator of the great bard. Immediately on the publication of his "*Seven Books*" were his praises resounded. In Fitz-

Geffrey's "*Affanix*," Oxon, 1601, p. 88, are two Epigrams, "Ad Homerum e Græciâ in Britanniam a Georgio Chapmanno traductum;" and in "*The Passionate Poet; with a description of the Thracian Ismarus. By T. P.*" (Thomas Powell) we read:—

"Out on thee, foole! blind of thy impotence,  
Thou dost admire but in a popular sense,  
Esteeming more a Pasquil's harsher lines  
Than Iliad's worth, which Chapman's hand refines."

(See Brydges' "*Restituta*," vol. iii. p. 169). Bolton, in his "*Hypercritica*" (p. 246, ed. Haslewood), mentions Chapman's "first seaven bookes of Iliades" amongst good writers of English style; and again (p. 250) he says, "brave language are Chapman's Iliads, those I mean which are translated into tessara-decasyllabons, or lines of fourteen syllables." Ben Jonson, Drayton, William Browne, and others, contributed their testimonies; and Samuel Sheppard, in his "*Six Bookes of Epigrams*," London, 1651, 12mo., has one which we will transcribe:—

"ON MR. CHAPMAN'S INCOMPARABLE TRANSLATION  
OF HOMER'S WORKES.

What none before durst ever venture on  
Unto our wonder is by Chapman done,  
Who by his skill hath made Great Homer's song  
To vaile its bonnet to our English tongue,  
So that the learned well may question it  
Whether in Greek or English Homer writ?  
O happy Homer, such an able pen  
To have for thy translator, happier then  
Ovid\* or Virgil,† who beyond their strength  
Are stretched, each sentence neare a mile in length.  
But our renowned Chapman, worthy praise,  
And meriting the never-blasted bayes,

\* "By Golding."

† "By Phaier."

Hath rendered Homer in a genuine sence,  
 Yea, and hath added to his eloquence :  
 And in his comments his true sence doth show,  
 Telling Spondanus what he ought to know.  
 Eustathius, and all that on them take  
 Great Homer's misticke meaning plain to make,  
 Yeeld him more dark with farr-fetcht allegories,  
 Sometimes mistaking clean his learned stories :  
 As 'bout the flie\* Menelaus did inspire,  
 Juno's retreat, Achilles' strange desire ;  
 But he to his own sence doth him restore,  
 And comments on him better than before  
 Any could do, for which (with Homer) wee  
 Will yeeld all honour to his memory."

Chapman's personal character stood very high. Anthony Wood tells us he was "a person of most reverend aspect, religious and temperate, qualities rarely meeting in a poet." Oldys, in his MS. notes on Langbaine's *Dramatic Poets* (British Museum), says, "Indeed his head was a poetical Treasury, Magazine, or Chronicle, of whatsoever was memorable amongst the Poets of his time, which made him latterly much resorted to by the young gentlemen of good parts and education. But he was choice of his company, shy of loose, shallow, and sordid associates, and preserved in his own conduct the true dignity of Poetry, which he compared to the Flower of the Sun, that disdains to open its leaves to the eye of a smoking taper." Wood thinks he held some small appointment in the household of King James, or his consort Queen Anne; but researches in the State Paper Office have failed to throw any light on this point. We have, in our former Introduction, alluded to his quarrel with Ben Jonson; and also to his

\* "Menelaus, Agamemnon's brother, a soft-pated Prince, as Homer (covertly) renders him throughout his *Iliads*, and as Mr. Chapman hath aptly observed in Homer."

poverty. It is to be feared that his latter days were clouded, but too much credence must not be given to his extreme poverty, as a similar story is told of almost all his great contemporaries.

In parting with good old George we feel regret. His *Iliads* and *Odysseys* have been our companions for many months; and we only hope the reader will derive from their perusal but a tenth part of the pleasure we have received in editing them. A fifth and concluding volume is in preparation, which, it is hoped, will contain the *Hymns* and *Batrachomyomachia* (with the beautiful engraved title); the unique "*Muscæus*" of 1616; the "*Georgics of Hesiod*," 1618; and the "*Fifth Satire of Juvenal*," 1629; thus completing all Chapman's Classical Translations, and giving a volume, the united contents of which *could* not be purchased for fifty pounds.







THE following corrections to the "Introduction" to the Iliad may be useful.

P. x. *Fuller*, in his "*Worthies*," styles Philemon Holland "the Translator Generall of his age, so that those books alone of his turning into English will make a country gentleman a competent library for Historians, insomuch that one saith,

Holland with translations doth so fill us  
He will not let Suetonius be Tranquillus."

Poor Philemon seems also to have been in much distress in his old age. (See a very interesting extract from various MSS. in Sir E. Brydges' "*Restituta*," vol. iii. p. 41.) The dates of his Translations are as follows: *Pliny*, fol. 1601, fol. 1634; *Plutarch's Morals*, fol. 1603, fol. 1657; *Livy*, fol. 1600, fol. 1659, fol. 1686; *Suetonius*, fol. 1606; *Ammianus Marcellinus*, fol. 1609; *Xenophon's Cyropædia*, fol. 1632; *Camden's Britannia*, fol. 1610, fol. 1637. Sir John Harington's *Ariosto* was published fol. 1591; fol. 1607; fol. 1634. Paynter's *Palace of Pleasure* was reprinted by Haslewood, 3 vols. 4to. 1813. Fenton's *Guicciardin* was published fol. 1579, fol. 1599, and fol. 1618. The two first editions, I think, are identical, the title being merely altered. The editions of Fairfax's *Tasso* I have met with are fol. 1600; fol. 1624; 8vo. 1687; 2 vols. 8vo. Dublin, 1726; 8vo. London, 1749; 8vo. 1817, 2 vols. by Knight; and also a most beautiful edition in the

original orthography by Mr. Singer, 2 vols. small 8vo. 1817.

I was misled in the date of Golding's complete *Ovid* by Warton (when shall we have a *correct* edition of the "History of English Poetry?"); it was first published *complete* in 1567. The copy I read had lost half the title.

White Waltham,  
July, 1857.



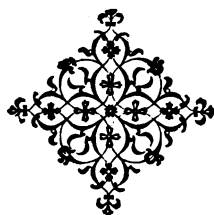
In printing a work of such great length, it must be obvious that, with all possible care, some faults will escape the eye. The reader is requested, therefore, to correct with the pen the following

#### FAULTS ESCAPED.

Book I. 290, read *Rhethrus*. II. 344, r. *so* set. III. 10, r. *locks*; 437, r. *for* many. IV. 588, r. *sea-calves*'. V. 120, r. *rites*; 204, r. *cave*; 257, r. *trac'd*; 261, r. *use*; 325, r. *look*, though the folio has *took*; 419, r. *prest*. VII. 340, r. *Laertiades*. VIII. 500, r. *chords*. X. 122, in *whole* receipt, thus the folio, but r. in *whose*; 367, destroy comma after *me*; 556, put the inverted comma after indiscretion, and destroy it at line 563; 652, put CHAPMAN to the note. XI. 135, r. *Sun*; 144, r. *inflictions*; 258, put inverted comma after *own*. XIII. 306, r. *distresses*'; 320, r. *stol'n*. XVII. 134, r. *had*; 446, r. *light*. XVIII. 473, destroy comma after *thing*. XIX. 741, r. *Gods*'. XX. 373, r. *eyes*'. XXI. 11, r. *heapt*. XXIV. 26, r. *Maia's*; 300, r. *proining*; 488, r. *The Ithacensians*; 570, r. *Elians*.

It may be useful to remind the reader that Chapman frequently alters the quantity of proper names.

The Editor has had some scruples in printing "Odysseys." Chapman has "Odysseys;" but as he prints "*Iliads*," it has been thought "Odysseys" would be more consistent.





# HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.







TO THE MOST WORTHILY HONOURED, MY  
SINGULAR GOOD LORD, ROBERT,

EARL OF SOMERSET,  
LORD CHAMBERLAIN, ETC.\*



HAVE adventured, right noble Earl, out of my utmost and ever-vowed service to your virtues, to entitle their merits to the patronage of HOMER's English life, whose

\* The story of ROBERT CARR, Earl of Somerset, is too well known to all who are familiar with the life and times of James Ist. He was a Scotsman by birth, the son of Carr of Fernihurst, so often mentioned in the letters of Mary Queen of Scots. He had been a royal page before the accession of James to the throne of England, and, having spent some years in France, was re-introduced at Court in 1606. The circumstances of this re-introduction are too familiar to need repetition. His rise was rapid. He was knighted on Christmas-eve, 1607; created Lord Carr of Bransprath, and Viscount Rochester, 1610, and made Lord High Treasurer of Scotland; shortly after, Knight of the Garter; and in 1614 created Earl of Somerset, and Lord Chamberlain of the Household. His connection with the infamous Countess of Essex, and their trial for the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury, their condemnation, imprisonment, and subsequent pardon and release from the Tower in 1621, are matters of history. The Countess died in obscurity in 1632, and the Earl survived till July, 1645; both having lived to see their former passion for each other changed to the bitterest hatred. Their only daughter, Anne, married William, afterwards the first Duke of Bedford.

wished natural life the great Macedon would have protected as the spirit of his empire,

That he to his unmeasured mighty acts  
Might add a fame as vast ; and their extracts,  
In fires as bright and endless as the stars,  
His breast might breathe and thunder out his wars.  
But that great monarch's love of fame and praise  
Receives an envious cloud in our foul days ;  
For since our great ones cease themselves to do  
Deeds worth their praise, they hold it folly too  
To feed their praise in others. But what can,  
Of all the gifts that are, be given to man  
More precious than Eternity and Glory,  
Singing their praises in unsilenced story ?  
Which no black day, no nation, nor no age,  
No change of time or fortune, force nor rage,  
Shall ever rase ? All which the monarch knew,  
Where HOMER lived entitled, would ensue :

*Cujus de gurgite vivo*

*Combibit arcanos vatum omnis turba furores, &c.\**

From whose deep fount of life the thirsty rout  
Of Thespian prophets have lien sucking out  
Their sacred rages. And as th' influent stone  
Of Father Jove's great and laborious son†  
Lifts high the heavy iron, and far implies  
The wide orbs that the needle rectifies,  
In virtuous guide of every sea-driven course,  
To all aspiring his one boundless force ;  
So from one HOMER all the holy fire  
That ever did the hidden heat inspire  
In each true Muse came clearly sparkling down,

\* Ex Angeli Politiani Ambrâ. 12.

† Hercules.



And must for him compose one flaming crown.

He, at Jove's table set, fills out to us  
Cups that repair age sad and ruinous,  
And gives it built of an eternal stand  
With his all-sinewy Odyssean hand,  
Shifts time and fate, puts death in life's free state,  
And life doth into ages propagate.  
He doth in men the Gods' affects inflame,  
His fuel Virtue blown by Praise and Fame ;  
And, with the high soul's first impression driven,  
Breaks through rude chaos, earth, the seas, and heaven.  
The nerves of all things hid in nature lie  
Naked before him ; all their harmony  
Tun'd to his accents, that in beasts breathe minds.  
What fowls, what floods, what earth, what air, what winds,  
What fires ethereal, what the Gods conclude  
In all their counsels, his Muse makes indued  
With varied voices that even rocks have moved.  
And yet for all this, naked Virtue loved,  
Honours without her he as abject prizes,  
And foolish Fame, derived from thence, despises.  
When from the vulgar taking glorious bound  
Up to the mountain where the Muse is crown'd,  
He sits and laughs to see the jaded rabble  
Toil to his hard heights, t' all access unable, &c.\*

And that your Lordship may in his face take view of his mind, the first words of his Iliads is *μῆνιν*, wrath ; the first word of his Odysseys, *ἄνδρα*, man : contracting in either word his each work's proposition. In one *predominant perturbation* ; in the other *overruling wisdom*. In one the body's fervour and fashion of outward

\* Thus far Angel. Politianus, for the most part, translated.

xlviïi THE EPISTLE DEDICATORY.

fortitude to all possible height of heroical action ; in the other the mind's inward, constant, and unconquered empire, unbroken, unaltered, with any most insolent and tyrannous infliction. To many most sovereign praises is this poem entitled ; but to that grace, in chief, which sets on the crown both of poets and orators ; τὸ τὰ μικρὰ μεγάλως, καὶ τὰ κοινὰ καίνως : that is, *Parva magnè dicere; pervulgata novè; jejuna plenè.*—*To speak things little greatly ; things common rarely ; things barren and empty fruitfully and fully.* The return of a man into his country is his whole scope and object ; which in itself, your Lordship may well say, is jejune and fruitless enough, affording nothing feastful, nothing magnificent. And yet even this doth the divine inspiration render vast, illustrious, and of miraculous composure. And for this, my Lord, is this poem preferred to his *Iliads* ; for therein much magnificence, both of person and action, gives great aid to his industry ; but in this are these helps exceeding sparing, or nothing ; and yet is the structure so elaborate and pompous that the poor plain ground-work, considered together, may seem the naturally rich womb to it, and produce it needfully. Much wondered at, therefore, is the censure of Dionysius Longinus, (a man otherwise affirmed grave and of elegant judgment,) comparing Homer in his *Iliads* to the Sun rising, in his *Odysseys* to his descent or setting, or to the ocean robbed of his æsture, many tributary floods and rivers of excellent ornament withheld from their observance. When this his work so far exceeds the ocean, with all his court and concourse, that all his sea is only a serviceable stream to it. Nor can it be compared to any one power to be named in nature, being

an entirely well-sorted and digested confluence of all ; where the most solid and grave is made as nimble and fluent as the most airy and fiery, the nimble and fluent as firm and well-bounded as the most grave and solid. And, taking all together, of so tender impression, and of such command to the voice of the Muse, that they knock heaven with her breath, and discover their foundations as low as hell. Nor is this all-comprising Poesy fantastic or mere fictive ; but the most material and doctrinal illations of truth, both for all manly information of manners in the young, all prescription of justice, and even Christian piety, in the most grave and high governed. To illustrate both which, in both kinds, with all height of expression, the Poet creates both a body and a soul in them. Wherein, if the body, (being the letter or history,) seems fictive, and beyond possibility to bring into act, the sense then and allegory, which is the soul, is to be sought, which intends a more eminent expresseure of Virtue for her loveliness, and of Vice for her ugliness, in their several effects ; going beyond the life than any art within life can possibly delineate. Why then is fiction to this end so hateful to our true ignorants ? Or why should a poor chronicle of a Lord Mayor's naked truth (that peradventure will last his year) include more worth with our modern wizards than Homer for his naked Ulysses clad in eternal fiction ? But this proser Dionysius, and the rest of these grave and reputatively learned—that dare undertake for their gravities the headstrong censure of all things, and challenge the understanding of these toys in their childhoods ; when even these childish vanities retain deep and most necessary learning enough in them to make them children in their ages, and teach them

while they live—are not in these absolute divine infusions allowed either voice or relish : for, *Qui poeticas ad fores accedit*, &c. (says the divine philosopher,) he that knocks at the gates of the Muses, *sine Musarum furore*, is neither to be admitted entry, nor a touch at their thresholds ; his opinion of entry ridiculous, and his presumption impious. Nor must Poets themselves (might I a little insist on these contempts, not tempting too far your Lordship's Ulyssean patience) presume to these doors without the truly genuine and peculiar induction. There being in poesy a twofold rapture,—or alienation of soul, as the above-said teacher terms it,—one *insania*, a disease of the mind, and a mere madness, by which the infected is thrust beneath all the degrees of humanity : *et ex homine, brutum quodammodo redditur* :—(for which poor Poesy, in this diseased and impostorous age, is so barbarously vilified ;)—the other is, *divinus furor*, by which the sound and divinely healthful *supra hominis naturam erigitur, et in Deum transit*. One a perfection directly infused from God ; the other an infection obliquely and degenerately proceeding from man. Of the divine fury, my Lord, your Homer hath ever been both first and last instance ; being pronounced absolutely, τὸν σοφώτατον, καὶ τὸν θεϊότατον ποιητήν, “ THE MOST WISE AND MOST DIVINE POET.” Against whom whosoever shall open his profane mouth may worthily receive answer with this of his divine defender—Empedocles, Heraclitus, Protagoras, Epicharmus, &c. being of HOMER's part—τίς οὖν, &c. ; who against such an army, and the general HOMER, dares attempt the assault, but he must be reputed ridiculous ? And yet against this host, and this invincible commander, shall we have every *besogne*\* and fool a

\* *Besogne*—Italian *besognio*, a beggar.

leader. The common herd, I assure myself, ready to receive it on their horns. Their infected leaders,

Such men as sideling ride the ambling Muse,  
Whose saddle is as frequent as the stews.  
Whose raptures are in every pageant seen,  
In every wassail-rhyme and dancing green;  
When he that writes by any beam of truth  
Must dive as deep as he, past shallow youth.  
Truth dwells in gulfs, whose deeps hide shades so rich  
That Night sits muffled there in clouds of pitch,  
More dark than Nature made her, and requires,  
To clear her tough mists, heaven's great fire of fires,  
To whom the sun itself is but a beam.  
For sick souls then—but rapt in foolish dream—  
To wrestle with these heaven-strong mysteries,  
What madness is it? when their light serves eyes  
That are not worldly in their least aspect,  
But truly pure, and aim at heaven direct.  
Yet these none like but what the brazen head  
Blatters abroad, no sooner born but dead.

Holding, then, in eternal contempt, my Lord, those short-lived bubbles, eternize your virtue and judgment with the Grecian monarch; esteeming, not as the least of your new-year's presents,

HOMER, three thousand years dead, now revived,  
Even from that dull death that in life he lived;  
When none conceited him, none understood  
That so much life in so much death as blood  
Conveys about it could mix. But when death  
Drunk up the bloody mist that human breath  
Pour'd round about him—poverty and spite  
Thick'ning the hapless vapour—then truth's light

lii     *THE EPISTLE DEDICATORY.*

Glimmer'd about his poem ; the pinch'd soul  
(Amidst the mysteries it did enrol)  
Brake powerfully abroad. And as we see  
The sun all hid in clouds, at length got free,  
Through some forced covert, over all the ways,  
Near and beneath him, shoots his vented rays  
Far off, and sticks them in some little glade,  
All woods, fields, rivers, left besides in shade ;  
So your Apollo, from that world of light  
Closed in his poem's body, shot to sight  
Some few forced beams, which near him were not seen,  
(As in his life or country,) Fate and spleen  
Clouding their radiance ; which when Death had clear'd,  
To far-off regions his free beams appear'd ;  
In which all stood and wonder'd, striving which  
His birth and rapture should in right enrich.

Twelve labours of your Thespian Hercules  
I now present your Lordship ; do but please  
To lend life means till th' other twelve receive  
Equal achievement ; and let Death then reave  
My life now lost in our patrician loves,  
That knock heads with the herd ; in whom there moves  
One blood, one soul, both drown'd in one set height  
Of stupid envy and mere popular spite.  
Whose loves with no good did my least vein fill ;  
And from their hates I fear as little ill.  
Their bounties nourish not when most they feed,  
But, where there is no merit or no need,  
Rain into rivers still, and are such showers  
As bubbles spring and overflow the flowers.  
Their worse parts and worst men their best suborns,  
Like winter cows whose milk runs to their horns.

And as litigious clients' books of law  
 Cost infinitely ; taste of all the awe  
 Bench'd in our kingdom's policy, piety, state ;  
 Earn all their deep explorings ; satiate  
 All sorts there thrust together by the heart  
 With thirst of wisdom spent on either part ;  
 Horrid examples made of Life and Death  
 From their fine stuff woven ; yet when once the breath  
 Of sentence leaves them, all their worth is drawn  
 As dry as dust, and wears like cobweb lawn :  
 So these men set a price upon their worth,  
 That no man gives but those that trot it forth  
 Through Need's foul ways, feed Humours with all cost  
 Though Judgment sterves in them ; rout, State engrost  
 (At all tobacco benches, solemn tables,  
 Where all that cross their envies are their fables)  
 In their rank faction ; shame and death approved  
 Fit penance for their opposites ; none loved  
 But those that rub them ; not a reason heard  
 That doth not soothe and glorify their preferr'd  
 Bitter opinions.    When, would Truth resume  
 The cause to his hands, all would fly in fume  
 Before his sentence ; since the innocent mind  
 Just God makes good, to whom their worst is wind.  
 For, that I freely all my thoughts express,  
 My conscience is my thousand witnesses ;  
 And to this stay my constant comforts vow,  
*You for the world I have, or God for you.*



CERTAIN ANCIENT GREEK EPIGRAMS  
TRANSLATED.

ALL stars are drunk up by the fiery sun,  
And in so much a flame lies shrunk the moon.  
HOMER's all-lived name all names leaves in death,  
Whose splendour only Muses' bosoms breathe.

ANOTHER.

Heaven's fires shall first fall darken'd from his sphere,  
Grave Night the light weed of the Day shall wear,  
Fresh streams shall chase the sea, tough ploughs shall tear  
Her fishy bottoms, men in long date dead  
Shall rise and live, before Oblivion shed  
Those still-green leaves that crown great HOMER's head.

ANOTHER.

The great Mæonides doth only write,  
And to him dictates the great God of Light.

ANOTHER.

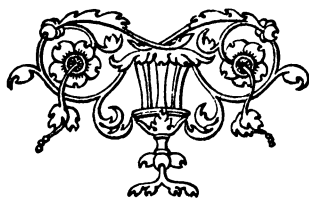
Seven kingdoms strove in which should swell the womb  
That bore great HOMER, whom Fame freed from tomb ;  
Argos, Chios, Pylos, Smyrna, Colophone,  
The learn'd Athenian, and Ulyssean throne.



## ANOTHER.

Art thou of Chios? No. Of Salamine?  
As little. Was the Smyranean country thine?  
Nor so. Which then? Was Cuma's? Colophone?  
Nor one nor other. Art thou, then, of none  
That Fame proclaims thee? None. Thy reason call,  
If I confess of one I anger all.







## THE FIRST BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

### THE ARGUMENT.

THE Gods in council sit, to call  
Ulysses from Calypso's thrall,  
And order their high pleasures thus :  
Grey Pallas to Telemachus  
(In *Ithaca*) her way address ;  
And did her heavenly limbs invest  
In *Mentas'* likeness, that did reign  
King of the *Taphians*, in the main  
Whose rough waves near *Leucadia* run,  
Advising wise Ulysses' son  
To seek his father, and address  
His course to young *Tantalides*  
That govern'd *Sparta*. Thus much said,  
She shew'd she was Heaven's martial Maid,  
And vanish'd from him. Next to this,  
The Banquet of the Wooers is.

### ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

*Ἄλφα*. The Deities sit ;  
The Man retired ;  
The Ulyssean wit  
By Pallas fired.



THE man, O Muse, inform, that many a way  
Wound with his wisdom to his wished stay ;  
That wandered wondrous far, when he the  
town  
Of sacred Troy had sack'd and shivered down ;

<sup>1</sup> The information or fashion of an absolute man ; and necessary (or fatal) passage through many afflictions (according  
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The cities of a world of nations, 5  
 With all their manners, minds, and fashions,  
 He saw and knew ; at sea felt many woes,  
 Much care sustained, to save from overthrows  
 Himself and friends in their retreat for home ;  
 But so their fates he could not overcome, 10  
 Though much he thirsted it. O men unwise,  
 They perish'd by their own impieties,  
 That in their hunger's rapine would not shun  
 The oxen of the lofty-going Sun,  
 Who therefore from their eyes the day bereft 15  
 Of safe return. These acts, in some part left,  
 Tell us, as others, deified Seed of Jove.

Now all the rest that austere death outstrove  
 At Troy's long siege at home safe anchor'd are,  
 Free from the malice both of sea and war ; 20  
 Only Ulysses is denied access  
 To wife and home. The grace of Goddesses,  
 The reverend nymph Calypso, did detain  
 Him in her caves, past all the race of men  
 Enflam'd to make him her lov'd lord and spouse. 25  
 And when the Gods had destin'd that his house,  
 Which Ithaca on her rough bosom bears,  
 (The point of time wrought out by ambient years)  
 Should be his haven, Contention still extends  
 Her envy to him, even amongst his friends. 30  
 All Gods took pity on him ; only he,  
 That girds earth in the cincture of the sea,

with the most Sacred Letter) to his natural haven and country ;  
 is the whole argument and scope of this inimitable and mira-  
 culous poem. And therefore is the epithet *πολύτροπος* given  
 him in the first verse : *πολύτροπος* signifying, *Homo cujus in-*  
*genium velut per multas et varias vias vertitur in veram.*—CHAPMAN.

<sup>21</sup> Neptune.

Divine Ulysses ever did envy,  
And made the fix'd port of his birth to fly.

But he himself solemnized a retreat 35  
To th' Æthiops, far dissunder'd in their seat,  
(In two parts parted, at the sun's descent,  
And underneath his golden orient,  
The first and last of men) t' enjoy their feast  
Of bulls and lambs, in hecatombs address'd; 40  
At which he sat, given over to delight.

The other Gods in heaven's supremest height  
Were all in council met; to whom began  
The mighty Father both of God and man  
Discourse, inducing matter that inclined 45  
To wise Ulysses, calling to his mind  
Faultful Ægisthus, who to death was done  
By young Orestes, Agamemnon's son.  
His memory to the Immortals then  
Mov'd Jove thus deeply: " O how falsely men 50  
Accuse us Gods as authors of their ill,  
When by the bane their own bad lives instil  
They suffer all the miseries of their states,  
Past our inflictions, and beyond their fates.  
As now Ægisthus, past his fate, did wed 55  
The wife of Agamemnon, and (in dread

<sup>40</sup> These notes following I am inforced to insert (since the words they contain differ from all other translations) lest I be thought to err out of that ignorance that may perhaps possess my depraver.—CHAPMAN.

<sup>47</sup> Ἀνύμωνος translated in this place *inculpabilis*, and made the epithet of Ægisthus, is from the true sense of the word, as it is here to be understood; which is quite contrary. As ἀνρίθεος is to be expounded in some place *Divinus*, or *Deo similis*, but in another (soon after) *contrarius Deo*. The person to whom the epithet is given giving reason to distinguish it. And so ὁλοόφρων, an epithet given to Atlas, instantly following, in one place signifies *mente perniciosus*, in the next, *qui universa mente gerit*.

CHAPMAN.

To suffer death himself) to shun his ill,  
 Incurred it by the loose bent of his will,  
 In slaughtering Atrides in retreat.  
 Which we foretold him would so hardly set 60  
 To his murderous purpose, sending Mercury  
 That slaughter'd Argus, our considerate spy,  
 To give him this charge: ' Do not wed his wife,  
 Nor murder him ; for thou shalt buy his life  
 With ransom of thine own, imposed on thee 65  
 By his Orestes, when in him shall be  
 Atrides' self renew'd, and but the prime  
 Of youth's spring put abroad, in thirst to climb  
 His haughty father's throne by his high acts.'  
 These words of Hermes wrought not into facts 70  
 Ægisthus' powers ; good counsel he despised,  
 And to that good his ill is sacrificed."

Pallas, whose eyes did sparkle like the skies,  
 Answer'd : " O Sire ! Supreme of Deities,  
 Ægisthus past his fate, and had desert 75  
 To warrant our infliction ; and convert  
 May all the pains such impious men inflict  
 On innocent sufferers to revenge as strict,  
 Their own hearts eating. But, that Ithacus,  
 Thus never meriting, should suffer thus, 80  
 I deeply suffer. His more pious mind  
 Divides him from these fortunes. Though unkind  
 Is piety to him, giving him a fate  
 More suffering than the most unfortunate,  
 So long kept friendless in a sea-girt soil, 85  
 Where the sea's navel is a sylvan isle,

<sup>50</sup> *Retreat*.—It will be observed that Chapman frequently uses this word in the sense of *return*.

In which the Goddess dwells that doth derive  
 Her birth from Atlas, who of all alive  
 The motion and the fashion doth command  
 With his wise mind, whose forces understand 90  
 The inmost deeps and gulfs of all the seas,  
 Who (for his skill of things superior) stays  
 The two steep columns that prop earth and heaven.  
 His daughter 'tis, who holds this homeless-driven  
 Still mourning with her; evermore profuse 95  
 Of soft and winning speeches, that abuse  
 And make so languishingly, and possess  
 With so remiss a mind her loved guest,  
 Manage the action of his way for home.  
 Where he, though in affection overcome, 100  
 In judgment yet more longs to show his hopes,  
 His country's smoke leap from her chimney tops,  
 And death asks in her arms. Yet never shall  
 Thy lov'd heart be converted on his thrall,

<sup>90</sup> In this place is Atlas given the epithet *δοόφρων*, which signifies *qui universa mente agit*, here given him for the power the stars have in all things. Yet this receives other interpretation in other places, as abovesaid.—CHAPMAN.

<sup>94</sup> *Δύστροχος* is here turned by others, *infelix*, in the general collection; when it hath here a particular exposition, applied to express Ulysses' desert errors, *παρὰ τὸ σῆναι, ut sit, qui vix locum invenire potest ubi consistat*.—CHAPMAN.

<sup>97</sup> This is thus translated, the rather to express and approve the allegory driven through the whole *Odysseys*. Deciphering the intangling of the wisest in his affections; and the torments that breed in every pious mind; to be thereby hindered to arrive so directly as he desires, at the proper and only true natural country of every worthy man, whose haven is heaven and the next life, to which, this life is but a sea in continual æsture and vexation. The words occasioning all this are *μαλακοῖς λόγοις*: *μαλακός* signifying, *qui languide, et animo remisso rem aliquam gerit*; which being the effect of Calypso's sweet words in Ulysses, is here applied passively to his own sufferance of their operation.—CHAPMAN.

Austere Olympius. Did not ever he, 105  
 In ample Troy, thy altars gratify,  
 And Grecians' fleet make in thy offerings swim?  
 O Jove, why still then burns thy wrath to him?"

The Cloud-assembler answer'd: "What words fly,  
 Bold daughter, from thy pale of ivory? 110  
 As if I ever could cast from my care  
 Divine Ulysses, who exceeds so far  
 All men in wisdom, and so oft hath given  
 To all th' Immortals throned in ample heaven  
 So great and sacred gifts? But his decrees, 115  
 That holds the earth in with his nimble knees,  
 Stand to Ulysses' longings so extreme,  
 For taking from the God-foe Polypheme  
 His only eye; a Cyclop, that excelled  
 All other Cyclops, with whose burden swell'd 120  
 The nymph Thoosa, the divine increase  
 Of Phoreys' seed, a great God of the seas.  
 She mix'd with Neptune in his hollow caves,  
 And bore this Cyclop to that God of waves.  
 For whose lost eye, th' Earth-shaker did not kill 125  
 Erring Ulysses, but reserves him still  
 In life for more death. But use we our powers,  
 And round about us cast these cares of ours,

<sup>110</sup> "Ἐρκος δδόντων, viz. *vallum* or *claustrum dentium*, which, for the better sound in our language, is here turned, Pale of Ivory. The teeth being that rampire or pale, given us by nature in that part for restraint and compression of our speech, till the imagination, appetite, and soul (that ought to rule in their examination, before their delivery) have given worthy pass to them. The most grave and divine poet teaching therein, that not so much for the necessary chewing of our sustenance our teeth are given us, as for their stay of our words, lest we utter them rashly.—CHAPMAN.

<sup>116</sup> Neptune.

<sup>126</sup> *Erring*—wandering.



All to discover how we may prefer  
 His wished retreat, and Neptune make forbear 130  
 His stern eye to him, since no one God can,  
 In spite of all, prevail, but 'gainst a man."

To this, this answer made the grey-eyed Maid :  
 " Supreme of rulers, since so well apaid  
 The blessed Gods are all then, now, in thee, 135  
 To limit wise Ulysses' misery,  
 And that you speak as you referred to me  
 Prescription for the means, in this sort be  
 Their sacred order : Let us now address  
 With utmost speed our swift Argicides, 140  
 To tell the nymph that bears the golden tress  
 In th' isle Ogygia, that 'tis our will  
 She should not stay our loved Ulysses still,  
 But suffer his return ; and then will I  
 To Ithaca, to make his son apply 145  
 His sire's inquest the more ; infusing force  
 Into his soul, to summon the concourse  
 Of curl'd-head Greeks to council, and deter  
 Each wooer, that hath been the slaughterer  
 Of his fat sheep and crooked-headed beeves, 150  
 From more wrong to his mother, and their leaves  
 Take in such terms, as fit deserts so great.  
 To Sparta then, and Pylos, where doth beat  
 Bright Amathus, the flood, and epithet  
 To all that kingdom, my advice shall send 155  
 The spirit-advanced Prince, to the pious end  
 Of seeking his lost father, if he may  
 Receive report from Fame where rests his stay,

<sup>134</sup> *Amid*—satisfied, content.

<sup>140</sup> *Inquest*—search.

<sup>154</sup> *Epithet*—i. e. gives the epithet *ἡμαθόεις*, *sandy*, to Pylos.

And make, besides, his own successive worth  
Known to the world, and set in action forth." 160

This said, her wing'd shoes to her feet she tied,  
Formed all of gold, and all eternified,  
That on the round earth or the sea sustain'd  
Her ravish'd substance swift as gusts of wind.  
Then took she her strong lance with steel made keen,  
Great, massy, active, that whole hosts of men, 165  
Though all heroës, conquers, if her ire  
Their wrongs inflame, back'd by so great a Sire.  
Down from Olympus' tops she headlong dived,  
And swift as thought in Ithaca arriv'd, 170  
Close at Ulysses' gates; in whose first court  
She made her stand, and, for her breast's support,  
Leaned on her iron lance; her form impress'd  
With Mentas' likeness, come, as being a guest.  
There found she those proud wooers, that were then 175  
Set on those ox-hides that themselves had slain,  
Before the gates, and all at dice were playing.  
To them the heralds, and the rest obeying,  
Fill'd wine and water; some, still as they play'd,  
And some, for solemn supper's state, purvey'd, 180  
With porous sponges, cleansing tables, serv'd  
With much rich feast; of which to all they kerv'd.

God-like Telemachus amongst them sat,  
Griev'd much in mind; and in his heart begat 185  
All representment of his absent sire,  
How, come from far-off parts, his spirits would fire  
With those proud wooers' sight, with slaughter parting  
Their bold concourse, and to himself converting

<sup>175</sup> *Mentas' likeness*—Mentes, son of Anchialus, king of the Taphians, north of Ithaca.

<sup>182</sup> *Kerv'd*—carved.

The honours they usurp'd, his own commanding.

In this discourse, he first saw Pallas standing, 190

Unbidden entry ; up rose, and address'd

His pace right to her, angry that a guest

Should stand so long at gate ; and, coming near,

Her right hand took, took in his own her spear,

And thus saluted : " Grace to your repair, 195

Fair guest, your welcome shall be likewise fair.

Enter, and, cheer'd with feast, disclose th' intent

That caused your coming." This said, first he went,

And Pallas follow'd. To a room they came,

Steep, and of state ; the javelin of the Dame 200

He set against a pillar vast and high,

Amidst a large and bright-kept armory,

Which was, besides, with woods of lances grac'd

Of his grave father's. In a throne he plac'd

The man-turn'd Goddess, under which was spread 205

A carpet, rich and of deviceful thread ;

A footstool staying her feet ; and by her chair

Another seat (all garnish'd wondrous fair,

To rest or sleep on in the day) he set,

Far from the prease of wooers, lest at meat 210

The noise they still made might offend his guest,

Disturbing him at banquet or at rest,

Even to his combat with that pride of theirs,

That kept no noble form in their affairs.

And these he set far from them, much the rather 215

To question freely of his absent father.

A table fairly-polish'd then was spread,

On which a reverend officer set bread,

And other servitors all sorts of meat

(Salads, and flesh, such as their haste could get) 220

Serv'd with observance in. And then the sewer  
Pour'd water from a great and golden ewer,  
That from their hands t' a silver caldron ran.  
Both wash'd, and seated close, the voiceful man  
Fetch'd cups of gold, and set by them, and round 225  
Those cups with wine with all endeavour crown'd.

Then rush'd in the rude wooers, themselves plac'd ;  
The heralds water gave ; the maids in haste  
Serv'd bread from baskets. When, of all prepar'd  
And set before them, the bold wooers shar'd, 230  
Their pages plying their cups past the rest.  
But lusty wooers must do more than feast ;  
For now, their hungers and their thirsts allay'd,  
They call'd for songs and dances ; those, they said,  
Were th' ornaments of feast. The herald straight  
A harp, carv'd full of artificial sleight, 236  
Thrust into Phemius', a learn'd singer's, hand,  
Who, till he much was urged, on terms did stand,  
But, after, play'd and sung with all his art.

Telemachus to Pallas then (apart, 240  
His ear inclining close, that none might hear)  
In this sort said : " My guest, exceeding dear,  
Will you not sit incens'd with what I say ?  
These are the cares these men take ; feast and play.  
Which eas'ly they may use, because they eat, 245  
Free and unpunish'd, of another's meat ;  
And of a man's, whose white bones wasting lie  
In some far region, with th' incessancy  
Of showers pour'd down upon them, lying ashore,  
Or in the seas wash'd naked. Who, if he wore 250  
Those bones with flesh and life and industry,  
And these might here in Ithaca set eye

On him return'd, they all would wish to be  
Either past other in celerity  
Of feet and knees, and not contend t' exceed 255  
In golden garments. But his virtues feed  
The fate of ill death ; nor is left to me  
The least hope of his life's recovery,  
No, not if any of the mortal race  
Should tell me his return ; the cheerful face 260  
Of his return'd day never will appear.  
But tell me, and let Truth your witness bear,  
Who, and from whence you are ? What city's birth ?  
What parents ? In what vessel set you forth ?  
And with what mariners arriv'd you here ? 265  
I cannot think you a foot passenger.  
Recount then to me all, to teach me well  
Fit usage for your worth. And if it fell  
In chance now first that you thus see us here,  
Or that in former passages you were 270  
My father's guest ? For many men have been  
Guests to my father. Studious of men  
His sociable nature ever was."  
On him again the grey-eyed Maid did pass  
This kind reply : " I'll answer passing true 275  
All thou hast ask'd : My birth his honour drew  
From wise Anchialus. The name I bear  
Is Mentas, the commanding islander  
Of all the Taphians studious in the art  
Of navigation ; having touch'd this part 280  
With ship and men, of purpose to maintain  
Course through the dark seas t' other-languag'd men ;  
And Temesis sustains the city's name  
For which my ship is bound, made known by fame

For rich in brass, which my occasions need, 285  
And therefore bring I shining steel in stead,  
Which their use wants, yet makes my vessel's freight,  
That near a plough'd field rides at anchor's weight,  
Apart this city, in the harbour call'd  
Rethrus, whose waves with Neius' woods are wall'd. 290  
Thy sire and I were ever mutual guests,  
At either's house still interchanging feasts.  
I glory in it. Ask, when thou shalt see  
Laertes, th' old heroë, these of me,  
From the beginning. He, men say, no more 295  
Visits the city, but will needs deplore  
His son's believed loss in a private field ;  
One old maid only at his hands to yield  
Food to his life, as oft as labour makes  
His old limbs faint ; which, though he creeps, he takes  
Along a fruitful plain, set all with vines, 301  
Which husbandman-like, though a king, he proins.  
But now I come to be thy father's guest ;  
I hear he wanders, while these wooers feast.  
And (as th' Immortals prompt me at this hour) 305  
I'll tell thee, out of a prophetic power,  
(Not as profess'd a prophet, nor clear seen  
At all times what shall after chance to men)  
What I conceive, for this time, will be true :  
The Gods' inflictions keep your sire from you. 310  
Divine Ulysses, yet, abides not dead  
Above earth, nor beneath, nor buried  
In any seas, as you did late conceive,  
But, with the broad sea sieged, is kept alive  
Within an isle by rude and upland men, 315  
That in his spite his passage home detain.  
Yet long it shall not be before he tread

His country's dear earth, though solicited,  
 And held from his return, with iron chains ;  
 For he hath wit to forge a world of trains, 320  
 And will, of all, be sure to make good one  
 For his return, so much relied upon.  
 But tell me, and be true : Art thou indeed  
 So much a son, as to be said the seed  
 Of Ithacus himself? Exceeding much 325  
 Thy forehead and fair eyes at his form touch ;  
 For oftentimes we met, as you and I  
 Meet at this hour, before he did apply  
 His powers for Troy, when other Grecian states  
 In hollow ships were his associates. 330  
 But, since that time, mine eyes could never see  
 Renown'd Ulysses, nor met his with me."

The wise Telemachus again replied :  
 " You shall with all I know be satisfied.  
 My mother certain says I am his son ; 335  
 I know not ; nor was ever simply known  
 By any child the sure truth of his sire.  
 But would my veins had took in living fire  
 From some man happy, rather than one wise,  
 Whom age might see seisd of what youth made prise.  
 But he whoever of the mortal race 341  
 Is most unblest, he holds my father's place.  
 This, since you ask, I answer." She, again :

" The Gods sure did not make the future strain

<sup>334</sup> Τόσος παῖς, *Tantus filius*. Pallas thus enforcing her question, to stir up the son the more to the father's worthiness.

CHAPMAN.

<sup>339</sup> *States*—princes. See Iliad II. 69.

<sup>340</sup> *Seised*—in possession of.

<sup>341</sup> *Strain*—descent. So Shakespeare,

" Thus far I can praise him ; he is of a noble *strain*, of approved valour, and confirmed honesty.—*Much Ado*, II. 1.

Both of thy race and days obscure to thee, 345  
 Since thou wert born so of Penelope.  
 The style may by thy after acts be won,  
 Of so great sire the high undoubted son.

Say truth in this then : What's this feasting here ?  
 What all this rout ? Is all this nuptial cheer ? 350  
 Or else some friendly banquet made by thee ?  
 For here no shots are, where all sharers be.  
 Past measure contumeliously this crew  
 Fare through thy house ; which should th' ingenuous view  
 Of any good or wise man come and find, 355  
 (Impiety seeing play'd in every kind)  
 He could not but through every vein be mov'd."

Again Telemachus : " My guest much loved,  
 Since you demand and sift these sights so far,  
 I grant 'twere fit a house so regular, 360  
 Rich, and so faultless once in government,  
 Should still at all parts the same form present  
 That gave it glory while her lord was here.  
 But now the Gods, that us displeasure bear,  
 Have otherwise appointed, and disgrace 365  
 My father most of all the mortal race.  
 For whom I could not mourn so were he dead,  
 Amongst his fellow captains slaughtered

<sup>352</sup> *Shots*—reckoning, sum charged. Though now only used as a vulgar term, it was not uncommon in our older writers. Shakespeare,

" A man is never welcome to a place till some certain shot be paid, and the hostess say, welcome."

*Two Gent. Veron.* II. 5.

The derivation is from Anglo-Sax. *sceat, tax, treasure*, or a piece of metal in an uncoined state equal to a penny. See BOSWORTH'S Anglo-Sax. Dict. It occurs in almost every language. See Ital. *scotto* and Cotgrave in v. *escot*.

<sup>365</sup> *Disgrace*—put out of favour, are unkind to.



By common enemies, or in the hands  
Of his kind friends had ended his commands, 370  
After he had egregiously bestow'd  
His power and order in a war so vow'd,  
And to his tomb all Greeks their grace had done,  
That to all ages he might leave his son  
Immortal honour ; but now Harpies have 375  
Digg'd in their gorges his abhorred grave.  
Obscure, inglorious, death hath made his end,  
And me, for glories, to all griefs contend.  
Nor shall I any more mourn him alone,  
The Gods have given me other cause of moan. 380  
For look how many optimates remain  
In Samos, or the shores Dulichian,  
Shady Zacynthus, or how many bear  
Rule in the rough brows of this island here ;  
So many now my mother and this house 385  
At all parts make defamed and ruinous ;  
And she her hateful nuptials nor denies,  
Nor will dispatch their importunities,  
Though she beholds them spoil still as they feast  
All my free house yields, and the little rest 390  
Of my dead sire in me perhaps intend  
To bring ere long to some untimely end."

This Pallas sigh'd and answer'd : " O," said she,  
" Absent Ulysses is much miss'd by thee,  
That on these shameless suitors he might lay 395  
His wreakful hands. Should he now come, and stay  
In thy court's first gates, arm'd with helm and shield,  
And two such darts as I have seen him wield,  
When first I saw him in our Taphian court,  
Feasting, and doing his desert's disport ; 400

When from Ephyrus he return'd by us  
From Ilus, son to Centaur Mermerus,  
To whom he travell'd through the watery dreads,  
For bane to poison his sharp arrows' heads,  
That death, but touch'd, caused; which he would not give,  
Because he fear'd the Gods that ever live 406  
Would plague such death with death; and yet their fear  
Was to my father's bosom not so dear  
As was thy father's love; (for what he sought  
My loving father found him to a thought.) 410  
If such as then Ulysses might but meet  
With these proud wooers, all were at his feet  
But instant dead men, and their nuptials  
Would prove as bitter as their dying galls.  
But these things in the Gods' knees are reposed, 415  
If his return shall see with wreak inclosed,  
These in his house, or he return no more;  
And therefore I advise thee to explore  
All ways thyself, to set these wooers gone;  
To which end give me fit attention: 420  
To-morrow into solemn council call  
The Greek heroës, and declare to all  
(The Gods being witness) what thy pleasure is.  
Command to towns of their nativity,  
These frontless wooers. If thy mother's mind 425  
Stands to her second nuptials so inclined,  
Return she to her royal father's towers,  
Where th' one of these may wed her, and her dowers  
Make rich, and such as may consort with grace  
So dear a daughter of so great a race. 430  
And thee I warn as well (if thou as well  
Wilt hear and follow) take thy best built sail,

With twenty oars mann'd, and haste t' inquire  
 Where the abode is of thy absent sire,  
 If any can inform thee, or thine ear 435  
 From Jove the fame of his retreat may hear,  
 For chiefly Jove gives all that honours men.

To Pylos first be thy addression then,  
 To god-like Nestor; thence to Sparta haste,  
 To gold-lock'd Menelaus, who was last 440  
 Of all the brass-arm'd Greeks that sail'd from Troy;  
 And try from both these, if thou canst enjoy  
 News of thy sire's returned life, anywhere,  
 Though sad thou suffer'st in his search a year.  
 If of his death thou hear'st, return thou home, 445  
 And to his memory erect a tomb,

Performing parent-rites, of feast and game,  
 Pompous, and such as best may fit his fame;  
 And then thy mother a fit husband give.  
 These past, consider how thou mayst deprive 450  
 Of worthless life these wooers in thy house,  
 By open force, or projects ingenious.

Things childish fit not thee; th' art so no more.  
 Hast thou not heard, how all men did adore  
 Divine Orestes, after he had slain 455

Ægisthus murdering by a treacherous train  
 His famous father? Be then, my most loved,  
 Valiant and manly, every way approved  
 As great as he. I see thy person fit,  
 Noble thy mind, and excellent thy wit, 460  
 All given thee so to use and manage here  
 That even past death they may their memories bear.

<sup>452</sup> *Enginous*—ingenious. See NARES on the words, *engine*,  
 and *inginous*.

In mean time I'll descend to ship and men,  
That much expect me. Be observant then  
Of my advice, and careful to maintain  
In equal acts thy royal father's reign." 465

Telemachus replied : " You ope, fair guest,  
A friend's heart in your speech, as well express'd  
As might a father serve t' inform his son ;  
All which sure place have in my memory won. 470  
Abide yet, though your voyage calls away,  
That, having bath'd, and dignified your stay  
With some more honour, you may yet beside  
Delight your mind by being gratified  
With some rich present taken in your way, 475  
That, as a jewel, your respect may lay  
Up in your treasury, bestow'd by me,  
As free friends use to guests of such degree."

" Detain me not," said she, " so much inclined  
To haste my voyage. What thy loved mind 480  
Commands to give, at my return this way,  
Bestow on me, that I directly may  
Convey it home ; which more of price to me  
The more it asks my recompence to thee."

This said, away grey-eyed Minerva flew, 485  
Like to a mounting lark ; and did endue  
His mind with strength and boldness, and much more  
Made him his father long for than before ;  
And weighing better who his guest might be,  
He stood amaz'd, and thought a Deity 490  
Was there descended ; to whose will he fram'd  
His powers at all parts, and went so inflam'd  
Amongst the wooers, who were silent set,  
To hear a poet sing the sad retreat

The Greeks perform'd from Troy; which was from thence  
Proclaim'd by Pallas, pain of her offence. 496

When which divine song was perceived to bear  
That mournful subject by the listening ear  
Of wise Penelope, Icarius' seed,  
Who from an upper room had given it heed, 500  
Down she descended by a winding stair,  
Not solely, but the state in her repair  
Two maids of honour made. And when this queen  
Of women stoop'd so low, she might be seen  
By all her wooers. In the door, aloof, 505  
Entering the hall grac'd with a goodly roof,  
She stood, in shade of graceful veils, implied  
About her beauties; on her either side,  
Her honour'd women. When, to tears mov'd, thus  
She chid the sacred singer: " Phemius, 510  
You know a number more of these great deeds  
Of Gods and men, that are the sacred seeds,  
And proper subjects, of a poet's song,  
And those due pleasures that to men belong,  
Besides these facts that furnish Troy's retreat, 515  
Sing one of those to these, that round your seat  
They may with silence sit, and taste their wine;  
But cease this song, that through these ears of mine  
Conveys deserv'd occasion to my heart  
Of endless sorrows, of which the desert 520  
In me unmeasur'd is past all these men,  
So endless is the memory I retain,  
And so desertful is that memory,  
Of such a man as hath a dignity  
So broad it spreads itself through all the pride 525  
Of Greece and Argos." To the queen replied

Inspired Telemachus : " Why thus envies  
 My mother him that fits societies  
 With so much harmony, to let him please  
 His own mind in his will to honour these ? 530  
 For these ingenious and first sort of men,  
 That do immediately from Jove retain  
 Their singing raptures, are by Jove as well  
 Inspir'd with choice of what their songs impell,  
 Jove's will is free in it, and therefore theirs. 535  
 Nor is this man to blame, that the repairs  
 The Greeks make homeward sings ; for his fresh muse  
 Men still most celebrate that sings most news.  
 And therefore in his note your ears employ :  
 For not Ulysses only lost in Troy 540  
 The day of his return, but numbers more  
 The deadly ruins of his fortunes bore.  
 Go you then in, and take your work in hand,  
 Your web, and distaff ; and your maids command  
 To ply their fit work. Words to men are due, 545  
 And those reproving counsels you pursue,  
 And most to me of all men, since I bear  
 The rule of all things that are managed here."  
 She went amaz'd away, and in her heart  
 Laid up the wisdom Pallas did impart 550

<sup>528</sup> Ἐριήρος ἀοιδός. *Cantor, cujus tam apta est societas hominibus.*—CHAPMAN.

<sup>531</sup> Ἀνδράσιν ἀλφεῖῃσιν. Ἀλφεῖῃσιν is an epithet proper to poets for their first finding out of arts and documents tending to elocution and government, inspired only by Jove, and are here called the first of men, since first they gave rules to manly life, and have their information immediately from Jove (as Plato in *Ione* witnesseth) ; the word deduced from ἀλφα, which is taken for him *qui primas teneat aliquâ in re*, and will ἀλφεῖῃσιν then be sufficiently expressed with *ingeniosis*, than which no exposition goes further.—CHAPMAN.

To her lov'd son so lately, turn'd again  
 Up to her chamber, and no more would reign  
 In manly counsels. To her women she  
 Applied her sway ; and to the wooers he  
 Began new orders, other spirits bewray'd 555  
 Than those in spite of which the wooers sway'd.  
 And (whiles his mother's tears still wash'd her eyes,  
 Till grey Minerva did those tears surprise  
 With timely sleep, and that her wooers did rouse  
 Rude tumult up through all the shady house, 560  
 Disposed to sleep because their widow was)  
 Telemachus this new-given spirit did pass  
 On their old insolence : " Ho ! you that are  
 My mother's wooers ! Much too high ye bear  
 Your petulant spirits ; sit ; and, while ye may 565  
 Enjoy me in your banquets, see ye lay  
 These loud notes down, nor do this man the wrong,  
 Because my mother hath disliked his song,  
 To grace her interruption. 'Tis a thing  
 Honest, and honour'd too, to hear one sing 570  
 Numbers so like the Gods in elegance,  
 As this man flows in. By the morn's first light,  
 I'll call ye all before me in a Court,  
 That I may clearly banish your resort,  
 With all your rudeness, from these roofs of mine. 575  
 Away ; and elsewhere in your feasts combine.  
 Consume your own goods, and make mutual feast  
 At either's house. Or if ye still hold best,  
 And for your humours' more sufficed fill,  
 To feed, to spoil, because unpunish'd still, 580  
 On other findings, spoil ; but here I call

572 Ἡὤδεῖν, *prima luce*.—CHAPMAN.

Th' Eternal Gods to witness, if it fall  
 In my wish'd reach once to be dealing wrecks,  
 By Jove's high bounty, these your present checks  
 To what I give in charge shall add more reins 585  
 To my revenge hereafter ; and the pains  
 Ye then must suffer shall pass all your pride  
 Ever to see redress'd, or qualified."

At this all bit their lips, and did admire  
 His words sent from him with such phrase and fire ; 590  
 Which so much mov'd them that Antinous,  
 Eupitheus' son, cried out : " Telemachus !  
 The Gods, I think, have rapt thee to this height  
 Of elocution, and this great conceit  
 Of self-ability. We all may pray, 595  
 That Jove invest not in this kingdom's sway  
 Thy forward forces, which I see put forth  
 A hot ambition in thee for thy birth."

" Be not offended," he replied, " if I  
 Shall say, I would assume this empery, 600  
 If Jove gave leave. You are not he that sings :  
*The rule of kingdoms is the worst of things.*  
 Nor is it ill, at all, to sway a throne ;  
 A man may quickly gain possession

<sup>599</sup> Upon this answer of Telemachus, because it hath so sudden a change, and is so far let down from his late height of heat, altering and tempering so commandingly his affections, I thought not amiss to insert here Spondanus' further annotation, which is this: *Prudenter Telemachus joco furorem Antinoi ac asperitatem emolliuit. Num ita dictum illius interpretatur, ut existimetur censere jocosè illa etiam ab Antino aduersum se pronunciata. Et primum ironicè se Regem esse exoptat propter commoda quæ Reges solent comitari. Ne tamen invidiam in se ambitionis concitet, testatur se regnum Ithacæ non ambire, mortuo Ulysæ, cum id alii possidere queant se longe præstantiores ac digniores : hoc unum aut se moliri, ut propriarum ædium et bonorum solus sit dominus, iis exclusis ac ejectis, qui vi illa occupare ac disperdere conantur.*

CHAPMAN.



Of mighty riches, make a wondrous prize 605  
 Set of his virtues; but the dignities  
 That deck a king, there are enough beside  
 In this circumfluous isle that want no pride  
 To think them worthy of, as young as I,  
 And old as you are. An ascent so high 610  
 My thoughts affect not. Dead is he that held  
 Desert of virtue to have so excell'd.  
 But of these turrets I will take on me  
 To be the absolute king, and reign as free,  
 As did my father, over all his hand 615  
 Left here in this house slaves to my command."

Eurymachus, the son of Polybus,  
 To this made this reply: "Telemachus!  
 The girlond of this kingdom let the knees  
 Of Deity run for; but the faculties 620  
 This house is seised of, and the turrets here,  
 Thou shalt be lord of, nor shall any bear  
 The least part off of all thou dost possess,  
 As long as this land is no wilderness,  
 Nor ruled by out-laws. But give these their pass, 625  
 And tell me, best of princes, who he was  
 That guested here so late? From whence? And what  
 In any region boasted he his state?  
 His race? His country? Brought he any news  
 Of thy returning father? Or for dues 630  
 Of moneys to him made he fit repair?  
 How suddenly he rush'd into the air,

<sup>619</sup> *Girlond*—garland, crown, sovereignty. Shakespeare,

"*Cate*. It is a reeling world, indeed, my lord;

And, I believe, will never stand upright,

Till Richard wear the *garland* of the realm.

*Hast*. How! wear the *garland*! dost thou mean the crown?

*Cate*. Ay, my good lord."—*Richard III.* III. 2.

Nor would sustain to stay and make him known !  
His port show'd no debauch'd companion."

He answer'd : " The return of my lov'd sire 635  
Is past all hope ; and should rude Fame inspire  
From any place a flattering messenger  
With news of his survival, he should bear  
No least belief off from my desperate love.  
Which if a sacred prophet should approve, 640  
Call'd by my mother for her care's unrest,  
It should not move me. For my late fair guest,  
He was of old my father's, touching here  
From sea-girt Taphos, and for name doth bear  
Mentas, the son of wise Anchialus, 645  
And governs all the Taphians studious  
Of navigation." This he said, but knew  
It was a Goddess. These again withdrew  
To dances and attraction of the song ;  
And while their pleasures did the time prolong, 650  
The sable Even descended, and did steep  
The lids of all men in desire of sleep.

Telemachus, into a room built high  
Of his illustrious court, and to the eye  
Of circular prospect, to his bed ascended, 655  
And in his mind much weighty thought contended.  
Before him Euryclea (that well knew  
All the observance of a handmaid's due,  
Daughter to Opis Pisenorides)  
Bore two bright torches ; who did so much please 660  
Laërtes in her prime, that, for the price  
Of twenty oxen, he made merchandize  
Of her rare beauties ; and love's equal flame  
To her he felt, as to his nuptial dame,

Yet never durst he mix with her in bed, 665  
So much the anger of his wife he fled.  
She, now grown old, to young Telemachus  
Two torches bore, and was obsequious  
Past all his other maids, and did apply  
Her service to him from his infancy. 670  
His well-built chamber reach'd, she op'd the door,  
He on his bed sat, the soft weeds he wore  
Put off, and to the diligent old maid  
Gave all ; who fitly all in thick folds laid,  
And hung them on a beam-pin near the bed, 675  
That round about was rich embroidered.  
Then made she haste forth from him, and did bring  
The door together with a silver ring,  
And by a string a bar to it did pull.  
He, laid, and cover'd well with curled wool 680  
Woven in silk quilts, all night employ'd his mind  
About the task that Pallas had design'd.

FINIS LIBRI PRIMI HOM. ODYSS.



## THE SECOND BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

### THE ARGUMENT.

TELEMACHUS to court doth call  
The Wooers, and commands them all  
To leave his house; and, taking then  
From wise Minerva ship and men,  
And all things fit for him beside,  
That Euryclea could provide  
For sea-rites, till he found his sire,  
He hoists sail; when Heaven stoops his fire.

### ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

*Bjra.* The old Maid's store  
The voyage cheers.  
The ship leaves shore,  
Minerva steers.



OW when with rosy fingers, th' early born  
And thrown through all the air, appear'd  
the Morn,  
Ulysses' lov'd son from his bed appear'd,  
His weeds put on, and did about him gird  
His sword that thwart his shoulders hung, and tied  
To his fair feet fair shoes, and all parts plied  
For speedy readiness; who, when he trod  
The open earth, to men show'd like a God.

The heralds then he straight charg'd to consort  
The curl'd-head Greeks, with loud calls, to a Court. 10  
They summon'd ; th' other came in utmost haste.  
Who all assembled, and in one heap plac'd,  
He likewise came to council, and did bear  
In his fair hand his iron-headed spear.  
Nor came alone, nor with men troops prepar'd, 15  
But two fleet dogs made both his train and guard.  
Pallas supplied with her high wisdom's grace,  
That all men's wants supplies, State's painted face.  
His ent'ring presence all men did admire ;  
Who took seat in the high throne of his sire, 20  
To which the grave peers gave him reverend way.  
Amongst whom, an Egyptian heroë  
(Crooked with age, and full of skill) begun  
The speech to all ; who had a loved son  
That with divine Ulysses did ascend 25  
His hollow fleet to Troy ; to serve which end,  
He kept fair horse, and was a man at arms,  
And in the cruel Cyclops' stern alarms  
His life lost by him in his hollow cave,  
Whose entrails open'd his abhorred grave, 30  
And made of him, of all Ulysses' train,  
His latest supper, being latest slain ;  
His name was Antiphus. And this old man,  
This crooked grown, this wise Egyptian,  
Had three sons more ; of which one riotous 35  
A wooer was, and call'd Eurynomus ;  
The other two took both his own wish'd course.  
Yet both the best fates weigh'd not down the worse,  
But left the old man mindful still of moan ;  
Who, weeping, thus bespake the session : 40

“ Hear, Ithacensians, all I fitly say :  
Since our divine Ulysses’ parting day  
Never was council call’d, nor session,  
And now by whom is this thus undergone ?  
Whom did necessity so much compell, 45  
Of young or old ? Hath any one heard tell  
Of any coming army, that he thus now  
May openly take boldness to avow,  
First having heard it ? Or will any here  
Some motion for the public good prefer ? 50  
Some worth of note there is in this command ;  
And, methinks, it must be some good man’s hand  
That’s put to it, that either hath direct  
Means to assist, or, for his good affect,  
Hopes to be happy in the proof he makes ; 55  
And that Jove grant, whate’er he undertakes.”

Telemachus (rejoicing much to hear  
The good hope and opinion men did bear  
Of his young actions) no longer sat,  
But long’d t’ approve what this man pointed at, 60  
And make his first proof in a cause so good ;  
And in the council’s chief place up he stood ;  
When straight Pisenor (herald to his sire,  
And learn’d in counsels) felt his heart on fire  
To hear him speak, and put into his hand 65  
The sceptre that his father did command ;  
Then, to the old Egyptian turn’d, he spoke :

“ Father, not far he is that undertook  
To call this Council ; whom you soon shall know.  
Myself, whose wrongs my griefs will make me show, 70  
Am he that author’d this assembly here.  
Nor have I heard of any army near,

Of which, being first told, I might iterate,  
Nor for the public good can aught relate,  
Only mine own affairs all this procure, 75  
That in my house a double ill endure ;  
One, having lost a father so renown'd,  
Whose kind rule once with your command was crown'd ;  
The other is, what much more doth augment  
His weighty loss, the ruin imminent 80  
Of all my house by it, my goods all spent.  
And of all this the wooers, that are sons  
To our chief peers, are the confusions,  
Importuning my mother's marriage  
Against her will ; nor dares their blood's bold rage 85  
Go to Icarius', her father's, court,  
That, his will ask'd in kind and comely sort,  
He may endow his daughter with a dower,  
And, she consenting, at his pleasure's power  
Dispose her to a man, that, thus behav'd, 90  
May have fit grace, and see her honour sav'd ;  
But these, in none but my house, all their lives  
Resolve to spend ; slaught'ring my sheep and beeves,  
And with my fattest goats lay feast on feast,  
My generous wine consuming as they list. 95  
A world of things they spoil, here wanting one,  
That, like Ulysses, quickly could set gone  
These peace-plagues from his house, that spoil like war ;  
Whom my powers are unfit to urge so far,  
Myself immortal. But, had I the power, 100  
My will should serve me to exempt this hour  
From out my life-time. For, past patience,  
Base deeds are done here, that exceed defence  
Of any honour. Falling is my house,

Which you should shame to see so ruinous. 105  
Reverence the censures that all good men give,  
That dwell about you ; and for fear to live  
Exposed to heaven's wrath (that doth ever pay  
Pains for joys forfeit) even by Jove I pray,  
Or Themis, both which powers have to restrain, 110  
Or gather, councils, that ye will abstain  
From further spoil, and let me only waste  
In that most wretched grief I have embrac'd  
For my lost father. And though I am free  
From meriting your outrage, yet, if he, 115  
Good man, hath ever with a hostile heart  
Done ill to any Greek, on me convert  
Your like hostility, and vengeance take  
Of his ill on my life, and all these make  
Join in that justice ; but, to see abused 120  
Those goods that do none ill but being ill used,  
Exceeds all right. Yet better 'tis for me,  
My whole possessions and my rents to see  
Consum'd by you, than lose my life and all ;  
For on your rapine a revenge may fall, 125  
While I live ; and so long I may complain  
About the city, till my goods again,  
Oft ask'd, may be with all amends repaid.  
But in the mean space your misrule hath laid  
Griefs on my bosom, that can only speak, 130  
And are denied the instant power of wreak."

This said, his sceptre 'gainst the ground he threw,  
And tears still'd from him ; which mov'd all the crew,  
The court struck silent, not a man did dare  
To give a word that might offend his ear. 135  
Antinous only in this sort replied :



“ High spoken, and of spirit unpacified,  
How have you sham'd us in this speech of yours !  
Will you brand us for an offence not ours ?  
Your mother, first in craft, is first in cause. 140  
Three years are past, and near the fourth now draws,  
Since first she mock'd the peers Achaian.  
All she made hope, and promis'd every man,  
Sent for us ever, left love's show in nought,  
But in her heart conceal'd another thought. 145  
Besides, as curious in her craft, her loom  
She with a web charg'd, hard to overcome,  
And thus bespake us : ‘ Youths, that seek my bed,  
Since my divine spouse rests amongst the dead,  
Hold on your suits but till I end, at most, 150  
This funeral weed, lest what is done be lost.  
Besides, I purpose, that when th' austere fate  
Of bitter death shall take into his state  
Laertes the heroë, it shall deck  
His royal corse, since I should suffer check 155  
In ill report of every common dame,  
If one so rich should show in death his shame.’  
This speech she used ; and this did soon persuade  
Our gentle minds. But this a work she made  
So hugely long, undoing still in night, 160  
By torches, all she did by day's broad light,  
That three years her deceit div'd past our view,  
And made us think that all she feign'd was true.  
But when the fourth year came, and those sly hours  
That still surprise at length dames' craftiest powers, 165  
One of her women, that knew all, disclos'd  
The secret to us, that she still unloosed  
Her whole day's fair affair in depth of night.

And then no further she could force her sleight,  
But, of necessity, her work gave end. 170  
And thus, by me, doth every other friend,  
Professing love to her, reply to thee ;  
That even thyself, and all Greeks else, may see,  
That we offend not in our stay, but she.  
To free thy house then, send her to her sire, 175  
Commanding that her choice be left entire  
To his election, and one settled will.  
Nor let her vex with her illusions still  
Her friends that woo her, standing on her wit,  
Because wise Pallas hath given wills to it 180  
So full of art, and made her understand  
All works in fair skill of a lady's hand.  
But (for her working mind) we read of none  
Of all the old world, in which Greece hath shown  
Her rarest pieces, that could equal her : 185  
Tyro, Alcmena, and Mycena, were  
To hold comparison in no degree,  
For solid brain, with wise Penelope.  
And yet, in her delays of us, she shows  
No prophet's skill with all the wit she owes ; 190  
For all this time thy goods and victuals go  
To utter ruin ; and shall ever so,  
While thus the Gods her glorious mind dispose.  
Glory herself may gain, but thou shalt lose  
Thy longings even for necessary food, 195  
For we will never go where lies our good,  
Nor any other where, till this delay  
She puts on all, she quits with th' endless stay  
Of some one of us, that to all the rest  
May give free farewell with his nuptial feast." 200

<sup>190</sup> *Owes*—owns, possesses.

The wise young prince replied : " Antinous !  
 I may by no means turn out of my house  
 Her that hath brought me forth and nourish'd me.  
 Besides, if quick or dead my father be  
 In any region, yet abides in doubt ; 205  
 And 'twill go hard, my means being so run out,  
 To tender to Icarius again,  
 If he again my mother must maintain  
 In her retreat, the dower she brought with her.  
 And then a double ill it will confer, 210  
 Both from my father and from God on me,  
 When, thrust out of her house, on her bent knee,  
 My mother shall the horrid Furies raise  
 With imprecations, and all men dispraise  
 My part in her exposure. Never then 215  
 Will I perform this counsel. If your spleen  
 Swell at my courses, once more I command  
 Your absence from my house ; some other's hand  
 Charge with your banquets ; on your own goods eat,  
 And either other mutually intreat, 220  
 At either of your houses, with your feast.  
 But if ye still esteem more sweet and best  
 Another's spoil, so you still wreakless live,  
 Gnaw, vermin-like, things sacred, no laws give  
 To your devouring ; it remains that I 225  
 Invoke each Ever-living Deity,  
 And vow, if Jove shall deign in any date  
 Power of like pains for pleasure so past rate,  
 From thenceforth look, where ye have revelled so  
 Unwreak'd, your ruins all shall undergo." 230

<sup>224</sup> The word is *κρίπετε*, *κρίπω* signifying, *insatiabili quadam edacitate voro*.—CHAPMAN.

Thus spake Telemachus ; t' assure whose threat,  
Far-seeing Jove upon their pinions set  
Two eagles from the high brows of a hill,  
That, mounted on the winds, together still  
Their strokes extended ; but arriving now 235  
Amidst the Council, over every brow  
Shook their thick wings and, threat'ning death's cold fears,  
Their necks and cheeks tore with their eager seres ;  
Then, on the court's right-hand away they flew,  
Above both court and city. With whose view, 240  
And study what events they might foretell,  
The Council into admiration fell.  
The old heroë, Halitherses, then,  
The son of Nestor, that of all old men,  
His peers in that court, only could foresee 245  
By flight of fowls man's fixed destiny,  
'Twixt them and their amaze, this interpos'd :  
“ Hear, Ithacensians, all your doubts disclos'd.  
The Wooers most are touch'd in this ostent,  
To whom are dangers great and imminent ; 250  
For now not long more shall Ulysses bear  
Lack of his most lov'd, but fills some place near,  
Addressing to these Wooers fate and death.  
And many more this mischief menaceth  
Of us inhabiting this famous isle. 255  
Let us consult yet, in this long forewhile,  
How to ourselves we may prevent this ill.  
Let these men rest secure, and revel still ;  
Though they might find it safer, if with us  
They would in time prevent what threats them thus ;  
Since not without sure trial I foretell 261  
These coming storms, but know their issue well.

For to Ulysses all things have event,  
As I foretold him, when for Ilion went  
The whole Greek fleet together, and with them 265  
Th' abundant-in-all-counsels took the stream.  
I told him, that, when much ill he had passed,  
And all his men were lost, he should at last,  
The twentieth year, turn home, to all unknown ;  
All which effects are to perfection grown." 270

Eurymachus, the son of Polybus,  
Opposed this man's presage, and answer'd thus :  
" Hence, great in years, go, prophesy at home,  
Thy children teach to shun their ills to come.  
In these superior far to thee am I. 275  
A world of fowls beneath the sun-beams fly  
That are not fit t' inform a prophecy.  
Besides, Ulysses perish'd long ago ;  
And would thy fates to thee had destin'd so,  
Since so thy so much prophecy had spar'd 280  
Thy wronging of our rights, which, for reward  
Expected home with thee, hath summon'd us  
Within the anger of Telemachus.  
But this I will presage, which shall be true :  
If any spark of anger chance t' ensue 285  
Thy much old art in these deep auguries,  
In this young man incensed by thy lies,  
Even to himself his anger shall confer  
The greater anguish, and thine own ends err  
From all their objects ; and, besides, thine age 290  
Shall feel a pain, to make thee curse presage  
With worthy cause, for it shall touch thee near.  
But I will soon give end to all our fear,

296 Ulysses.

Preventing whatsoever chance can fall,  
In my suit to the young prince for us all, 295  
To send his mother to her father's house,  
That he may sort her out a worthy spouse,  
And such a dower bestow, as may befit  
One lov'd, to leave her friends and follow it.  
Before which course be, I believe that none 300  
Of all the Greeks will cease th' ambition  
Of such a match. For, chance what can to us,  
We no man fear, no not Telemachus,  
Though ne'er so greatly spoken. Nor care we  
For any threats of austere prophecy, 305  
Which thou, old dotard, vaunt'st of so in vain.  
And thus shalt thou in much more hate remain ;  
For still the Gods shall bear their ill expense,  
Nor ever be dispos'd by competence,  
Till with her nuptials she dismiss our suits, 310  
Our whole lives' days shall sow hopes for such fruits.  
Her virtues we contend to, nor will go  
To any other, be she never so  
Worthy of us, and all the worth we owe."  
He answer'd him : " Eurymachus, and all 315  
Ye generous Wooers, now, in general,  
I see your brave resolves, and will no more  
Make speech of these points, and, much less, implore.  
It is enough, that all the Grecians here,  
And all the Gods besides, just witness bear, 320  
What friendly premonitions have been spent  
On your forbearance, and their vain event.  
Yet, with my other friends, let love prevail  
To fit me with a vessel free of sail,

And twenty men, that may divide to me 325  
 My ready passage through the yielding sea.  
 For Sparta, and Amathoan Pylos' shore,  
 I now am bound, in purpose to explore  
 My long-lack'd father, and to try if fame  
 Or Jove, most author of man's honour'd name, 330  
 With his return and life may glad mine ear,  
 Though toil'd in that proof I sustain a year.  
 If dead I hear him, nor of more state, here  
 Retir'd to my lov'd country, I will rear  
 A sepulchre to him, and celebrate 335  
 Such royal parent-rites, as fits his state ;  
 And then my mother to a spouse dispose."

This said, he sat ; and to the rest arose  
 Mentor, that was Ulysses' chosen friend,  
 To whom, when he set forth, he did commend 340  
 His complete family, and whom he will'd  
 To see the mind of his old sire fulfill'd,  
 All things conserving safe, till his retreat.  
 Who, tender of his charge, and seeing to set  
 In slight care of their king his subjects there, 345  
 Suffering his son so much contempt to bear,  
 Thus gravely, and with zeal, to him began :

" No more let any sceptre-bearing man,  
 Benevolent, or mild, or human be,  
 Nor in his mind form acts of piety, 350  
 But ever feed on blood, and facts unjust  
 Commit, even to the full swing of his lust,  
 Since of divine Ulysses no man now,  
 Of all his subjects, any thought doth show.

<sup>327</sup> The original is Πύλον ἡμαθόεντα, *sandy Pylos*. See Book I. 154.

All whom he govern'd, and became to them, 355  
 Rather than one that wore a diadem,  
 A most indulgent father. But, for all  
 That can touch me, within no envy fall  
 These insolent Wooers, that in violent kind  
 Commit things foul by th' ill wit of the mind, 360  
 And with the hazard of their heads devour  
 Ulysses' house, since his returning hour  
 They hold past hope. But it affects me much,  
 Ye dull plebeians, that all this doth touch  
 Your free states nothing ; who, struck dumb, afford  
 These Wooers not so much wreak as a word, 366  
 Though few, and you with only number might  
 Extinguish to them the profaned light."

Evenor's son, Leocritus, replied :  
 " Mentor ! the railer, made a fool with pride, 370  
 What language giv'st thou that would quiet us  
 With putting us in storm, exciting thus  
 The rout against us ? Who, though more than we,  
 Should find it is no easy victory  
 To drive men, habited in feast, from feasts, 375  
 No not if Ithacus himself such guests  
 Should come and find so furnishing his Court,  
 And hope to force them from so sweet a fort.  
 His wife should little joy in his arrive,  
 Though much she wants him ; for, where she alive 380  
 Would her's enjoy, there death should claim his rights.  
*He must be conquer'd that with many fights.*  
 Thou speak'st unfit things. To their labours then  
 Disperse these people ; and let these two men,  
 Mentor and Halitherses, that so boast 385

379 *Arrive*—arrival.



From the beginning to have govern'd most  
 In friendship of the father, to the son  
 Confirm the course he now affects to run.  
 But my mind says, that, if he would but use  
 A little patience, he should here hear news 390  
 Of all things that his wish would understand,  
 But no good hope for of the course in hand."

This said, the Council rose ; when every peer  
 And all the people in dispersion were  
 To houses of their own ; the Wooers yet 395  
 Made to Ulysses' house their old retreat.

Telemachus, apart from all the prease,  
 Prepar'd to shore, and, in the aged seas  
 His fair hands wash'd, did thus to Pallas pray :  
 " Hear me, O Goddess, that but yesterday 400  
 Didst deign access to me at home, and lay  
 Grave charge on me to take ship, and inquire  
 Along the dark seas for mine absent sire !  
 Which all the Greeks oppose ; amongst whom most  
 Those that are proud still at another's cost, 405  
 Past measure, and the civil rights of men,  
 My mother's Wooers, my repulse maintain."

Thus spake he praying ; when close to him came  
 Pallas, resembling Mentor both in frame  
 Of voice and person, and advised him thus : 410

" Those Wooers well might know, Telemachus,  
 Thou wilt not ever weak and childish be,  
 If to thee be instill'd the faculty  
 Of mind and body that thy father grac'd ;  
 And if, like him, there be in thee enchac'd 415  
 Virtue to give words works, and works their end.  
 This voyage, that to them thou didst commend,

Shall not so quickly, as they idly ween,  
Be vain, or giv'n up, for their opposite spleen.  
But, if Ulysses nor Penelope 420  
Were thy true parents, I then hope in thee  
Of no more urging thy attempt in hand ;  
For few, that rightly bred on both sides stand,  
Are like their parents, many that are worse,  
And most few better. Those then that the nurse 425  
Or mother call true born yet are not so,  
Like worthy sires much less are like to grow.  
But thou show'st now that in thee fades not quite  
Thy father's wisdom ; and that future light  
Shall therefore show thee far from being unwise, 430  
Or touch'd with stain of bastard cowardice.  
Hope therefore says, that thou wilt to the end  
Pursue the brave act thou didst erst intend.  
But for the foolish Wooers, they bewray  
They neither counsel have nor soul, since they 435  
Are neither wise nor just, and so must needs  
Rest ignorant how black above their heads  
Fate hovers holding Death, that one sole day  
Will make enough to make them all away.  
For thee, the way thou wishest shall no more 440  
Fly thee a step ; I, that have been before  
Thy father's friend, thine likewise now will be,  
Provide thy ship myself, and follow thee.  
Go thou then home, and sooth each Wooer's vein,  
But under hand fit all things for the main ; 445  
Wine in as strong and sweet casks as you can,  
And meal, the very marrow of a man,  
Which put in good sure leather sacks, and see  
That with sweet food sweet vessels still agree.

I from the people straight will press for you 450  
 Free volunteers ; and, for ships, enow  
 Sea-circled Ithaca contains, both new  
 And old-built ; all which I'll exactly view,  
 And choose what one soever most doth please ;  
 Which rigg'd, we'll straight launch, and assay the seas."

This spake Jove's daughter, Pallas ; whose voice  
 heard, 456

No more Telemachus her charge deferr'd,  
 But hasted home, and, sad at heart, did see  
 Amidst his hall th' insulting Wooers flea  
 Goats, and roast swine. 'Mongst whom, Antinous 460  
 Careless, discovering in Telemachus  
 His grudge to see them, laugh'd, met, took his hand,  
 And said : " High-spoken, with the mind so mann'd !  
 Come, do as we do, put not up your spirits  
 With these low trifles, nor our loving merits 465  
 In gall of any hateful purpose steep,  
 But eat egregiously, and drink as deep.  
 The things thou think'st on, all at full shall be  
 By th' Achives thought on, and perform'd to thee ;  
 Ship, and choice oars, that in a trice will land 470  
 Thy hasty fleet on heavenly Pylos' sand,  
 And at the fame of thy illustrious sire."

He answer'd : " Men, whom pride did so inspire,  
 Are not fit consorts for an humble guest ;  
 Nor are constrain'd men merry at their feast. 475  
 Is't not enough, that all this time ye have  
 Op'd in your entrails my chief goods a grave,  
 And, while I was a child, made me partake ?  
 My now more growth more grown my mind doth make,

495 *Flea—flay.*

And, hearing speak more judging men than you, 480  
Perceive how much I was misgovern'd now.  
I now will try if I can bring ye home  
An ill Fate to consort you ; if it come  
From Pylos, or amongst the people here.  
But thither I resolve, and know that there 485  
I shall not touch in vain. Nor will I stay,  
Though in a merchant's ship I steer my way ;  
Which shows in your sights best ; since me ye know  
Incapable of ship, or men to row."

This said, his hand he coyly snatch'd away 490  
From forth Antinous' hand. The rest the day  
Spent through the house with banquets ; some with jests,  
And some with railings, dignifying their feasts.  
To whom a jest-proud youth the wit began :

" Telemachus will kill us every man. 495  
From Sparta, to the very Pylian sand,  
He will raise aids to his impetuous hand.  
O he affects it strangely ! Or he means  
To search Ephyra's fat shores, and from thence  
Bring deathful poisons, which amongst our bowls 500  
Will make a general shipwrack of our souls."

Another said : " Alas, who knows but he  
Once gone, and erring like his sire at sea,  
May perish like him, far from aid of friends,  
And so he makes us work ? For all the ends 505  
Left of his goods here we shall share, the house  
Left to his mother and her chosen spouse."

Thus they ; while he a room ascended, high  
And large, built by his father, where did lie  
Gold and brass heap'd up, and in coffers were 510  
Rich robes, great store of odorous oils, and there

Stood tuns of sweet old wines along the wall,  
 Neat and divine drink, kept to cheer withall  
 Ulysses' old heart, if he turn'd again  
 From labours fatal to him to sustain. 515  
 The doors of plank were, their close exquisite,  
 Kept with a double key, and day and night  
 A woman lock'd within ; and that was she  
 Who all trust had for her sufficiency,  
 Old Euryclea, one of Opis' race, 520  
 Son to Pisenor, and in passing grace  
 With grey Minerva ; her the prince did call,  
 And said : " Nurse ! Draw me the most sweet of all  
 The wine thou keep'st ; next that which for my sire  
 Thy care reserves, in hope he shall retire. 525  
 Twelve vessels fill me forth, and stop them well.  
 Then into well-sew'd sacks of fine ground meal  
 Pour twenty measures. Nor, to any one  
 But thee thyself, let this design be known.  
 All this see got together ; I it all 530  
 In night will fetch off, when my mother shall  
 Ascend her high room, and for sleep prepare.  
 Sparta and Pylos I must see, in care  
 To find my father." Out Euryclea cried,  
 And ask'd with tears : " Why is your mind applied, 535  
 Dear son, to this course ? Whither will you go ?  
 So far off leave us, and beloved so,  
 So only ? And the sole hope of your race ?  
 Royal Ulysses, far from the embrace  
 Of his kind country, in a land unknown 540  
 Is dead ; and, you from your lov'd country gone,  
 The Wooers will with some deceit assay

<sup>515</sup> *Fatal*—fated. See *Iliad*.

To your destruction, making then their prey  
Of all your goods. Where, in your own y'are strong,  
Make sure abode. It fits not you so young 545  
To suffer so much by the aged seas,  
And err in such a wayless wilderness."

"Be cheer'd, lov'd nurse," said he, "for, not without  
The will of God, go my attempts about.  
Swear therefore, not to wound my mother's ears 550  
With word of this, before from heaven appears  
Th' eleventh or twelfth light, or herself shall please  
To ask of me, or hears me put to seas,  
Lest her fair body with her woe be wore."

To this the great oath of the Gods she swore; 555  
Which having sworn, and of it every due  
Perform'd to full, to vessels wine she drew,  
And into well-sew'd sacks pour'd foody meal.  
In mean time he, with cunning to conceal  
All thought of this from others, himself bore 560  
In broad house, with the Wooers, as before.

Then grey-eyed Pallas other thoughts did own,  
And like Telemachus trod through the town,  
Commanding all his men in th' even to be  
Aboard his ship. Again then question'd she 565  
Noemon, famed for aged Phronius' son,  
About his ship; who all things to be done  
Assured her freely should. The sun then set,  
And sable shadows slid through every street,  
When forth they launch'd, and soon aboard did bring  
All arms, and choice of every needful thing 571  
That fits a well-rigg'd ship. The Goddess then  
Stood in the port's extreme part, where her men,  
Nobly appointed, thick about her came,

Whose every breast she did with spirit enflame. 575

Yet still fresh projects laid the grey-eyed Dame.

Straight to the house she hasted, and sweet sleep

Pour'd on each Wooer; which so laid in steep

Their drowsy temples, that each brow did nod,

As all were drinking, and each hand his load, 580

The cup, let fall. All start up, and to bed,

Nor more would watch, when sleep so surfeited

Their leaden eye-lids. Then did Pallas call

Telemachus, in body, voice, and all,

Resembling Mentor, from his native nest, 585

And said, that all his arm'd men were addrest

To use their oars, and all expected now

He should the spirit of a soldier show.

"Come then," said she, "no more let us defer

Our honour'd action." Then she took on her 590

A ravish'd spirit, and led as she did leap;

And he her most haste took out step by step.

Arrived at sea and ship, they found ashore

The soldiers that their fashion'd-long hair wore;

To whom the prince said: "Come, my friends, let's bring

Our voyage's provision; every thing 595

Is heap'd together in our court; and none,

No not my mother, nor her maids, but one

Knows our intention." This express'd, he led,

The soldiers close together followed; 600

And all together brought aboard their store.

Aboard the prince went; Pallas still before

Sat at the stern, he close to her, the men

Up hasted after. He and Pallas then

Put from the shore. His soldiers then he bad 605

See all their arms fit; which they heard, and had.

A beechen mast, then, in the hollow base  
They put, and hoisted, fix'd it in his place  
With cables ; and with well-wreath'd halsers hoise  
Their white sails, which grey Pallas now employs 610  
With full and fore-gales through the dark deep main.  
The purple waves, so swift cut, roar'd again  
Against the ship sides, that now ran and plow'd  
The rugged seas up. Then the men bestow'd  
Their arms about the ship, and sacrifice 615  
With crown'd wine-cups to th' endless Deities  
They offer'd up. Of all yet throned above,  
They most observed the grey-eyed seed of Jove ;  
Who, from the evening till the morning rose,  
And all day long, their voyage did dispose. 620

FINIS LIBRI SECUNDI HOM. ODYSS.





## THE THIRD BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

### THE ARGUMENT.

TELEMACHUS, and Heaven's wise\* Dame  
That never husband had, now came  
To Nestor; who his either guest  
Received at the religious feast  
He made to Neptune, on his shore;  
And there told what was done before  
The Trojan turrets, and the state  
Of all the Greeks since Ilion's fate.  
This book† these three of greatest place  
Doth serve with many a varied grace.  
Which past, Minerva takes her leave.  
Whose state when Nestor doth perceive,  
With sacrifice he makes it known,  
Where many a pleasing rite is shown.  
Which done, Telemachus hath gain'd  
A chariot of him; who ordain'd  
Pisistratus, his son, his guide  
To Sparta; and when starry eyed  
The ample heaven began to be,  
All house-rites to afford them free,  
In Pheris, Diocles did please,  
His surname Ortilochides.

### ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

Τάμπα. Ulysses son  
With Nestor lies,  
To Sparta gone;  
Thence Pallas flies.

\* Pallas.

† Minerva, Nestor, and Telemachus.



HE sun now left the great and goodly lake,  
 And to the firm heaven bright ascent did  
 make,  
 To shine as well upon the mortal birth,  
 Inhabiting the plow'd life-giving earth,  
 As on the ever treaders upon death. 5  
 And now to Pylos, that so garnisheth  
 Herself with buildings, old Neleus' town,  
 The prince and Goddess come had strange sights shown,  
 For, on the marine shore, the people there  
 To Neptune, that the azure looks doth wear, 10  
 Beeves that were wholly black gave holy flame.  
 Nine seats of state they made to his high name ;  
 And every seat set with five hundred men,  
 And each five hundred was to furnish then  
 With nine black oxen every sacred seat. 15  
 These of the entrails only pleas'd to eat,  
 And to the God enflam'd the fleshy thighs.

By this time Pallas with the sparkling eyes,  
 And he she led, within the haven bore,  
 Struck sail, cast anchor, and trod both the shore, 20  
 She first, he after. Then said Pallas : " Now  
 No more befits thee the least bashful brow ;  
 T' embolden which this act is put on thee,  
 To seek thy father both at shore and sea,  
 And learn in what clime he abides so close, 25  
 Or in the power of what Fate doth repose.

Come then, go right to Nestor ; let us see,  
 If in his bosom any counsel be,  
 That may inform us. Pray him not to trace  
 The common courtship, and to speak in grace 30

° The Gods.

Of the demander, but to tell the truth ;  
Which will delight him, and commend thy youth  
For such prevention ; for he loves no lies,  
Nor will report them, being truly wise."

He answer'd : " Mentor ! how, alas ! shall I      35  
Present myself ? How greet his gravity ?  
My youth by no means that ripe form affords,  
That can digest my mind's instinct in words  
Wise, and beseeeming th' ears of one so sage.  
Youth of most hope blush to use words with age."      40

She said : " Thy mind will some conceit impress,  
And something God will prompt thy towardness ;  
For, I suppose, thy birth, and breeding too,  
Were not in spite of what the Gods could do."

This said, she swiftly went before, and he      45  
Her steps made guides, and follow'd instantly.  
When soon they reach'd the Pylian throngs and seats,  
Where Nestor with his sons sat ; and the meats,  
That for the feast serv'd, round about them were  
Adherents dressing, all their sacred cheer,      50  
Being roast and boil'd meats. When the Pylians saw  
These strangers come, in thrust did all men draw  
About their entry, took their hands, and pray'd  
They both would sit ; their entry first assay'd  
By Nestor's son, Pisistratus. In grace      55  
Of whose repair, he gave them honour'd place  
Betwixt his sire and brother Thrasymed,  
Who sat at feast on soft fells that were spread  
Along the sea sands, kerv'd, and reach'd to them  
Parts of the inwards, and did make a stream      60  
Of spritely wine into a golden bowl ;

<sup>40</sup> *Fells*—sheep-skins, skins of beasts.

<sup>50</sup> *Kerved*—carved.

Which to Minerva with a gentle soul  
 He gave, and thus spake: " Ere you eat, fair guest,  
 Invoke the Seas' King, of whose sacred feast  
 Your travel hither makes ye partners now ; 65  
 When, sacrificing as becomes, bestow  
 This bowl of sweet wine on your friend, that he  
 May likewise use these rites of piety ;  
 For I suppose his youth doth prayers use,  
 Since all men need the Gods. But you I choose 70  
 First in this cup's disposure, since his years  
 Seem short of yours, who more like me appears."  
 Thus gave he her the cup of pleasant wine ;  
 And since a wise and just man did design  
 The golden bowl first to her free receipt, 75  
 Even to the Goddess it did add delight,  
 Who thus invoc'd : " Hear thou, whose vast embrace  
 Ensppheres the whole earth, nor disdain thy grace  
 To us that ask it in performing this :  
 To Nestor first, and these fair sons of his, 80  
 Vouchsafe all honour ; and, next them, bestow  
 On all these Pyliaus, that have offer'd now  
 This most renowned hecatomb to thee,  
 Remuneration fit for them, and free ;  
 And lastly deign Telemachus and me, 85  
 The work perform'd for whose effect we came,  
 Our safe return, both with our ship and fame."  
 Thus prayed she ; and herself herself obey'd,  
 In th' end performing all for which she pray'd.  
 And now, to pray, and do as she had done, 90  
 She gave the fair round bowl t' Ulysses' son.

The meat then dress'd, and drawn, and serv'd t' each guest,  
 They celebrated a most sumptuous feast.

When appetite to wine and food allay'd,  
Horse-taming Nestor then began, and said : 95

“ Now life's desire is serv'd, as far as fare,  
Time fits me to enquire what guests these are.  
Fair guests, what are ye ? And for what coast tries  
Your ship the moist deeps ? For fit merchandise,  
Or rudely coast ye, like our men of prise, 100  
The rough seas tempting, desperately erring,  
The ill of others in their good conferring ? ”

The wise prince now his boldness did begin,  
For Pallas' self had harden'd him within,  
By this device of travel to explore 105  
His absent father ; which two girlonds wore ;  
His good by manage of his spirits ; and then  
To gain him high grace in th' accounts of men.

“ O Nestor ! still in whom Neleus lives !  
And all the glory of the Greeks survives, 110  
You ask from whence we are, and I relate :  
From Ithaca (whose seat is situate  
Where Neius, the renowned mountain, rears  
His haughty forehead, and the honour bears  
To be our sea-mark) we assay'd the waves. 115

The business, I must tell, our own good craves,  
And not the public. I am come t' enquire,  
If, in the fame that best men doth inspire  
Of my most-suffering father, I may hear  
Some truth of his estate now, who did bear 120  
The name, being join'd in fight with you alone,  
To even with earth the height of Ilion.  
Of all men else, that any name did bear,  
And fought for Troy, the several ends we hear ;

<sup>106</sup> *Girlonds*—garlands.

But his death Jove keeps from the world unknown, 125  
 The certain fame thereof being told by none ;  
 If on the continent by enemies slain,  
 Or with the waves eat of the ravenous main.  
 For his love 'tis that to your knees I sue,  
 That you would please, out of your own clear view, 130  
 T' assure his sad end ; or say, if your ear  
 Hath heard of the unhappy wanderer,  
 To too much sorrow whom his mother bore.  
 You then by all your bounties I implore,  
 (If ever to you deed or word hath stood, 135  
 By my good father promis'd, rendered good  
 Amongst the Trojans, where ye both have tried  
 The Grecian suff'rance) that in nought applied  
 To my respect or pity you will glose,  
 But uncloth'd truth to my desires disclose." 140

" O my much-lov'd," said he, " since you renew  
 Remembrance of the miseries that grew  
 Upon our still-in-strength-opposing Greece  
 Amongst Troy's people, I must touch a piece  
 Of all our woes there, either in the men 145  
 Achilles brought by sea and led to gain  
 About the country, or in us that fought  
 About the city, where to death were brought  
 All our chief men, as many as were there.  
 There Mars-like Ajax lies ; Achilles there ; 150  
 There the in-counsel-like-the-Gods, his friend ;  
 There my dear son Antilochus took end,  
 Past measure swift of foot, and staid in fight.  
 A number more that ills felt infinite ;

<sup>126</sup> *Fame*—(Latin) report.

<sup>139</sup> *Glose*—gloss over.

<sup>151</sup> Patroclus.

Of which to reckon all, what mortal man, 155  
If five or six years you should stay here, can  
Serve such enquiry? You would back again,  
Affected with unsufferable pain,  
Before you heard it. Nine years sieged we them,  
With all the depth and sleight of stratagem 160  
That could be thought. Ill knit to ill past end.  
Yet still they toil'd us; nor would yet Jove send  
Rest to our labours, nor will scarcely yet.  
But no man lived, that would in public set  
His wisdom by Ulysses' policy, 165  
As thought his equal; so excessively  
He stood superior all ways. If you be  
His son indeed, mine eyes even ravish me  
To admiration. And in all consent  
Your speech puts on his speech's ornament. 170  
Nor would one say, that one so young could use,  
Unless his son, a rhetoric so profuse.  
And while we lived together, he and I  
Never in speech maintain'd diversity;  
Nor set in counsel but, by one soul led, 175  
With spirit and prudent counsel furnished  
The Greeks at all hours, that, with fairest course,  
What best became them, they might put in force.  
But when Troy's high towers we had levell'd thus,  
We put to sea, and God divided us. 180  
And then did Jove our sad retreat devise;  
For all the Greeks were neither just nor wise,  
And therefore many felt so sharp a fate,  
Sent from Minerva's most pernicious hate;  
Whose mighty Father can do fearful things. 185  
By whose help she betwixt the brother kings

Let fall contention ; who in council met  
In vain, and timeless, when the sun was set,  
And all the Greeks call'd, that came charged with wine.  
Yet then the kings would utter their design, 190  
And why they summon'd. Menelaus, he  
Put all in mind of home, and cried, To sea.  
But Agamemnon stood on contraries,  
Whose will was, they should stay and sacrifice  
Whole hecatombs to Pallas, to forego 195  
Her high wrath to them. Fool ! that did not know  
She would not so be won ; for not with ease  
Th' Eternal Gods are turn'd from what they please.  
So they, divided, on foul language stood.  
The Greeks in huge rout rose, their wine-heat blood  
Two ways affecting. And, that night's sleep too, 201  
We turn'd to studying either other's woe ;  
When Jove besides made ready woes enow.  
Morn came, we launch'd, and in our ships did stow  
Our goods, and fair-girt women. Half our men 205  
The people's guide, Atrides, did contain,  
And half, being now aboard, put forth to sea.  
A most free gale gave all ships prosperous way.  
God settled then the huge whale-bearing lake,  
And Tenedos we reach'd ; where, for time's sake, 210  
We did divine rites to the Gods. But Jove,  
Inexorable still, bore yet no love  
To our return, but did again excite  
A second sad contention, that turn'd quite  
A great part of us back to sea again ; 215  
Which were th' abundant-in-all-counsels man,  
Your matchless father, who, to gratify  
The great Atrides, back to him did fly.



But I fled all, with all that follow'd me,  
Because I knew God studied misery, 220  
To hurl amongst us. With me likewise fled  
Martial Tydides. I the men he led  
Gat to go with him. Winds our fleet did bring  
To Lesbos, where the yellow-headed king,  
Though late, yet found us, as we put to choice 225  
A tedious voyage ; if we sail should hoise  
Above rough Chius, left on our left hand,  
To th' isle of Psyria, or that rugged land  
Sail under, and for windy Mimas steer.  
We ask'd of God that some ostent might clear 230  
Our cloudy business, who gave us sign,  
And charge, that all should, in a middle line,  
The sea cut for Eubœa, that with speed  
Our long-sustain'd infortune might be freed.  
Then did a whistling wind begin to rise, 235  
And swiftly flew we through the fishy skies,  
Till to Geræstus we in night were brought ;  
Where, through the broad sea since we safe had wrought,  
At Neptune's altars many solid thighs  
Of slaughter'd bulls we burn'd for sacrifice. 240

The fourth day came, when Tydeus' son did greet  
The haven of Argos with his complete fleet.  
But I for Pylos straight steer'd on my course,  
Nor ever left the wind his foreright force,  
Since God fore-sent it first. And thus I came, 245  
Dear son, to Pylos, uninform'd by fame,  
Nor know one saved by Fate, or overcome.  
Whom I have heard of since, set here at home,  
As fits, thou shalt be taught, nought left unshown.  
The expert spear-men, every Myrmidon, 250

Led by the brave heir of the mighty-soul'd  
 Unpeer'd Achilles, safe of home got hold ;  
 Safe Philoctetes, Pœan's famous seed ;  
 And safe Idomenæus his men led  
 To his home, Crete, who fled the armed field, 255  
 Of whom yet none the sea from him withheld.

Atrides, you have both heard, though ye be  
 His far-off dwellers, what an end had he,  
 Done by Ægisthus to a bitter death ;  
 Who miserably paid for forced breath, 260  
 Atrides leaving a good son, that dyed,  
 In blood of that deceitful parricide,  
 His wreakful sword. And thou my friend, as he  
 For this hath his fame, the like spirit in thee  
 Assume at all parts. Fair and great, I see, 265  
 Thou art in all hope, make it good to th' end,  
 That after-times as much may thee commend."

He answer'd : " O thou greatest grace of Greece,  
 Orestes made that wreak his master-piece,  
 And him the Greeks will give a master-praise, 270  
 Verse finding him to last all after-days.  
 And would to God the Gods would favour me  
 With his performance, that my injury,  
 Done by my mother's Wooers, being so foul,  
 I might revenge upon their every soul ; 275  
 Who, pressing me with contumelies, dare  
 Such things as past the power of utt'rance are.  
 But Heaven's great Powers have graced my destiny  
 With no such honour. Both my sire and I  
 Are born to suffer everlastingly." 280

<sup>262</sup> *Parricide*—this is a somewhat uncommon use of the word.  
 Orestes slew *his father's murderer*.

“ Because you name those Wooers, friend,” said he,  
“ Report says, many such, in spite of thee,  
Wooing thy mother, in thy house commit  
The ills thou nam’st. But say: Proceedeth it  
From will in thee to bear so foul a foil ? 285  
Or from thy subjects’ hate, that wish thy spoil,  
And will not aid thee, since their spirits rely,  
Against thy rule, on some grave augury ?  
What know they, but at length thy father may  
Come, and with violence their violence pay ; 290  
Or he alone, or all the Greeks with him ?  
But if Minerva now did so esteem  
Thee, as thy father in times past ; whom, past  
All measure, she with glorious favours grac’t  
Amongst the Trojans, where we suffered so ; 295  
(O ! I did never see, in such clear show,  
The Gods so grace a man, as she to him,  
To all our eyes, appear’d in all her trim)  
If so, I say, she would be pleased to love,  
And that her mind’s care thou so much couldst move,  
As did thy father, every man of these 301  
Would lose in death their seeking marriages.”

“ O father,” answer’d he, “ you make amaze  
Seize me throughout. Beyond the height of phrase  
You raise expression ; but ’twill never be, 305  
That I shall move in any Deity  
So blest an honour. Not by any means,  
If Hope should prompt me, or blind Confidence,  
(The God of Fools) or every Deity  
Should will it ; for ’tis past my destiny.” 310

The burning-eyed Dame answer’d : “ What a speech  
Hath past the teeth-guard Nature gave to teach

Fit question of thy words before they fly !  
 God easily can (when to a mortal eye  
 He's furthest off) a mortal satisfy ; 315  
 And does the more still. For thy cared-for sire,  
 I rather wish, that I might home retire,  
 After my sufferance of a world of woes,  
 Far off, and then my glad eyes might disclose  
 The day of my return, then straight retire, 320  
 And perish standing by my household fire ;  
 As Agamemnon did, that lost his life  
 By false Ægisthus, and his falser wife.

For Death to come at length, 'tis due to all ;  
 Nor can the Gods themselves, when Fate shall call 325  
 Their most loved man, extend his vital breath  
 Beyond the fix'd bounds of abhorred Death."

" Mentor ! " said he, " let's dwell no more on this,  
 Although in us the sorrow pious is.  
 No such return, as we wish, Fates bequeath 330  
 My erring father ; whom a present death  
 The Deathless have decreed. I'll now use speech  
 That tends to other purpose ; and beseech  
 Instruction of grave Nestor, since he flows  
 Past shore in all experience, and knows 335  
 The sleights and wisdoms, to whose heights aspire  
 Others, as well as my commended sire,  
 Whom Fame reports to have commanded three  
 Ages of men, and doth in sight to me  
 Show like th' Immortals. ' Nestor ! the renown 340  
 Of old Neleius, make the clear truth known,  
 How the most great in empire, Atreus son,  
 Sustain'd the act of his destruction.

314 *Volente Deo, nihil est difficile.*—CHAPMAN.

Where then was Menelaus? How was it  
 That false Ægisthus, being so far unfit 345  
 A match for him, could his death so enforce?  
 Was he not then in Argos? or his course  
 With men so left, to let a coward breathe  
 Spirit enough to dare his brother's death?"

"I'll tell thee truth in all, fair son," said he: 350  
 "Right well was this event conceiv'd by thee.

If Menelaus in his brother's house  
 Had found the idle liver with his spouse,  
 Arriv'd from Troy, he had not liv'd, nor dead  
 Had the digg'd heap pour'd on his lustful head, 355  
 But fowls and dogs had torn him in the fields,  
 Far off of Argos; not a dame it yields  
 Had given him any tear, so foul his fact  
 Show'd even to women. Us Troy's wars had rack'd  
 To every sinew's sufferance, while he 360  
 In Argos' uplands liv'd, from those works free,  
 And Agamemnon's wife with force of word  
 Flatter'd and soften'd, who, at first, abhor'd  
 A fact so infamous. The heav'nly dame  
 A good mind had, but was in blood too blame. 365  
 There was a poet, to whose care the king  
 His queen committed, and in every thing,  
 When he from Troy went, charg'd him to apply  
 Himself in all guard to her dignity.

But when strong Fate so wrapt-in her effects, 370  
 That she resolv'd to leave her fit respects,

<sup>365</sup> *But was in blood too blame.*—The expression *too blame* was not unusual in old writers. NARES has illustrated it from Shakespeare, Heywood, and others. Our modern phrase that a person is *to blame*, i. e. *to be blamed*, is a modification of this old form *too blame*, i. e. *too blameable*. See Shakespeare, 1 Henry IV. III. 1.

Into a desert isle her guardian led,  
 There left, the rapine of the vultures fed.  
 Then brought he willing home his will's won prize,  
 On sacred altars offer'd many thighs, 375  
 Hung in the God's fanes many ornaments,  
 Garments and gold, that he the vast events  
 Of such a labour to his wish had brought,  
 As neither fell into his hope nor thought.

At last, from Troy sail'd Sparta's king and I, 380  
 Both holding her untouch'd. And, that his eye  
 Might see no worse of her, when both were blown  
 To sacred Sunium, of Minerva's town  
 The goodly promontory, with his shafts severe  
 Augur Apollo slew him that did steer 385  
 Atrides' ship, as he the stern did guide,  
 And She the full speed of her sail applied.  
 He was a man that nations of men  
 Excell'd in safe guide of a vessel, when  
 A tempest rush'd in on the ruffled seas ; 390  
 His name was Phrontis Onetorides.  
 And thus was Menelaus held from home,  
 Whose way he thirsted so to overcome,  
 To give his friend the earth, being his pursuit,  
 And all his exsequies to execute. 395  
 But sailing still the wine-hued seas, to reach  
 Some shore for fit performance, he did fetch  
 The steep mount of the Malians, and there,  
 With open voice, offended Jupiter  
 Proclaim'd the voyage his repugnant mind, 400

<sup>396</sup> *Οἶνονα πόνον* : *οἶνον* *cujus facies vinum representat.*

CHAPMAN.

<sup>400</sup> i. e. Proclaimed the voyage was in opposition to his will,  
 was distasteful to him.

And pour'd the puffs out of a shrieking wind,  
 That nourish'd billows heighten'd like to hills ;  
 And with the fleet's division fulfils  
 His hate proclaim'd ; upon a part of Crete  
 Casting the navy, where the sea-waves meet 405  
 Rough Jardanus, and where the Cydons live.

There is a rock, on which the sea doth drive,  
 Bare, and all broken, on the confines set  
 Of Gortys, that the dark seas likewise fret ;  
 And hither sent the South a horrid drift 410  
 Of waves against the top, that was the left  
 Of that torn cliff as far as Phæstus' strand.  
 A little stone the great sea's rage did stand.  
 The men here driven 'scap'd hard the ships' sore shocks,  
 The ships themselves being wrack'd against the rocks,  
 Save only five, that blue fore-castles bore, 415  
 Which wind and water cast on Egypt's shore.  
 When he (there victling well, and store of gold  
 Aboard his ships brought) his wild way did hold,  
 And t' other languag'd men was forced to roam. 420  
 Mean space Ægisthus made sad work at home,  
 And slew his brother, forcing to his sway  
 Atrides' subjects, and did seven years lay  
 His yoke upon the rich Mycenian state.  
 But in the eighth, to his affrighting fate, 425  
 Divine Orestes home from Athens came,  
 And what his royal father felt, the same  
 He made the false Ægisthus groan beneath.  
*Death evermore is the reward of death.*

Thus having slain him, a sepulchral feast 430  
 He made the Argives for his lustful guest,  
 And for his mother whom he did detest.

The self-same day upon him stole the king  
Good-at-a-martial-shout, and goods did bring,  
As many as his freighted fleet could bear. 435

But thou, my son, too long by no means err,  
Thy goods left free from many a spoilful guest,  
Lest they consume some, and divide the rest,  
And thou, perhaps, besides, thy voyage lose.  
To Menelaus yet thy course dispose 440

I wish and charge thee; who but late arriv'd  
From such a shore and men, as to have liv'd  
In a return from them he never thought,  
And whom black whirlwinds violently brought  
Within a sea so vast, that in a year 445

Not any fowl could pass it anywhere,  
So huge and horrid was it. But go thou  
With ship and men (or, if thou pleasest now  
To pass by land, there shall be brought for thee  
Both horse and chariot, and thy guides shall be 450  
My sons themselves) to Sparta the divine,  
And to the king whose locks like amber shine.  
Intreat the truth of him, nor loves he lies,  
Wisdom in truth is, and he's passing wise."

This said, the Sun went down, and up rose Night,  
When Pallas spake: "O father, all good right 455  
Bear thy directions. But divide we now  
The sacrifices' tongues, mix wines, and vow  
To Neptune, and the other Ever-Blest,  
That, having sacrific'd, we may to rest. 460  
The fit hour runs now, light dives out of date,  
At sacred feasts we must not sit too late."

She said; they heard; the herald water gave;

<sup>434</sup> *Good-at-a-martial-shout—Menelaus.*



The youths crown'd cups with wine, and let all have  
 Their equal shares, beginning from the cup 465  
 Their parting banquet. All the tongues cut up,  
 The fire they gave them, sacrific'd, and rose,  
 Wine, and divine rites used, to each dispose ;  
 Minerva and Telemachus desir'd  
 They might to ship be, with his leave, retir'd. 470

He, mov'd with that, provok'd thus their abodes :  
 " Now Jove forbid, and all the long-liv'd Gods,  
 Your leaving me, to sleep aboard a ship ;  
 As I had drunk of poor Penia's whip,  
 Even to my nakedness, and had nor sheet 475  
 Nor covering in my house ; that warm nor sweet  
 A guest, nor I myself, had means to sleep ;  
 Where I, both weeds and wealthy coverings keep  
 For all my guests. Nor shall Fame ever say,  
 The dear son of the man Ulysses lay 480  
 All night a-ship-board here while my days shine,  
 Or in my court whiles any son of mine  
 Enjoys survival, who shall guests receive,  
 Whomever my house hath a nook to leave."

" My much-lov'd father," said Minerva, " well 485  
 All this becomes thee. But persuade to dwell  
 This night with thee thy son Telemachus,  
 For more convenient is the course for us,  
 That he may follow to thy house and rest,  
 And I may board our black-sail, that address'd 490  
 At all parts I may make our men, and cheer  
 All with my presence, since of all men there

<sup>471</sup> *Abodes*—stay.

<sup>474</sup> *Penia's*—i. e. poverty's. Greek *Πενία*. A pedantic conceit in Chapman.

I boast myself the senior, th' others are  
 Youths, that attend in free and friendly care  
 Great-soul'd Telemachus, and are his peers 495  
 In fresh similitude of form and years.  
 For their confirmance, I will therefore now  
 Sleep in our black bark. But, when light shall show  
 Her silver forehead, I intend my way  
 Amongst the Caucons, men that are to pay 500  
 A debt to me, nor small, nor new. For this,  
 Take you him home; whom in the morn dismiss,  
 With chariot and your sons, and give him horse  
 Ablest in strength, and of the speediest course."

This said, away she flew, form'd like the fowl 505  
 Men call the ossifrage; when every soul  
 Amaze invaded; even th' old man admir'd,  
 The youth's hand took, and said: "O most desir'd,  
 My hope says thy proof will no coward show,  
 Nor one unskill'd in war, when Deities now 510  
 So young attend thee, and become thy guides;  
 Nor any of the heaven-housed States besides,  
 But Tritogenia's self, the Seed of Jove,  
 The great in prey, that did in honour move  
 So much about thy father, amongst all 515  
 The Grecian army. Fairest queen, let fall  
 On me like favours! Give me good renown!  
 Which, as on me, on my lov'd wife let down,

<sup>505</sup> *Ossifrage*—bone-breaker. This term is generally applied to the osprey, or sea-eagle, which was in olden times supposed to have a fascinating influence over fish. In Leviticus xi 13, however, among the fowls that may not be eaten, we have "the eagle, the *ossifrage*, and the osprey." The *ossifrage* Dr. Kitto thinks the *lämmer geyer* of the Swiss, the largest flying bird of the old Continent. *Osprey* itself is only the French *Orfroi* or *ossifrage*.

And all my children. I will burn to thee  
 An ox right bred, broad-headed, and yoke-free, 520  
 To no man's hand yet humbled. Him will I,  
 His horns in gold hid, give thy Deity."

Thus pray'd he, and she heard ; and home he led  
 His sons, and all his heaps of kindered.  
 Who ent'ring his court royal, every one 525  
 He marshall'd in his several seat and throne ;  
 And every one, so kindly come, he gave  
 His sweet-wine cup ; which none was let to have  
 Before his 'leventh year landed him from Troy ;  
 Which now the butleress had leave t' employ, 530  
 Who therefore pierc'd it, and did give it vent.  
 Of this the old duke did a cup present  
 To every guest ; made his Maid many a prayer  
 That wears the shield fring'd with his nurse's hair,  
 And gave her sacrifice. With this rich wine 535  
 And food sufficed, sleep all eyes did decline,  
 And all for home went ; but his court alone  
 Telemachus, divine Ulysses' son,  
 Must make his lodging, or not please his heart.

A bed, all chequer'd with elaborate art, 540  
 Within a portico that rung like brass,  
 He brought his guest to ; and his bedfere was  
 Pisistratus, the martial guide of men,  
 That liv'd, of all his sons, unwed till then.  
 Himself lay in a by-room, far above, 545  
 His bed made by his barren wife, his love.

The rosy-finger'd Morn no sooner shone,  
 But up he rose, took air, and sat upon  
 A seat of white and goodly polish'd stone,

<sup>533</sup> Minerva.    <sup>534</sup> Jupiter.    <sup>542</sup> *Bedfere*—bed-fellow.

That such a gloss as richest ointments wore, 550  
 Before his high gates ; where the counsellor  
 That match'd the Gods (his father) used to sit,  
 Who now, by fate forc'd, stoop'd as low as it.  
 And here sat Nestor, holding in his hand  
 A sceptre ; and about him round did stand, 555  
 As early up, his sons' troop ; Perseus,  
 The god-like Thrasymed, and Aretus,  
 Echephron, Stratius, the sixth and last  
 Pisistratus, and by him (half embrac'd  
 Still as they came) divine Telemachus ; 560  
 To these spake Nestor, old Gerenius :  
 " Haste, loved sons, and do me a desire,  
 That, first of all the Gods, I may aspire  
 To Pallas' favour, who vouchsafed to me  
 At Neptune's feast her sight so openly. 565  
 Let one to field go, and an ox with speed  
 Cause hither brought, which let the herdsman lead ;  
 Another to my dear guest's vessel go,  
 And all his soldiers bring, save only two ;  
 A third the smith that works in gold command 570  
 (Laertius) to attend, and lend his hand,  
 To plate the both horns round about with gold ;  
 The rest remain here close. But first, see told  
 The maids within, that they prepare a feast,  
 Set seats through all the court, see straight address'd  
 The purest water, and get fuel fell'd." 576

This said, not one but in the service held  
 Official hand. The ox came led from field ;  
 The soldiers troop'd from ship ; the smith he came,  
 And those tools brought that serv'd the actual frame  
 His art conceiv'd, brought anvil, hammers brought, 581

Fair tongs, and all, with which the gold was wrought.  
 Minerva likewise came, to set the crown  
 On that kind sacrifice, and make 't her own.

Then th' old knight Nestor gave the smith the gold,  
 With which he straight did both the horns infold, 588  
 And trimm'd the offering so, the Goddess joy'd.  
 About which thus were Nestor's sons employ'd :  
 Divine Echephron, and fair Stratius,  
 Held both the horns. The water odorous, 590  
 In which they wash'd, what to the rites was vow'd,  
 Aretus, in a caldron all bestrow'd  
 With herbs and flowers, serv'd in from th' holy room  
 Where all were drest, and whence the rites must come.  
 And after him a hallow'd virgin came, 595  
 That brought the barley-cake, and blew the flame.  
 The axe, with which the ox should both be fell'd  
 And cut forth, Thrasymed stood by and held.  
 Perseus the vessel held that should retain  
 The purple liquor of the offering slain. 600

Then wash'd the pious father, then the cake  
 (Of barley, salt, and oil, made) took, and brake,  
 Ask'd many a boon of Pallas, and the state  
 Of all the offering did initiate,  
 In three parts cutting off the hair, and cast 605  
 Amidst the flame. All th' invocation past,  
 And all the cake broke, manly Thrasymed  
 Stood near, and sure, and such a blow he laid  
 Aloft the offering, that to earth he sunk,  
 His neck-nerves sunder'd, and his spirits shrunk. 610  
 Out shriek'd the daughters, daughter-in-laws, and  
 wife  
 Of three-aged Nestor, who had eldest life

Of Clymen's daughters, chaste Eurydice.  
 The ox on broad earth then laid laterally  
 They held, while duke Pisistratus the throat 615  
 Dissolv'd, and set the sable blood afloat,  
 And then the life the bones left. Instantly  
 They cut him up ; apart flew either thigh,  
 That with the fat they dubb'd, with art alone,  
 The throat-brisk, and the sweet-bread pricking on. 620  
 Then Nestor broil'd them on the coal-turn'd wood,  
 Pour'd black wine on ; and by him young men stood,  
 That spits fine-pointed held, on which, when burn'd  
 The solid thighs were, they transfix'd, and turn'd  
 The inwards, cut in cantles ; which, the meat 625  
 Vow'd to the Gods consum'd, they roast and eat.

In mean space, Polycaste (call'd the fair,  
 Nestor's young'st daughter) bath'd Ulysses' heir ;  
 Whom having cleans'd, and with rich balms bespread,  
 She cast a white shirt quickly o'er his head, 630  
 And then his weeds put on ; when forth he went,  
 And did the person of a God present,  
 Came, and by Nestor took his honour'd seat,  
 This pastor of the people. Then, the meat  
 Of all the spare parts roasted, off they drew, 635  
 Sat, and fell to. But soon the temperate few  
 Rose, and in golden bowls fill'd others wine.  
 Till, when the rest felt thirst of feast decline,  
 Nestor his sons bad fetch his high-man'd horse,  
 And them in chariot join, to run the course 640

<sup>625</sup> *Cantles*—portions. One of our oldest words, and frequently occurring in our best writers. The French have *chanteau* and *chantelle* ; and the Dutch *kanteel* ; the Latin *quantulum*. See Jamieson's Scottish Dictionary ; and Cotgrave in v. *eschanteler*.

The prince resolv'd. Obey'd, as soon as heard,  
 Was Nestor by his sons, who straight prepar'd  
 Both horse and chariot. She that kept the store,  
 Both bread and wine, and all such viands more,  
 As should the feast of Jove-fed kings compose, 645  
 Purvey'd the voyage. To the rich coach rose  
 Ulysses' son, and close to him ascended  
 The duke Pisistratus, the reins intended,  
 And scourg'd, to force to field, who freely flew;  
 And left the town that far her splendour threw, 650  
 Both holding yoke, and shook it all the day.  
 But now the sun set, dark'ning every way,  
 When they to Pheris came; and in the house  
 Of Diocles (the son t' Orsilochus,  
 Whom flood Alpheus got) slept all that night; 655  
 Who gave them each due hospitable rite.  
 But when the rosy-finger'd Morn arose,  
 They went to coach, and did their horse inclose,  
 Drave forth the fore-court, and the porch that yields  
 Each breath a sound, and to the fruitful fields 660  
 Rode scourging still their willing flying steeds,  
 Who strenuously perform'd their wonted speeds.  
 Their journey ending just when sun went down,  
 And shadows all ways through the earth were thrown.

<sup>648</sup> *Intended* used by old writers in sense of *attended to*; hence *superintend*.

<sup>668</sup> *Inclose*—i. e. put in harness.



## THE FOURTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

### THE ARGUMENT.

RECEIVED now in the Spartan court,  
Telemachus prefers report  
To Menelaus of the throng  
Of Wooers with him, and their wrong.  
Atrides tells the Greeks' retreat,  
And doth a prophecy repeat  
That Proteus made, by which he knew  
His brother's death; and then doth show  
How with Calypso lived the sire  
Of his young guest. The Wooers conspire  
Their prince's death. Whose treachery known,  
Penelope in tears doth drown.  
Whom Pallas by a dream doth cheer,  
And in similitude appear  
Of fair Iphthima, known to be  
The sister of Penelope.

### ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

Δέτρα. Here of the sire  
The son doth hear.  
The Wooers conspire.  
The Mother's fear.



N Lacedæmon now, the nurse of whales,  
These two arriv'd, and found at festivals,  
With mighty concourse, the renowned  
king,

<sup>1</sup> Λακεδαιμόνα κηρώεσαν which is expounded *Spartam amplum*, or *μεγάλην magnam*; where *κηρώεσαν* signifies properly *plurima cete nutrientem*.—CHAPMAN.



His son and daughter jointly marrying.  
 Alector's daughter he did give his son, 5  
 Strong Megapenthes, who his life begun  
 By Menelaus' bondmaid; whom he knew  
 In years when Helen could no more renew  
 In issue like divine Hermione,  
 Who held in all fair form as high degree 10  
 As golden Venus. Her he married now  
 To great Achilles' son, who was by vow  
 Betrothed to her at Troy. And thus the Gods  
 To constant loves give nuptial periods.  
 Whose state here past, the Myrmidons' rich town 15  
 (Of which she shar'd in the imperial crown)  
 With horse and chariots he resign'd her to.  
 Mean space, the high huge house with feast did flow  
 Of friends and neighbours, joying with the king.  
 Amongst whom did a heavenly poet sing, 20  
 And touch his harp. Amongst whom likewise danc'd  
 Two, who in that dumb motion advanc'd,  
 Would prompt the singer what to sing and play.  
 All this time in the utter court did stay,  
 With horse and chariot, Telemachus, 25  
 And Nestor's noble son Pisistratus.  
 Whom Eteoneus, coming forth, descried,  
 And, being a servant to the king, most tried  
 In care and his respect, he ran and cried:  
 " Guests, Jove-kept Menelaus, two such men 30  
 As are for form of high Saturnius' strain.

<sup>23</sup> Μολπήs ἐξάρχοντες *Cantum auspicientes*: of which place, the critics affirm, that *saltatores motu suo indicant cantori quo genere cantus saltaturi forent*. The rapture of Eteoneus at sight of Telemachus and Pisistratus.—CHAPMAN.

<sup>21</sup> *Strain*.—See Book I. 344.

Inform your pleasure, if we shall uncloset  
 Their horse from coach, or say they must dispose  
 Their way to some such house, as may embrace  
 Their known arrival with more welcome grace?" 35

He, angry, answer'd: "Thou didst never show  
 Thyself a fool, Boethides, till now;  
 But now, as if turn'd child, a childish speech  
 Vents thy vain spirits. We ourselves now reach  
 Our home by much spent hospitality 40  
 Of other men; nor know if Jove will try  
 With other after-wants our state again;  
 And therefore from our feast no more detain  
 Those welcome guests, but take their steeds from coach,  
 And with attendance guide in their approach." 45

This said, he rush'd abroad, and call'd some more  
 Tried in such service, that together bore  
 Up to the guests, and took their steeds that sweet  
 Beneath their yokes from coach; at mangers set,  
 Wheat and white barley gave them mix'd; and plac'd  
 Their chariot by a wall so clear, it cast 51  
 A light quite through it. And then they led  
 Their guests to the divine house; which so fed  
 Their eyes at all parts with illustrious sights,  
 That admiration seized them. Like the lights 55  
 The sun and moon gave, all the palace threw  
 A lustre through it. Sate with whose view,  
 Down to the king's most bright-kept baths they went;

<sup>46</sup> *Sweet*.—This orthography of the past tense is not infrequent in our old writers, as may be seen in the *Iliad*. Chapman uses *het* for *heated* in a similar way:—

"Her blushing *het* her chamber; she look'd out,  
 And all the air she purpled round about."

MARLOW AND CHAPMAN'S *MUSEUS*. *Sestiad* III.

Where handmaids did their services present,  
Bath'd, balm'd them, shirts and well-napt weeds put on,  
And by Atrides' side set each his throne. 61

Then did the handmaid-royal water bring,  
And to a laver, rich and glittering,  
Of massy gold, pour'd ; which she plac'd upon  
A silver caldron, into which might run 65

The water as they wash'd. Then set she near  
A polish'd table, on which all the cheer  
The present could afford a reverend dame,  
That kept the larder, set. A cook then came,  
And divers dishes, borne thence, serv'd again ; 70

Furnish'd the board with bowls of gold. And then,  
His right hand given the guests, Atrides said :  
“ Eat, and be cheerful. Appetite allay'd,  
I long to ask, of what stock ye descend ;  
For not from parents whose race nameless end 75

We must derive your offspring. Men obscure  
Could get none such as you. The portraiture  
Of Jove-sustain'd and sceptre-bearing kings  
Your either person in his presence brings.”

An ox's fat chine then they up did lift, 80  
And set before the guests ; which was a gift,  
Sent as an honour to the king's own taste.

They saw yet 'twas but to be eaten plac'd,  
And fell to it. But food and wine's care past,  
Telemachus thus prompted Nestor's son, 85  
(His ear close laying, to be heard of none)

“ Consider, thou whom most my mind esteems,

<sup>86</sup> Telemachus to Pisistratus, in observation of the house,  
not so much that he heartily admired it, as to please Menelaus,  
who he knew heard, though he seemed desirous he should not  
hear.—CHAPMAN.

The brass-work here, how rich it is in beams,  
And how, besides, it makes the whole house sound ;  
What gold, and amber, silver, ivory, round 90  
Is wrought about it. Out of doubt, the hall  
Of Jupiter Olympius hath of all  
This state the like. How many infinites  
Take up to admiration all men's sights !”

Atrides over-heard, and said : “ Lov'd son, 95  
No mortal must affect contention :

With Jove, whose dwellings are of endless date.  
Perhaps of men some one may emulate,  
Or none, my house, or me ; for I am one  
That many a grave extreme have undergone, 100  
Much error felt by sea, and till th' eighth year,  
Had never stay, but wander'd far and near,  
Cyprus, Phœnicia, and Sidonia,  
And fetch'd the far-off Æthiopia,  
Reach'd the Erembi of Arabia, 105  
And Lybia, where with horns ewes yeau their lambs,  
Which every full year ewes are three times dams,  
Where neither king, nor shepherd, want comes near  
Of cheese, or flesh, or sweet milk ; all the year  
They ever milk their ewes. And here while I 110  
Err'd, gathering means to live, one, murderously,  
Unwares, unseen, bereft my brother's life,  
Chiefly betray'd by his abhorred wife.

So hold I, not enjoying, what you see.  
And of your fathers, if they living be, 115  
You must have heard this, since my sufferings were  
So great and famous ; from this palace here  
(So rarely-well-built, furnished so well,  
And substantced with such a precious deal

Of well-got treasure) banish'd by the doom 120  
Of Fate, and erring as I had no home.  
And now I have, and use it, not to take  
Th' entire delight it offers, but to make  
Continual wishes, that a triple part  
Of all it holds were wanting, so my heart 125  
Were eas'd of sorrows, taken for their deaths  
That fell at Troy, by their revived breaths.  
And thus sit I here weeping, mourning still  
Each least man lost; and sometimes make mine ill,  
In paying just tears for their loss, my joy. 130  
Sometimes I breathe my woes, for in annoy  
The pleasure soon admits satiety.  
But all these men's wants wet not so mine eye,  
Though much they move me, as one sole man's miss,  
For which my sleep and meat even loathsome is 135  
In his renew'd thought, since no Greek hath won  
Grace for such labours as Læertes' son  
Hath wrought and suffer'd, to himself nought else  
But future sorrows forging, to me hells  
For his long absence, since I cannot know 140  
If life or death detain him; since such woe  
For his love, old Læertes, his wise wife,  
And poor young son sustains, whom new with life  
He left as sireless." This speech grief to tears  
(Pour'd from the son's lids on the earth) his ears, 145  
Told of the father, did excite; who kept  
His cheeks dry with his red weed as he wept,  
His both hands used therein. Atrides then  
Began to know him, and did strife retain,  
If he should let himself confess his sire, 150  
Or with all fitting circumstance enquire.

While this his thoughts disputed, forth did shine,  
 Like to the golden distaff-deck'd Divine,  
 From her bed's high and odoriferous room,  
 Helen. To whom, of an elaborate loom, 155  
 Adresta set a chair; Alcippe brought  
 A piece of tapestry of fine wool wrought;  
 Phylo a silver cabinet conferr'd,  
 Given by Alcandra, nuptially endear'd  
 To lord Polybius, whose abode in Thebes 160  
 Th' Ægyptian city was, where wealth in heaps  
 His famous house held, out of which did go,  
 In gift t' Atrides, silver bath-tubs two,  
 Two tripods, and of fine gold talents ten.  
 His wife did likewise send to Helen then 165  
 Fair gifts, a distaff that of gold was wrought,  
 And that rich cabinet that Phylo brought,  
 Round, and with gold ribb'd, now of fine thread full;  
 On which extended (crown'd with finest wool,  
 Of violet gloss) the golden distaff lay. 170

She took her state-chair, and a foot-stool's stay  
 Had for her feet; and of her husband thus  
 Ask'd to know all things: "Is it known to us,  
 King Menelaus, whom these men commend  
 Themselves for, that our court now takes to friend?  
 I must affirm, be I deceived or no, 175  
 I never yet saw man nor woman so  
 Like one another, as this man is like  
 Ulysses' son. With admiration strike  
 His looks my thoughts, that they should carry now 180  
 Power to persuade me thus, who did but know,  
 When newly he was born, the form they bore.  
 But 'tis his father's grace, whom more and more

His grace resembles, that makes me retain  
Thought that he now is like Telemachus, then 185  
Left by his sire, when Greece did undertake  
Troy's bold war for my impudency's sake."

He answer'd: " Now wife, what you think I know,  
The true cast of his father's eye doth show  
In his eyes order. Both his head and hair, 190  
His hands and feet, his very father's are.  
Of whom, so well remember'd, I should now  
Acknowledge for me his continual flow  
Of cares and perils, yet still patient.  
But I should too much move him, that doth vent 195  
Such bitter tears for that which hath been spoke,  
Which, shunning soft show, see how he would cloak,  
And with his purple weed his weepings hide."

Then Nestor's son, Pisistratus, replied:  
" Great pastor of the people, kept of God ! 200  
He is Ulysses' son, but his abode  
Not made before here, and he modest too,  
He holds it an indignity to do  
A deed so vain, to use the boast of words,  
Where your words are on wing ; whose voice affords  
Delight to us as if a God did break 205  
The air amongst us, and vouchsafe to speak.  
But me my father, old duke Nestor, sent  
To be his consort hither ; his content  
Not to be heighen'd so as with your sight, 210  
In hope that therewith words and actions might  
Inform his comforts from you, since he is  
Extremely grieved and injured by the miss  
Of his great father ; suffering even at home,  
And few friends found to help him overcome 215

His too weak suff'rance, now his sire is gone ;  
 Amongst the people, not afforded one  
 To check the miseries that mate him thus.  
 And this the state is of Telemachus."

" O Gods," said he, " how certain, now, I see      220  
 My house enjoys that friend's son, that for me  
 Hath undergone so many willing fights !  
 Whom I resolved, past all the Grecian knights,  
 To hold in love, if our return by seas  
 The far-off Thunderer did ever please      225  
 To grant our wishes. And to his respect  
 A palace and a city to erect,  
 My vow had bound me ; whither bringing then  
 His riches, and his son, and all his men,  
 From barren Ithaca, (some one sole town      230  
 Inhabited about him batter'd down)  
 All should in Argos live. And there would I  
 Ease him of rule, and take the empery  
 Of all on me. And often here would we,  
 Delighting, loving either's company,      235  
 Meet and converse ; whom nothing should divide,  
 Till death's black veil did each all over hide.  
 But this perhaps hath been a mean to take  
 Even God himself with envy ; who did make  
 Ulysses therefore only the unblest,      240  
 That should not reach his loved country's rest."

These woes made every one with woe in love ;  
 Even Argive Helen wept, the seed of Jove ;

<sup>218</sup> *Mate*—oppose. Shakespeare (Henry VIII. iii. 2.)  
 " Dare *mate* a sounder man than Surrey can be."  
 Beaum. and Fletcher (Rule a Wife, iii. 1.)

" The piece of ignorant dough ! He stood up to me,  
 And *mated* my commands."



Ulysses' son wept ; Atreus' son did weep ;  
 And Nestor's son his eyes in tears did steep, 245  
 But his tears fell not from the present cloud  
 That from Ulysses was exhaled, but flow'd  
 From brave Antilochus' remember'd due,  
 Whom the renown'd Son of the Morning slew,  
 Which yet he thus excused : " O Atreus' son ! 250  
 Old Nestor says, there lives not such a one  
 Amongst all mortals as Atrides is  
 For deathless wisdom. 'Tis a praise of his,  
 Still given in your remembrance, when at home  
 Our speech concerns you. Since then overcome 255  
 You please to be with sorrow, even to tears,  
 That are in wisdom so exempt from peers,  
 Vouchsafe the like effect in me excuse,  
 If it be lawful, I affect no use  
 Of tears thus after meals ; at least, at night ; 260  
 But when the morn brings forth, with tears, her light,  
 It shall not then impair me to bestow  
 My tears on any worthy's overthrow.  
 It is the only rite that wretched men  
 Can do dead friends, to cut hair, and complain. 265  
 But Death my brother took, whom none could call  
 The Grecian coward, you best knew of all.  
 I was not there, nor saw, but men report  
 Antilochus excell'd the common sort  
 For footmanship, or for the chariot race, 270  
 Or in the fight for hardy hold of place."

" O friend," said he, " since thou hast spoken so,  
 At all parts as one wise should say and do,  
 And like one far beyond thyself in years,  
 Thy words shall bounds be to our former tears. 275

244 Menelaus.

249 Memnon.

O he is questionless a right born son,  
That of his father hath not only won  
The person but the wisdom ; and that sire  
Complete himself that hath a son entire,  
Jove did not only his full fate adorn, 280

When he was wedded, but when he was born.  
As now Saturnius, through his life's whole date,  
Hath Nestor's bliss raised to as steep a state,  
Both in his age to keep in peace his house,  
And to have children wise and valorous. 285

But let us not forget our rear feast thus.  
Let some give water here. Telemachus !  
The morning shall yield time to you and me  
To do what fits, and reason mutually."

This said, the careful servant of the king, 290  
Asphalion, pour'd on th' issue of the spring ;  
And all to ready feast set ready hand.

But Helen now on new device did stand,  
Infusing straight a medicine to their wine,  
That, drowning cares and angers, did decline 295  
All thought of ill. Who drunk her cup could shed

All that day not a tear, no not if dead  
That day his father or his mother were,  
Not if his brother, child, or chiefest dear,  
He should see murder'd then before his face. 300

Such useful medicines, only borne in grace  
Of what was good, would Helen ever have.  
And this juice to her Polydamna gave  
The wife of Thoon, an Ægyptian born,  
Whose rich earth herbs of medicine do adorn 305  
In great abundance. Many healthful are,

<sup>286</sup> *Rear feast*—i. e. the latter portion of our feast.

And many baneful. Every man is there  
A good physician out of Nature's grace,  
For all the nation sprung of Pæon's race.

When Helen then her medicine had infus'd, 310  
She bad pour wine to it, and this speech us'd :

“ Atrides, and these good men's sons, great Jove  
Makes good and ill one after other move,  
In all things earthly ; for he can do all.  
The woes past, therefore, he so late let fall, 315  
The comforts he affords us let us take ;  
Feast, and, with fit discourses, merry make.

Nor will I other use. As then our blood  
Griev'd for Ulysses', since he was so good,  
Since he was good, let us delight to hear 320  
How good he was, and what his sufferings were ;  
Though every fight, and every suffering deed,  
Patient Ulysses underwent, exceed

My woman's power to number, or to name.  
But what he did, and suffer'd, when he came 325  
Amongst the Trojans, where ye Grecians all  
Took part with suff'rance, I in part can call  
To your kind memories. How with ghastly wounds  
Himself he mangled, and the Trojan bounds,  
Thrust thick with enemies, adventur'd on, 330

His royal shoulders having cast upon  
Base abject weeds, and enter'd like a slave.  
Then, beggar-like, he did of all men crave,  
And such a wretch was, as the whole Greek fleet  
Brought not besides. And thus through every street 335  
He crept discovering, of no one man known.  
And yet through all this difference, I alone

Smoked his true person, talk'd with him ; but he  
 Fled me with wiles still. Nor could we agree,  
 Till I disclaim'd him quite ; and so (as mov'd 340  
 With womanly remorse of one that prov'd  
 So wretched an estate, whate'er he were)  
 Won him to take my house. And yet even there,  
 Till freely I, to make him doubtless, swore  
 A powerful oath, to let him reach the shore 345  
 Of ships and tents before Troy understood,  
 I could not force on him his proper good.  
 But then I bath'd and sooth'd him, and he then  
 Confess'd, and told me all ; and, having slain  
 A number of the Trojan guards, retired, 350  
 And reach'd the fleet, for sleight and force admired.  
 Their husbands' deaths by him the Trojan wives  
 Shriek'd for ; but I made triumphs for their lives,  
 For then my heart conceiv'd, that once again  
 I should reach home ; and yet did still retain 355  
 Woe for the slaughters Venus made for me,  
 When both my husband, my Hermione,  
 And bridal room, she robb'd of so much right,  
 And drew me from my country with her sleight,  
 Though nothing under heaven I here did need, 360  
 That could my fancy or my beauty feed."

Her husband said : " Wife ! what you please to  
 tell

Is true at all parts, and becomes you well ;  
 And I myself, that now may say have seen  
 The minds and manners of a world of men, 365

<sup>338</sup> *Smoked*—discovered. Shakespeare,

" He was *smoked* by the old Lord Lafew, when his disguise, &c."—*All's Well that ends Well*, III. 6.

<sup>341</sup> *Remorse*—pity. See *Iliad* VIII. 208.

And great heroës, measuring many a ground,  
 Have never, by these eyes that light me, found  
 One with a bosom so to be beloved,  
 As that in which th' accomplish'd spirit moved  
 Of patient Ulysses. What, brave man, 370  
 He both did act, and suffer, when he wan  
 The town of Ilion, in the brave-built horse,  
 When all we chief states of the Grecian force  
 Were hous'd together, bringing Death and Fate  
 Amongst the Trojans, you, wife, may relate ; 375  
 For you, at last, came to us ; God, that would  
 The Trojans' glory give, gave charge you should  
 Approach the engine ; and Deiphobus,  
 The god-like, follow'd. Thrice ye circled us  
 With full survey of it ; and often tried 380  
 The hollow crafts that in it were implied.  
 When all the voices of their wives in it  
 You took on you with voice so like and fit,  
 And every man by name so visited,  
 That I, Ulysses, and king Diomed, 385  
 (Set in the midst, and hearing how you call'd)  
 Tydides, and myself (as half appall'd  
 With your remorseful plaints) would passing fain  
 Have broke our silence, rather than again  
 Endure, respectless, their so moving cries. 390  
 But Ithacus our strongest phantasies  
 Contain'd within us from the slenderest noise,  
 And every man there sat without a voice.  
 Anticlus only would have answer'd thee,

<sup>381</sup> Helen counterfeited the wives' voices of those kings of Greece that were in the wooden horse, and calls their husbands.

CHAPMAN.

<sup>390</sup> *Respectless*—without taking notice.

But his speech Ithacus incessantly 395  
 With strong hand held in, till, Minerva's call  
 Charging thee off, Ulysses sav'd us all."

Telemachus replied : " Much greater is  
 My grief, for hearing this high praise of his.  
 For all this doth not his sad death divert, 400  
 Nor can, though in him swell'd an iron heart.  
 Prepare, and lead then, if you please, to rest :  
 Sleep, that we hear not, will content us best."

Then Argive Helen made her handmaid go,  
 And put fair bedding in the portico, 405  
 Lay purple blankets on, rugs warm and soft,  
 And cast an arras coverlet aloft.

They torches took, made haste, and made the bed ;  
 When both the guests were to their lodgings led  
 Within a portico without the house. 410  
 Atrides, and his large-train-wearing spouse,  
 The excellent of women, for the way,  
 In a retired receipt, together lay.  
 The Morn arose ; the king rose, and put on  
 His royal weeds, his sharp sword hung upon 415  
 His ample shoulders, forth his chamber went,  
 And did the person of a God present.

Telemachus accosts him, who begun  
 Speech of his journey's proposition :

" And what, my young Ulyssean heroë, 420  
 Provoked thee on the broad back of the sea,  
 To visit Lacedæmon the divine?

<sup>418</sup> *Accosts*—draws near, approaches to his side. Fr. *accoster*, (on which word see Cotgrave) or Latin *ad* and *costa*. The word was not used in the sense of "to address," "speak to first" so early as Chapman's time.

Speak truth, some public [good] or only thine?"

"I come," said he, "to hear, if any fame  
 Breath'd of my father to thy notice came. 425  
 My house is sack'd, my fat works of the field  
 Are all destroy'd; my house doth nothing yield  
 But enemies, that kill my harmless sheep,  
 And sinewy oxen, nor will ever keep  
 Their steels without them. And these men are they  
 That woo my mother, most inhumanly 431  
 Committing injury on injury.  
 To thy knees therefore I am come, t' attend  
 Relation of the sad and wretched end  
 My erring father felt, if witness'd by 435  
 Your own eyes, or the certain news that fly  
 From others' knowledges. For, more than is  
 The usual heap of human miseries,  
 His mother bore him to. Vouchsafe me then,  
 Without all ruth of what I can sustain, 440  
 The plain and simple truth of all you know.  
 Let me beseech so much, if ever vow  
 Was made, and put in good effect to you,  
 At Troy, where suff'rance bred you so much smart,  
 Upon my father good Ulysses' part, 445  
 And quit it now to me (himself in youth)  
 Unfolding only the unclosed truth."

He, deeply sighing, answer'd him: "O shame,  
 That such poor vassals should affect the fame  
 To share the joys of such a worthy's bed! 450  
 As when a hind, her calves late farrowed,

<sup>423</sup> [Good].—A word is wanting here which I have thus supplied.

<sup>451</sup> This is the first simile in the Odyssey, and Chapman has

To give suck, enters the bold lion's den,  
 He roots of hills and herby vallies then  
 For food (there feeding) hunting ; but at length  
 Returning to his cavern, gives his strength 455  
 The lives of both the mother and her brood  
 In deaths indecent ; so the Wooers' blood  
 Must pay Ulysses' powers as sharp an end.  
 O would to Jove, Apollo, and thy friend  
 The wise Minerva, that thy father were 460  
 As once he was, when he his spirits did rear  
 Against Philomelides, in a fight  
 Perform'd in well-built Lesbos, where, down-right  
 He strook the earth with him, and gat a shout  
 Of all the Grecians ! O, if now full out 465  
 He were as then, and with the Wooers coped,  
 Short-liv'd they all were, and their nuptials hoped  
 Would prove as desperate. But, for thy demand  
 Enforc'd with prayers, I'll let thee understand  
 The truth directly, nor decline a thought, 470  
 Much less deceive, or sooth thy search in ought ;  
 But what the old and still-true-spoken God,  
 That from the sea breathes oracles abroad,  
 Disclosed to me, to thee I'll all impart,  
 Nor hide one word from thy sollicitous heart. 475  
 I was in Ægypt, where a mighty time  
 The Gods detained me, though my natural clime  
 I never so desired, because their homes

made it very confused. The original is simply : " As when a hind, having laid her new-born suckling fawns in the den of a strong lion, searches out the lower parts of a hill (see *κρημὸς*) and grassy vallies for food, but he then has entered his lair, &c." Chapman, however, makes the lion hunting in the vales for food (deer) feeding there. See Bk. xvii. 157.



I did not greet with perfect hecatombs.  
 For they will put men evermore in mind, 480  
 How much their masterly commandments bind.

There is, besides, a certain island, called  
 Pharos, that with the high-way'd sea is wall'd,  
 Just against Ægypt, and so much remote,  
 As in a whole day, with a fore-gale smote, 485  
 A hollow ship can sail. And this isle bears  
 A port most portly, where sea-passengers  
 Put in still for fresh water, and away

To sea again. Yet here the Gods did stay  
 My fleet full twenty days; the winds, that are 490  
 Masters at sea, no prosp'rous puff would spare  
 To put us off; and all my victuals here  
 Had quite corrupted, as my men's minds were,  
 Had not a certain Goddess given regard,  
 And pitied me in an estate so hard; 495

And 'twas Idothea, honour'd Proteus' seed,  
 That old sea-farer. Her mind I made bleed  
 With my compassion, when (walk'd all alone,  
 From all my soldiers, that were ever gone  
 About the isle on fishing with hooks bent; 500  
 Hunger their bellies on her errand sent)

She came close to me, spake, and thus began:

'Of all men thou art the most foolish man,  
 Or slack in business, or stay'st here of choice,  
 And dost in all thy suff'rances rejoice, 505  
 That thus long liv'st detain'd here, and no end  
 Canst give thy tarriance? Thou dost much offend  
 The minds of all thy fellows.' I replied:

'Whoever thou art of the Deified,  
 I must affirm, that no way with my will 510

I make abode here ; but, it seems, some ill  
The Gods, inhabiting broad heaven, sustain  
Against my getting off. Inform me then,  
For Godheads all things know, what God is he  
That stays my passage from the fishy sea ? 515

‘ Stranger,’ said she, ‘ I’ll tell thee true : There lives  
An old sea-farer in these seas, that gives  
A true solution of all secrets here,  
Who deathless Proteus is, th’ Ægyptian peer,  
Who can the deeps of all the seas exquire, 520  
Who Neptune’s priest is, and, they say, the sire  
That did beget me. Him, if any way  
Thou couldst inveigle, he would clear display  
Thy course from hence, and how far off doth lie  
Thy voyage’s whole scope through Neptune’s sky. 525  
Informing thee, O God-preserved, beside,  
If thy desires would so be satisfied,  
Whatever good or ill hath got event,  
In all the time thy long and hard course spent,  
Since thy departure from thy house.’ This said ; 530  
Again I answer’d : ‘ Make the sleights display’d  
Thy father useth, lest his foresight see,  
Or his foreknowledge taking note of me,  
He flies the fixt place of his used abode.  
’Tis hard for man to countermine with God.’ 535

She straight replied : ‘ I’ll utter truth in all :  
When heaven’s supremest height the sun doth skall,  
The old Sea-tell-truth leaves the deeps, and hides  
Amidst a black storm, when the West Wind chides,  
In caves still sleeping. Round about him sleep 540  
(With short feet swimming forth the foamy deep)

The sea-calves, lovely Halosydnes call'd,  
From whom a noisome odour is exhaled,  
Got from the whirl-pools, on whose earth they lie.  
Here, when the morn illustrates all the sky, 545  
I'll guide, and seat thee in the fittest place  
For the performance thou hast now in chace.  
In mean time, reach thy fleet, and choose out three  
Of best exploit, to go as aids to thee.

But now I'll show thee all the old God's sleights :  
He first will number, and take all the sights 551  
Of those his guard, that on the shore arrives.  
When having view'd; and told them forth by fives,  
He takes place in their midst, and there doth sleep,  
Like to a shepherd midst his flock of sheep. 555  
In his first sleep, call up your hardiest cheer,  
Vigour and violence, and hold him there,  
In spite of all his strivings to be gone.  
He then will turn himself to every one  
Of all things that in earth creep and respire, 560  
In water swim, or shine in heavenly fire.  
Yet still hold you him firm, and much the more  
Press him from passing. But when, as before,  
When sleep first bound his powers, his form ye see,  
Then cease your force, and th' old heroë free, 565  
And then demand, which heaven-born it may be  
That so afflicts you, hindering your retreat,  
And free sea-passage to your native seat.'

This said, she div'd into the wavy seas,  
And I my course did to my ships address, 570  
That on the sands stuck ; where arriv'd, we made  
Our supper ready. Then th' ambrosian shade  
Of night fell on us, and to sleep we fell.

Rosy Aurora rose ; we rose as well,  
 And three of them on whom I most relied, 575  
 For firm at every force, I choosed, and hied  
 Straight to the many-river-served seas ;  
 And all assistance ask'd the Deities.

Mean time Idothea the sea's broad breast  
 Embrac'd, and brought for me, and all my rest, 580  
 Four of the sea-calves' skins but newly flay'd,  
 To work a wile which she had fashioned  
 Upon her father. Then, within the sand  
 A covert digging, when these calves should land,  
 She sat expecting. We came close to her ; 585  
 She plac'd us orderly, and made us wear  
 Each one his calf's skin. But we then must pass  
 A huge exploit. The sea-calf's savour was  
 So passing sour, they still being bred at seas,  
 It much afflicted us ; for who can please 590  
 To lie by one of these same sea-bred whales ?  
 But she preserves us, and to memory calls  
 A rare commodity ; she fetch'd to us  
 Ambrosia, that an air most odorous  
 Bears still about it, which she nointed round 595  
 Our either nostrils, and in it quite drown'd  
 The nasty whale-smell. Then the great event  
 The whole morn's date, with spirits patient,  
 We lay expecting. When bright noon did flame,  
 Forth from the sea in shoals the sea-calves came, 600  
 And orderly, at last lay down and slept  
 Along the sands. And then th' old Sea-God crept  
 From forth the deeps, and found his fat calves there,

<sup>596</sup> *Nostrils*.—The etymological spelling of the word is *nos* and *thirl*, a perforation ; Anglo-Sax.

Survey'd, and number'd, and came never near  
 The craft we used, but told us five for calves. 605  
 His temples then dis-eased with sleep he salves ;  
 And in rush'd we, with an abhorred cry,  
 Cast all our hands about him manfully ;  
 And then th' old Forger all his forms began :  
 First was a lion with a mighty mane, 610  
 Then next a dragon, a pied panther then,  
 A vast boar next, and suddenly did strain  
 All into water. Last he was a tree,  
 Curl'd all at top, and shot up to the sky.

We, with resolv'd hearts, held him firmly still, 615  
 When th' old one (held too straight for all his skill  
 To extricate) gave words, and question'd me :

‘ Which of the Gods, O Atreus' son,’ said he,  
 ‘ Advised and taught thy fortitude this sleight,  
 To take and hold me thus in my despite?’ 620

‘ What asks thy wish now?’ I replied. ‘ Thou know'st.  
 Why dost thou ask? What wiles are these thou show'st?  
 I have within this isle been held for wind

A wondrous time, and can by no means find  
 An end to my retention. It hath spent 625

The very heart in me. Give thou then vent  
 To doubts thus bound in me, ye Gods know all,  
 Which of the Godheads doth so foully fall

On my addression home, to stay me here,  
 Avert me from my way, the fishy clear 630

Barr'd to my passage?’ He replied : ‘ Of force,  
 If to thy home thou wishest free recourse,  
 To Jove, and all the other Deities,  
 Thou must exhibit solemn sacrifice ;

<sup>606</sup> *Dis-eased*—tired. See *infra*, 1087, and *Iliad*, x. 45.

And then the black sea for thee shall be clear, 635  
 Till thy lov'd country's settled reach. But where  
 Ask these rites thy performance? 'Tis a fate  
 To thee and thy affairs appropriate,  
 That thou shalt never see thy friends, nor tread  
 Thy country's earth, nor see inhabited 640  
 Thy so magnificent house, till thou make good  
 Thy voyage back to the Ægyptian flood,  
 Whose waters fell from Jove, and there hast given  
 To Jove, and all Gods housed in ample heaven,  
 Devoted hecatombs, and then free ways 645  
 Shall open to thee, clear'd of all delays.'

This told he ; and, methought, he brake my heart,  
 In such a long and hard course to divert  
 My hope for home, and charge my back retreat  
 As far as Ægypt. I made answer yet : 650

" Father, thy charge I'll perfect ; but before  
 Resolve me truly, if their natural shore  
 All those Greeks, and their ships, do safe enjoy,  
 That Nestor and myself left, when from Troy  
 We first raised sail ? Or whether any died 655  
 At sea a death unwish'd ? Or, satisfied,  
 When war was past, by friends embrac'd, in peace  
 Resign'd their spirits ?" He made answer : " Cease  
 To ask so far. It fits thee not to be  
 So cunning in thine own calamity. 660  
 Nor seek to learn what learn'd thou shouldst forget.  
 Men's knowledges have proper limits set,  
 And should not prease into the mind of God.  
 But 'twill not long be, as my thoughts abode,  
 Before thou buy this curious skill with tears. 665

<sup>664</sup> *Abode*—prognosticate. A common word.

Many of those, whose states so tempt thine ears,  
Are stoop'd by death, and many left alive,  
One chief of which in strong hold doth survive,  
Amidst the broad sea. Two, in their retreat,  
Are done to death. I list not to repeat 670  
Who fell at Troy, thyself was there in fight.  
But in return swift Ajax lost the light,  
In his long-oar'd ship. Neptune, yet, awhile  
Saft him unwrack'd, to the Gyræan isle,  
A mighty rock removing from his way. 675  
And surely he had 'scap'd the fatal day,  
In spite of Pallas, if to that foul deed  
He in her fane did, (when he ravished  
The Trojan prophetess) he had not here  
Adjoin'd an impious boast, that he would bear, 680  
Despite the Gods, his ship safe through the waves  
Then raised against him. These his impious braves  
When Neptune heard, in his strong hand he took  
His massy trident, and so soundly strook  
The rock Gyræan, that in two it cleft; 685  
Of which one fragment on the land he left,  
The other fell into the troubled seas,  
At which first rush'd Ajax Oiliades,  
And split his ship, and then himself afloat  
Swum on the rough waves of the world's vast mote, 690  
Till having drunk a salt cup for his sin,  
There perish'd he. Thy brother yet did win  
The wreath from death, while in the waves they strove,  
Afflicted by the reverend wife of Jove.  
But when the steep mount of the Malian shore 695  
He seem'd to reach, a most tempestuous blare,

679 Ajax Oileus.

679 Cassandra.

Far to the fishy world that sighs so sore,  
Straight ravish'd him again as far away,  
As to th' extreme bounds where the Agrians stay,  
Where first Thyestes dwelt, but then his son 700  
Ægisthus Thyestiades lived. This done,  
When his return untouch'd appear'd again,  
Back turn'd the Gods the wind, and set him then  
Hard by his house. Then, full of joy, he left  
His ship, and close t' his country earth he cleft, 705  
Kiss'd it, and wept for joy, pour'd tear on tear,  
To set so wishedly his footing there.  
But see, a sentinel that all the year  
Crafty Ægisthus in a watchtower set  
To spy his landing, for reward as great 710  
As two gold talents, all his powers did call  
To strict remembrance of his charge, and all  
Discharged at first sight, which at first he cast  
On Agamemnon, and with all his haste  
Inform'd Ægisthus. He an instant train 715  
Laid for his slaughter: Twenty chosen men  
Of his plebeians he in ambush laid;  
His other men he charged to see purvey'd  
A feast; and forth, with horse and chariots graced,  
He rode t' invite him, but in heart embraced 720  
Horrible welcomes, and to death did bring,  
With treacherous slaughter, the unwary king,  
Received him at a feast, and, like an ox  
Slain at his manger, gave him bits and knocks.  
No one left of Atrides' train, nor one 725  
Saved to Ægisthus, but himself alone,  
All strew'd together there the bloody court.'  
This said, my soul he sunk with his report,



Flat on the sands I fell, tears spent their store,  
I light abhorr'd, my heart would live no more. 730

When dry of tears, and tired of tumbling there,  
Th' old Tell-truth thus my daunted spirits did cheer :

‘ No more spend tears nor time, O Atreus’ son,  
With ceaseless weeping never wish was won.  
Use uttermost assay to reach thy home, 735  
And all unwares upon the murderer come,  
For torture, taking him thyself alive ;  
Or let Orestes, that should far out-strive  
Thee in fit vengeance, quickly quit the light  
Of such a dark soul, and do thou the rite 740  
Of burial to him with a funeral feast.’

With these last words I fortified my breast,  
In which again a generous spring began  
Of fitting comfort, as I was a man ;  
But, as a brother, I must ever mourn. 745  
Yet forth I went, and told him the return  
Of these I knew ; but he had named a third,  
Held on the broad sea, still with life inspired,  
Whom I besought to know, though likewise dead,  
And I must mourn alike. He answered : 750

‘ He is Laertes’ son ; whom I beheld  
In nymph Calypso’s palace, who compell’d  
His stay with her, and, since he could not see  
His country earth, he mourn’d incessantly.  
For he had neither ship instruct with oars, 755  
Nor men to fetch him from those stranger shores.  
Where leave we him, and to thy self descend,  
Whom not in Argos Fate nor Death shall end,  
But the immortal ends of all the earth,  
So ruled by them that order death by birth, 760

The fields Elysian, Fate to thee will give ;  
Where Rhadamanthus rules, and where men live  
A never-troubled life, where snow, nor showers,  
Nor irksome Winter spends his fruitless powers,  
But from the ocean Zephyr still resumes 765  
A constant breath, that all the fields perfumes.  
Which, since thou marriedst Helen, are thy hire,  
And Jove himself is by her side thy sire.'

This said ; he dived the deepsome watery heaps ;  
I and my tried men took us to our ships, 770  
And worlds of thoughts I varied with my steps.

Arrived and shipp'd, the silent solemn night  
And sleep bereft us of our visual light.  
At morn, masts, sails, rear'd, we sat, left the shores,  
And beat the foamy ocean with our oars. 775

Again then we the Jove-fall'n flood did fetch,  
As far as Ægypt ; where we did beseech  
The Gods with hecatombs ; whose angers ceast,  
I tomb'd my brother that I might be blest.

All rites perform'd, all haste I made for home, 780  
And all the prosp'rous winds about were come,  
I had the passport now of every God,  
And here closed all these labours period.

Here stay then till th' eleventh or twelfth day's  
light,  
And I'll dismiss thee well, gifts exquisite 785  
Preparing for thee, chariot, horses three,  
A cup of curious frame to serve for thee  
To serve th' immortal Gods with sacrifice,  
Mindful of me while all suns light thy skies."

He answer'd : " Stay me not too long time here, 790  
Though I could sit attending all the year.

Nor should my house, nor parents, with desire,  
 Take my affections from you, so on fire  
 With love to hear you are my thoughts ; but so  
 My Pylian friends I shall afflict with woe, 795  
 Who mourn even this stay. Whatsoever be  
 The gifts your grace is to bestow on me,  
 Vouchsafe them such as I may bear and save  
 For your sake ever. Horse, I list not have,  
 To keep in Ithaca, but leave them here, 800  
 To your soil's dainties, where the broad fields bear  
 Sweet cypers grass, where men-fed lote doth flow,  
 Where wheat-like spelt, and wheat itself, doth grow,  
 Where barley, white, and spreading like a tree ;  
 But Ithaca hath neither ground to be, 805  
 For any length it comprehends, a race  
 To try a horse's speed, nor any place  
 To make him fat in ; fitter far to feed  
 A cliff-bred goat, than raise or please a steed.  
 Of all isles, Ithaca doth least provide 810  
 Or meads to feed a horse, or ways to ride."  
 He, smiling, said : " Of good blood art thou, son.  
 What speech, so young ! What observation  
 Hast thou made of the world ! I well am pleased  
 To change my gifts to thee, as being confess'd 815  
 Unfit indeed, my store is such I may.  
 Of all my house-gifts then, that up I lay  
 For treasure there, I will bestow on thee  
 The fairest, and of greatest price to me.  
 I will bestow on thee a rich carv'd cup, 820

<sup>802</sup> *Cypers grass*.—The *cyperus*, or *galingale*. (See *Iliad*. xxi. 333.) *Men-fed*—on which men feed. The reader will find an interesting paper on the Botany of Homer in the *Classical Museum*, vol. v. p. 40.

Of silver all, but all the brims wrought up  
 With finest gold ; it was the only thing  
 That the heroical Sidonian king  
 Presented to me, when we were to part  
 At his receipt of me, and 'twas the art 825  
 Of that great Artist that of heaven is free ;  
 And yet even this will I bestow on thee."

This speech thus ended, guests came, and did bring  
 Muttons, for presents, to the God-like king,  
 And spirit-prompting wine, that strenuous makes. 830  
 Their riband-wreathed wives brought fruit and cakes.

Thus in this house did these their feast apply ;  
 And in Ulysses' house activity  
 The Woers practised ; tossing of the spear,  
 The stone, and hurling ; thus delighted, where 835  
 They exercised such insolence before,  
 Even in the court that wealthy pavements wore.  
 Antinous did still their strifes decide,  
 And he that was in person deified  
 Eurymachus ; both ring-leaders of all, 840  
 For in their virtues they were principal.

These by Noemon, son to Phronius,  
 Were sided now, who made the question thus :

" Antinous ! Does any friend here know,  
 When this Telemachus returns, or no, 845  
 From sandy Pylos ? He made bold to take  
 My ship with him ; of which, I now should make  
 Fit use myself, and sail in her as far  
 As spacious Elis, where of mine there are  
 Twelve delicate mares, and under their sides go 850  
 Laborious mules, that yet did never know  
 The yoke, nor labour ; some of which should bear

8.6 Vulcan.

The taming now, if I could fetch them there."  
 This speech the rest admired, nor dream'd that he  
 Neleïan Pylos ever thought to see, 855  
 But was at field about his flocks' survey,  
 Or thought his herdsmen held him so away.  
 Eupitheus son, Antinous, then replied:  
 "When went he, or with what train dignified?  
 Of his selected Ithacensian youth? 860  
 Prest men, or bond men, were they? Tell the truth.  
 Could he effect this? Let me truly know.  
 To gain thy vessel did he violence show,  
 And used her 'gainst thy will? or had her free,  
 When fitting question he had made with thee?" 865  
 Noemon answer'd: "I did freely give  
 My vessel to him. Who deserves to live  
 That would do other, when such men as he  
 Did in distress ask? He should churlish be  
 That would deny him. Of our youth the best 870  
 Amongst the people, to the interest  
 His charge did challenge in them, giving way,  
 With all the tribute all their powers could pay.  
 Their captain, as he took the ship, I knew,  
 Who Mentor was, or God. A Deity's shew 875  
 Mask'd in his likeness. But, to think 'twas he,  
 I much admire, for I did clearly see,  
 But yester-morning, God-like Mentor here;  
 Yet th' other evening he took shipping there,  
 And went for Pylos." Thus went he for home, 880  
 And left the rest with envy overcome;

<sup>854</sup> *Admired*—were astonished at. *He*—Telemachus.

<sup>861</sup> *Prest men*—hired men; men for hire ready (*prest*) to march. See Todd's Johnson.

Who sat, and pastime left. Eupitheus son,  
 Sad, and with rage his entrails overrun,  
 His eyes like flames, thus interposed his speech :  
 “ Strange thing ! An action of how proud a reach <sup>885</sup>  
 Is here committed by Telemachus !  
 A boy, a child, and we, a sort of us,  
 Vow’d ’gainst his voyage, yet admit it thus !  
 With ship and choice youth of our people too !  
 But let him on, and all his mischief do, <sup>890</sup>  
 Jove shall convert upon himself his powers,  
 Before their ill presum’d he brings on ours.  
 Provide me then a ship, and twenty men  
 To give her manage, that, against again  
 He turns for home, on th’ Ithacensian seas, <sup>895</sup>  
 Or cliffy Samian, I may interprease,  
 Way-lay, and take him, and make all his craft  
 Sail with his ruin for his father saft.”

This all applauded, and gave charge to do,  
 Rose, and to greet Ulysses’ house did go. <sup>900</sup>  
 But long time past not, ere Penelope  
 Had notice of their far-fetch’d treachery.  
 Medon the herald told her, who had heard  
 Without the hall how they within conferr’d,  
 And hasted straight to tell it to the queen, <sup>905</sup>  
 Who, from the entry having Medon seen,  
 Prevents him thus : “ Now herald, what affair  
 Intend the famous Wooers, in your repair ?  
 To tell Ulysses’ maids that they must cease  
 From doing our work, and their banquets dress ? <sup>910</sup>  
 I would to heaven, that, leaving wooing me,

<sup>887</sup> *Sort*—number. See Iliad iv. 460.

<sup>896</sup> *Interprease*—i. e. interpress, interpose.

Nor ever troubling other company,  
 Here might the last feast be, and most extreme,  
 That ever any shall address for them.  
 They never meet but to consent in spoil, 915  
 And reap the free fruits of another's toil.  
 O did they never, when they children were,  
 What to their fathers was Ulysses, hear?  
 Who never did 'gainst any one proceed  
 With unjust usage, or in word or deed? 920  
 'Tis yet with other kings another right,  
 One to pursue with love, another spite;  
 He still yet just, nor would, though might, devour,  
 Nor to the worst did ever taste of power.  
 But their unrul'd acts show their minds' estate. 925  
 Good turns received once, thanks grow out of date."

Medon, the learn'd in wisdom, answer'd her:  
 "I wish, O queen, that their ingratitude were  
 Their worst ill towards you; but worse by far,  
 And much more deadly, their endeavours are, 930  
 Which Jove will fail them in. Telemachus  
 Their purpose is, as he returns to us,  
 To give their sharp steels in a cruel death;  
 Who now is gone to learn, if fame can breathe  
 News of his sire, and will the Pylian shore, 935  
 And sacred Sparta, in his search explore."

This news dissolv'd to her both knees and heart,  
 Long silence held her ere one word would part,  
 Her eyes stood full of tears, her small soft voice  
 All late use lost; that yet at last had choice 940  
 Of wonted words, which briefly thus she used:

"Why left my son his mother? Why refused

<sup>925</sup> *Unruled*—irregular, not to be ruled.

His wit the solid shore, to try the seas,  
And put in ships the trust of his distress,  
That are at sea to men unbridled horse, 945  
And run, past rule, their far-engaged course,  
Amidst a moisture past all mean unstaid?  
No need compell'd this. Did he it, afraid  
To live and leave posterity his name?"

"I know not," he replied, "if th' humour came 950  
From current of his own instinct, or flow'd  
From others' instigations; but he vow'd  
Attempt to Pylos, or to see descried  
His sire's return, or know what death he died."

This said, he took him to Ulysses' house 955  
After the Wooers; the Ulyssean spouse,  
Run through with woes, let Torture seize her mind,  
Nor in her choice of state chairs stood inclined  
To take her seat, but th' abject threshold chose  
Of her fair chamber for her loath'd repose, 960  
And mourn'd most wretch-like. Round about her fell  
Her handmaids, join'd in a continue yell.  
From every corner of the palace, all  
Of all degrees tuned to her comfort's fall  
Their own dejections; to whom her complaint 965  
She thus enforc'd: "The Gods, beyond constraint  
Of any measure, urge these tears on me;  
Nor was there ever dame of my degree  
So past degree grieved. First, a lord so good,  
That had such hardy spirits in his blood, 970  
That all the virtues was adorn'd withal,  
That all the Greeks did their superior call,  
To part with thus, and lose! And now a son,  
So worthily belov'd, a course to run



Beyond my knowledge ; whom rude tempests have 975  
 Made far from home his most inglorious grave !  
 Unhappy wenches, that no one of all  
 (Though in the reach of every one must fall  
 His taking ship) sustain'd the careful mind,  
 To call me from my bed, who this design'd 980  
 And most vow'd course in him had either stay'd,  
 How much soever hasted, or dead laid  
 He should have left me. Many a man I have,  
 That would have call'd old Dolius my slave,  
 (That keeps my orchard, whom my father gave 985  
 At my departure) to have run, and told  
 Laertes this ; to try if he could hold  
 From running through the people, and from tears,  
 In telling them of these vow'd murderers ;  
 That both divine Ulysses' hope, and his, 990  
 Resolv'd to end in their conspiracies."

His nurse then, Euryclea, made reply :  
 " Dear sovereign, let me with your own hands die,  
 Or cast me off here, I'll not keep from thee  
 One word of what I know. He trusted me 995  
 With all his purpose, and I gave him all  
 The bread and wine for which he pleased to call.  
 But then a mighty oath he made me swear,  
 Not to report it to your royal ear  
 Before the twelfth day either should appear, 1000  
 Or you should ask me when you heard him gone.  
 Impair not then your beauties with your moan,  
 But wash, and put untear-stain'd garments on,  
 Ascend your chamber with your ladies here,

<sup>977</sup> *Wenches*—young women. Though now degenerated, the word was formerly used in a good sense. See *Iliad* xvi. 78.

And pray the seed of goat-nurs'd Jupiter, 1005  
 Divine Athenia, to preserve your son,  
 And she will save him from confusion.  
 Th' old king, to whom your hopes stand so inclin'd  
 For his grave counsels, you perhaps may find  
 Unfit affected, for his age's sake. 1010  
 But heaven-kings wax not old, and therefore make  
 Fit prayers to them; for my thoughts never will  
 Believe the heavenly Powers conceit so ill  
 The seed of righteous Arcesiades,  
 To end it utterly, but still will please 1015  
 In some place evermore some one of them  
 To save, and deck him with a diadem,  
 Give him possession of erected tow'rs,  
 And far-stretch'd fields, crown'd all of fruits and flow'rs."  
 This eas'd her heart, and dried her humorous eyes, 1020  
 When having wash'd, and weeds of sacrifice  
 Pure, and unstain'd with her distrustful tears,  
 Put on, with all her women-ministers  
 Up to a chamber of most height she rose,  
 And cakes of salt and barley did impose 1025  
 Within a wicker basket; all which broke  
 In decent order, thus she did invoke :  
 " Great Virgin of the goat-preserved God,  
 If ever the inhabited abode  
 Of wise Ulysses held the fatted thighs 1030  
 Of sheep and oxen, made thy sacrifice  
 By his devotion, hear me, nor forget  
 His pious services, but safe see set  
 His dear son on these shores, and banish hence  
 These Woovers past all mean in insolence." 1035

<sup>1020</sup> *Humorous*—moist (Lat.) See *Iliad* xxi. 186.

This said, she shriek'd, and Pallas heard her prayer.  
 The Wooers broke with tumult all the air  
 About the shady house ; and one of them,  
 Whose pride his youth had made the more extreme,  
 Said : " Now the many-wooer-honour'd queen 1040  
 Will surely satiate her delayful spleen,  
 And one of us in instant nuptials take.  
 Poor dame, she dreams not, what design we make  
 Upon the life and slaughter of her son."

So said he ; but so said was not so done ; 1045  
 Whose arrogant spirit in a vaunt so vain  
 Antinous chid, and said : " For shame, contain  
 These braving speeches. Who can tell who hears ?  
 Are we not now in reach of others' ears ?  
 If our intentions please us, let us call 1050  
 Our spirits up to them, and let speeches fall.  
 By watchful danger men must silent go.  
 What we resolve on, let's not say, but do."  
 This said, he choos'd out twenty men, that bore  
 Best reckoning with him, and to ship and shore 1055  
 All hasted, reach'd the ship, launch'd, rais'd the mast,  
 Put sails in, and with leather loops made fast  
 The oars ; sails hoisted, arms their men did bring,  
 All giving speed and form to everything.  
 Then to the high deeps their rigg'd vessel driven, 1060  
 They supp'd, expecting the approaching even.

Mean space, Penelope her chamber kept  
 And bed, and neither eat, nor drank, nor slept,  
 Her strong thoughts wrought so on her blameless son,  
 Still in contention, if he should be done 1065  
 To death, or 'scape the impious Wooers' design.

<sup>1061</sup> *Expecting*—(Latin) awaiting.

Look how a lion, whom men-troops combine  
 To hunt, and close him in a crafty ring,  
 Much varied thought conceives, and fear doth sting  
 For urgent danger; so fared she, till sleep, 1070  
 All juncture of her joints and nerves did steep  
 In his dissolving humour. When, at rest,  
 Pallas her favours varied, and addressed  
 An idol, that Iphthima did present  
 In structure of her every lineament, 1075  
 Great-soul'd Icarus' daughter, whom for spouse  
 Eumelus took, that kept in Pheris' house.  
 This to divine Ulysses' house she sent,  
 To try her best mean how she might content  
 Mournful Penelope, and make relent 1080  
 The strict addiction in her to deplore.  
 This idol, like a worm, that less or more  
 Contracts or strains her, did itself convey,  
 Beyond the wards or windings of the key,  
 Into the chamber, and, above her head 1085  
 Her seat assuming, thus she comforted  
 Distress'd Penelope: "Doth sleep thus seize  
 Thy powers, affected with so much dis-ease?  
 The Gods, that nothing troubles, will not see  
 Thy tears nor griefs, in any least degree, 1090  
 Sustain'd with cause, for they will guard thy son  
 Safe to his wish'd and native mansion,  
 Since he is no offender of their states,

<sup>1074</sup> *Idol*—image, figure, εἰδωλον. See *Iliad* xxi. 94.

<sup>1075</sup> Δέμας, *membrorum structura*.—CHAPMAN.

<sup>1077</sup> *Kept*—dwelt. A common use in Shakespeare and his contemporaries: and still a provincialism.

<sup>1082</sup> Παρὰ κληίδος ἱμάντα. Ἰμάς, *affectus curculionis significat quod longior et gracilior evaserit*.—CHAPMAN.

<sup>1088</sup> *Disease*—unrest. See *supra*, 605.

And they to such are firmer than their fates."

The wise Penelope receiv'd her thus, 1095

Bound with a slumber most delicious,

And in the port of dreams: "O sister, why

Repair you hither, since so far off lie

Your house and household? You were never here

Before this hour, and would you now give cheer 1100

To my so many woes and miseries,

Affecting fitly all the faculties

My soul and mind hold, having lost before

A husband, that of all the virtues bore

The palm amongst the Greeks, and whose renown 1105

So ample was that Fame the sound hath blown

Through Greece and Argos to her very heart?

And now again, a son, that did convert

My whole powers to his love, by ship is gone;

A tender plant, that yet was never grown 1110

To labour's taste, nor the commerce of men;

For whom more than my husband I complain,

And lest he should at any suff'rance touch

(Or in the sea, or by the men so much

Estrang'd to him that must his consorts be) 1115

Fear and chill tremblings shake each joint of me.

Besides, his danger sets on foes profess'd

To way-lay his return, that have address'd

Plots for his death." The scarce-discerned Dream,

Said: "Be of comfort, nor fears so extreme 1120

Let thus dismay thee; thou hast such a mate

Attending thee, as some at any rate

Would wish to purchase, for her power is great;

Minerva pities thy delights' defeat,

Whose grace hath sent me to foretell thee these." 1125

"If thou," said she, "be of the Goddesses,  
 And heardst her tell thee these, thou mayst as well  
 From her tell all things else. Deign then to tell,  
 If yet the man to all misfortunes born,  
 My husband, lives, and sees the sun adorn 1130  
 The darksome earth, or hides his wretched head  
 In Pluto's house, and lives amongst the dead?"

"I will not," she replied, "my breath exhale  
 In one continued and perpetual tale,  
 Lives he or dies he. 'Tis a filthy use, 1135  
 To be in vain and idle speech profuse."  
 This said, she, through the key-hole of the door,  
 Vanish'd again into the open blore.  
 Icarus' daughter started from her sleep,  
 And Joy's fresh humour her lov'd breast did steep, 1140  
 When now so clear, in that first watch of night,  
 She saw the seen Dream vanish from her sight.

The Wooers' ship the sea's moist waves did ply,  
 And thought the prince a haughty death should die.  
 There lies a certain island in the sea, 1145  
 Twixt rocky Samos and rough Ithaca,  
 That cliffy is itself, and nothing great,  
 Yet holds convenient havens that two ways let  
 Ships in and out, call'd Asteris; and there  
 The Wooers hoped to make their massacre. 1150

<sup>1138</sup> *Blore*—is generally used for a blast, or gale of wind,  
 (see *Iliad* II. 122,) but here would seem simply the *air*.



## THE FIFTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

### THE ARGUMENT.

A SECOND Court on Jove attends;  
Who Hermes to Calypso sends,  
Commanding her to clear the ways  
Ulysses sought; and she obeys.  
When Neptune saw Ulysses free,  
And so in safety plough the sea,  
Enraged, he ruffles up the waves,  
And splits his ship. Leucothea saves  
His person yet, as being a Dame  
Whose Godhead govern'd in the frame  
Of those seas' tempers. But the mean,  
By which she curbs dread Neptune's spleen,  
Is made a jewel, which she takes  
From off her head, and that she makes  
Ulysses on his bosom wear,  
About his neck, she ties it there,  
And, when he is with waves beset,  
Bids wear it as an amulet,  
Commanding him, that not before  
He touch'd upon Phæacia's shore,  
He should not part with it, but then  
Return it to the sea again,  
And cast it from him. He performs;  
Yet, after this, bides bitter storms,  
And in the rocks sees death engraved,  
But on Phæacia's shore is saved.

### ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

E. Ulysses builds  
A ship; and gains  
The glassy fields;  
Pays Neptune pains.



URORA rose from high-born Tithon's bed,  
That men and Gods might be illustrated,  
And then the Deities sat. Imperial Jove,  
That makes the horrid murmur beat above,

Took place past all, whose height for ever springs, 5  
And from whom flows th' eternal power of things.

Then Pallas, mindful of Ulysses, told  
The many cares that in Calypso's hold  
He still sustain'd, when he had felt before  
So much affliction, and such dangers more. 10

"O Father," said she, "and ye Ever-blest,  
Give never king hereafter interest  
In any aid of yours, by serving you,  
By being gentle, human, just, but grow  
Rude, and for ever scornful of your rights, 15  
All justice ordering by their appetites,  
Since he, that ruled as it in right behaved,  
That all his subjects as his children loved,  
Finds you so thoughtless of him and his birth.

Thus men begin to say, ye rule in earth, 20  
And grudge at what ye let him undergo,  
Who yet the least part of his suff'rance know:  
Thrall'd in an island, shipwrack'd in his tears,  
And, in the fancies that Calypso bears,  
Bound from his birthright, all his shipping gone, 25  
And of his soldiers not retaining one.

And now his most-lov'd son's life doth inflame  
Their slaught'rous envies; since his father's fame  
He puts in pursuit, and is gone as far  
As sacred Pylos, and the singular 30



Dame-breeding Sparta." This, with this reply,  
 The Cloud-assembler answer'd: "What words fly  
 Thine own remembrance, daughter? Hast not thou  
 The counsel given thyself, that told thee how  
 Ulysses shall with his return address 35  
 His Wooers wrongs? And, for the safe access  
 His son shall make to his innative port,  
 Do thou direct it, in as curious sort  
 As thy wit serves thee; it obeys thy powers;  
 And in their ship return the speedless Wooers." 40

Then turn'd he to his issue Mercury,  
 And said: "Thou hast made good our embassy  
 To th' other Statists, to the Nymph then now,  
 On whose fair head a tuft of gold doth grow,  
 Bear our true-spoken counsel, for retreat 45  
 Of patient Ulysses; who shall get  
 No aid from us, nor any mortal man,  
 But in a patch'd-up skiff (built as he can,  
 And suffering woes enough) the twentieth day  
 At fruitful Scheria let him breathe his way, 50  
 With the Phæacians, that half Deities live,  
 Who like a God will honour him, and give  
 His wisdom clothes, and ship, and brass, and gold,  
 More than for gain of Troy he ever told;  
 Where, at the whole division of the prey, 55  
 If he a saver were, or got away  
 Without a wound, if he should grudge, 'twas well.  
 But th' end shall crown all; therefore Fate will deal  
 So well with him, to let him land, and see  
 His native earth, friends, house, and family." 60

<sup>48</sup> 'Επὶ σχεδίσῃ πολυδέσμον, *in rate multis vinculis ligatus.*

CHAPMAN.

Thus charged he ; nor Argicides denied,  
 But to his feet his fair wing'd shoes he tied,  
 Ambrosian, golden, that in his command  
 Put either sea, or the unmeasured land,  
 With pace as speedy as a puff of wind. 65  
 Then up his rod went, with which he declined  
 The eyes of any waker, when he pleased,  
 And any sleeper, when he wish'd, diseased.

This took ; he stoop'd Pieria, and thence  
 Glid through the air, and Neptune's confluence 70  
 Kiss'd as he flew, and check'd the waves as light  
 As any sea-mew in her fishing flight,  
 Her thick wings sousing in the savory seas.  
 Like her, he pass'd a world of wilderness ;  
 But when the far-off isle he touch'd, he went 75  
 Up from the blue sea to the continent,  
 And reach'd the ample cavern of the Queen,  
 Whom he within found, without seldom seen.  
 A sun-like fire upon the hearth did flame,  
 The matter precious, and divine the frame, 80  
 Of cedar cleft and incense was the pile,  
 That breathed an odour round about the isle.  
 Herself was seated in an inner room,  
 Whom sweetly sing he heard, and at her loom,  
 About a curious web, whose yarn she threw 85  
 In with a golden shittle. A grove grew  
 In endless spring about her cavern round,  
 With odorous cypress, pines, and poplars, crown'd,  
 Where hawks, sea-owls, and long-tongued bittours bred,  
 And other birds their shady pinions spread ; 90

<sup>68</sup> *Diseased*.—aroused. See Bk. iv.

<sup>90</sup> *Bittours*—bitterns.

All fowls maritimal ; none roosted there,  
 But those whose labours in the waters were.  
 A vine did all the hollow cave embrace,  
 Still green, yet still ripe bunches gave it grace.  
 Four fountains, one against another, pour'd 95  
 Their silver streams ; and meadows all enflower'd  
 With sweet balm-gentle, and blue violets hid,  
 That deck'd the soft breasts of each fragrant mead.  
 Should any one, though he immortal were,  
 Arrive and see the sacred objects there, 100  
 He would admire them, and be over-joy'd ;  
 And so stood Hermes' ravish'd powers employed.

But having all admired, he enter'd on  
 The ample cave, nor could be seen unknown  
 Of great Calypso (for all Deities are 105  
 Prompt in each other's knowledge, though so far  
 Sever'd in dwellings) but he could not see  
 Ulysses there within ; without was he  
 Set sad ashore, where 'twas his use to view  
 Th' unquiet sea, sigh'd, wept, and empty drew 110  
 His heart of comfort. Placed here in her throne,  
 That beams cast up to admiration,  
 Divine Calypso question'd Hermes thus :

" For what cause, dear, and much-esteem'd by us,  
 Thou golden-rod-adorned Mercury, 115  
 Arriv'st thou here ? Thou hast not used t' apply  
 Thy passage this way. Say, whatever be  
 Thy heart's desire, my mind commands it thee,  
 If in my means it lie, or power of fact.  
 But first, what hospitable rights exact, 120  
 Come yet more near, and take." This said, she set  
 A table forth, and furnish'd it with meat,

Such as the Gods taste ; and serv'd in with it  
 Vermilion nectar. When with banquet fit  
 He had confirm'd his spirits, he thus express'd 125  
 His cause of coming : " Thou hast made request,  
 Goddess of Goddesses, to understand  
 My cause of touch here ; which thou shalt command,  
 And know with truth : Jove caused my course to thee  
 Against my will, for who would willingly 130  
 Lackey along so vast a lake of brine,  
 Near to no city that the Powers divine  
 Receives with solemn rites and hecatombs ?  
 But Jove's will ever all law overcomes,  
 No other God can cross or make it void ; 135  
 And he affirms, that one the most annoy'd  
 With woes and toils of all those men that fought  
 For Priam's city, and to end hath brought  
 Nine years in the contention, is with thee.  
 For in the tenth year, when roy victory 140  
 Was won to give the Greeks the spoil of Troy,  
 Return they did profess, but not enjoy,  
 Since Pallas they incens'd, and she the waves  
 By all the winds' power, that blew ope their graves.  
 And there they rested. Only this poor one 145  
 This coast both winds and waves have cast upon ;  
 Whom now forthwith he wills thee to dismiss,  
 Affirming that th' unaltered Destinies  
 Not only have decreed he shall not die

<sup>131</sup> *Lackey*—go on foot, be a footman. The word is common, and may be found even in Milton, and Dryden. Teut. *lachen*, to run.

<sup>140</sup> *Roy*—royal. I do not remember to have met with the word thus used. *Roy* for king was not uncommon. See NARES.

<sup>148</sup> *Unaltered*—unalterable.

Apart his friends, but of necessity 150  
 Enjoy their sights before those fatal hours,  
 His country earth reach, and erected towers."

This struck a love-check'd horror through her powers,  
 When, naming him, she this reply did give :  
 " Insatiate are ye Gods, past all that live, 155  
 In all things you affect ; which still converts  
 Your powers to envies. It afflicts your hearts,  
 That any Goddess should, as you obtain  
 The use of earthly dames, enjoy the men,  
 And most in open marriage. So ye far'd, 160  
 When the delicious-finger'd Morning shar'd  
 Orion's bed ; you easy-living States  
 Could never satisfy your emulous hates,  
 Till in Ortygia the precise-liv'd Dame,  
 Gold-throned Diana, on him rudely came, 165  
 And with her swift shafts slew him. And such pains,  
 When rich-hair'd Ceres pleas'd to give the reins  
 To her affections, and the grace did yield  
 Of love and bed amidst a three-cropp'd field,  
 To her Iasion, he paid angry Jove, 170  
 Who lost no long time notice of their love,  
 But with a glowing lightning was his death.  
 And now your envies labour underneath  
 A mortal's choice of mine ; whose life I took  
 To liberal safety, when his ship Jove strook, 175  
 With red-hot flashes, piece-meal in the seas,  
 And all his friends and soldiers succourless  
 Perish'd but he. Him, cast upon this coast  
 With blasts and billows, I, in life given lost,  
 Preserv'd alone, lov'd, nourish'd, and did vow 180  
 To make him deathless, and yet never grow

Crooked, or worn with age, his whole life long.  
 But since no reason may be made so strong  
 To strive with Jove's will, or to make it vain,  
 No not if all the other Gods should strain 185  
 Their powers against it, let his will be law,  
 So he afford him fit means to withdraw,  
 As he commands him, to the raging main.  
 But means from me he never shall obtain,  
 For my means yield nor men, nor ship, nor oars, 190  
 To set him off from my so envied shores.  
 But if my counsel and good will can aid  
 His safe pass home, my best shall be assay'd."

" Vouchsafe it so," said heaven's ambassador,  
 " And deign it quickly. By all means abhor 195  
 T' incense Jove's wrath against thee, that with grace  
 He may hereafter all thy wish embrace."

Thus took the Argus-killing God his wings.  
 And since the reverend Nymph these awful things  
 Receiv'd from Jove, she to Ulysses went ; 200  
 Whom she ashore found, drown'd in discontent,  
 His eyes kept never dry he did so mourn,  
 And waste his dear age for his wish'd return ;  
 Which still without the cause he used to do,  
 Because he could not please the Goddess so. 205  
 At night yet, forc'd, together took their rest,  
 The willing Goddess and th' unwilling Guest ;  
 But he all day in rocks, and on the shore,  
 The vex'd sea view'd, and did his fate deplore.  
 Him, now, the Goddess coming near bespake : 210

" Unhappy man, no more discomfort take  
 For my constraint of thee, nor waste thine age,  
 I now will passing freely disengage

Thy irksome stay here. Come then, fell thee wood,  
 And build a ship, to save thee from the flood. 215  
 I'll furnish thee with fresh wave, bread, and wine  
 Ruddy and sweet, that will the piner pine,  
 Put garments on thee, give thee winds foreright,  
 That every way thy home-bent appetite  
 May safe attain to it ; if so it please 220  
 At all parts all the heaven-housed Deities,  
 That more in power are, more in skill, than I,  
 And more can judge what fits humanity."

He stood amaz'd at this strange change in her,  
 And said : " O Goddess ! Thy intents prefer 225  
 Some other project than my parting hence,  
 Commanding things of too high consequence  
 For my performance, that myself should build  
 A ship of power, my home-assays to shield  
 Against the great sea of such dread to pass ; 230  
 Which not the best built ship that ever was  
 Will pass exulting, when such winds, as Jove  
 Can thunder up, their trims and tacklings prove.  
 But could I build one, I would ne'er aboard,  
 Thy will opposed, nor, won, without thy word, 235  
 Given in the great oath of the Gods to me,  
 Not to beguile me in the least degree."

The Goddess smiled, held hard his hand, and said :  
 " O y' are a shrewd one, and so habited  
 In taking heed thou know'st not what it is 240  
 To be unwary, nor use words amiss.  
 How hast thou charm'd me, were I ne'er so sly !  
 Let earth know then, and heaven, so broad, so high,  
 And th' under-sunk waves of th' infernal stream,

217. *The piner*—Hunger.—CHAPMAN.

(Which is an oath, as terribly supreme, 245  
As any God swears) that I had no thought  
But stood with what I spake, nor would have wrought,  
Nor counsell'd, any act against thy good ;  
But ever diligently weigh'd, and stood  
On those points in persuading thee, that I 250  
Would use myself in such extremity.  
For my mind simple is, and innocent,  
Not given by cruel sleights to circumvent,  
Nor bear I in my breast a heart of steel,  
But with the sufferer willing suff'rance feel." 255  
This said, the Grace of Goddesses led home,  
He track'd her steps ; and, to the cavern come,  
In that rich throne, whence Mercury arose,  
He sat. The Nymph herself did then appose,  
For food and beverage, to him all best meat 260  
And drink, that mortals used to taste and eat.  
Then sat she opposite, and for her feast  
Was nectar and ambrosia address'd  
By handmaids to her. Both, what was prepar'd,  
Did freely fall to. Having fitly far'd, 265  
The Nymph Calypso this discourse began :  
    " Jove-bred Ulysses ! Many-witted man !  
Still is thy home so wish'd ? So soon, away ?  
Be still of cheer, for all the worst I say.  
But, if thy soul knew what a sum of woes, 270  
For thee to cast up, thy stern Fates impose,  
Ere to thy country earth thy hopes attain,  
Undoubtedly thy choice would here remain,  
Keep house with me, and be a liver ever.  
Which, methinks, should thy house and thee dis sever,  
Though for thy wife there thou art set on fire, 276



And all thy days are spent in her desire ;  
And though it be no boast in me to say  
In form and mind I match her every way.  
Nor can it fit a mortal dame's compare, 280  
T' affect those terms with us that deathless are."

The great-in-counsels made her this reply :  
" Renown'd, and to be revered, Deity !  
Let it not move thee, that so much I vow  
My comforts to my wife ; though well I know 285  
All cause myself why wise Penelope  
In wit is far inferior to thee,  
In feature, stature, all the parts of show,  
She being a mortal, an immortal thou,  
Old ever growing, and yet never old. 290  
Yet her desire shall all my days see told,  
Adding the sight of my returning day,  
And natural home. If any God shall lay  
His hand upon me as I pass the seas,  
I'll bear the worst of what his hand shall please, 295  
As having given me such a mind as shall  
The more still rise the more his hand lets fall.  
In wars and waves my sufferings were not small.  
I now have suffer'd much, as much before,  
Hereafter let as much result, and more." 300

This said, the sun set, and earth shadows gave ;  
When these two (in an in-room of the cave,  
Left to themselves) left love no rites undone.  
The early Morn up, up he rose, put on  
His in and out weed. She herself enchaces 305  
Amidst a white robe, full of all the Graces,  
Ample, and pleated thick like fishy scales ;  
A golden girdle then her waist impales ;

Her head a veil decks ; and abroad they come.  
And now began Ulysses to go home. 310

A great axe first she gave, that two ways cut,  
In which a fair well-polish'd helm was put,  
That from an olive bough receiv'd his frame.  
A plainer then. Then led she, till they came  
To lofty woods that did the isle confine. 315  
The fir tree, poplar, and heaven-scaling pine,  
Had there their offspring. Of which, those that were  
Of driest matter, and grew longest there,  
He choos'd for lighter sail. This place thus shown,  
The Nymph turn'd home. He fell to felling down, 320  
And twenty trees he stoop'd in little space,  
Plain'd, used his plumb, did all with artful grace.  
In mean time did Calypso wimbles bring.  
He bor'd, closed, nail'd, and order'd every thing,  
And took how much a ship-wright will allow 325  
A ship of burden (one that best doth know  
What fits his art) so large a keel he cast,  
Wrought up her decks, and hatches, side-boards, mast,  
With willow watlings arm'd her to resist  
The billows outrage, added all she miss'd, 330  
Sail-yards, and stern for guide. The Nymph then brought  
Linen for sails, which with dispatch he wrought,  
Gables, and halsters, tacklings. All the frame  
In four days' space to full perfection came.

<sup>314</sup> *Plainer*—i. e. a plane, that which makes *plain*, smooth.  
So in 322.

<sup>323</sup> *Wimbles*—gimlets, boring tools.

<sup>330</sup> *Miss'd*—wanted, required.

<sup>334</sup> *Gables and halsters*—cables and hawsers.

<sup>334</sup> This four days' work (you will say) is too much for one man: and Pliny affirms, that Hiero (a king of Sicily) in five-and-forty days built two hundred and twenty ships, rigged them, and put to sea with them.—CHAPMAN.

The fifth day, they dismiss'd him from the shore, 335  
 Weeds neat, and odorous, gave him, victuals store,  
 Wine, and strong waters, and a prosp'rous wind,  
 To which, Ulysses, fit-to-be-divin'd,  
 His sails expos'd, and hoised. Off he gat ;  
 And cheerful was he. At the stern he sat, 340  
 And steer'd right artfully. Nor sleep could seize  
 His eye-lids. He beheld the Pleiades ;  
 The Bear, surnam'd the Wain, that round doth move  
 About Orion, and keeps still above  
 The billowy ocean ; the slow-setting star 345  
 Bootes call'd, by some the waggoner.

Calypso warn'd him he his course should steer  
 Still to his left hand. Seventeen days did clear  
 The cloudy night's command in his moist way,  
 And by the eighteenth light he might display 350  
 The shady hills of the Phæacian shore,  
 For which, as to his next abode, he bore.  
 The country did a pretty figure yield,  
 And look'd from off the dark seas like a shield.

Imperious Neptune, making his retreat 355  
 From th' Æthiopian earth, and taking seat  
 Upon the mountains of the Solymi,  
 From thence, far off discovering, did descry  
 Ulysses his fields ploughing. All on fire  
 The sight straight set his heart, and made desire 360  
 Of wreak run over, it did boil so high.  
 When, his head nodding, " O impiety,"  
 He cried out, " now the Gods' inconstancy  
 Is most apparent, altering their designs

<sup>350</sup> *Display*—see, view. See Iliad xi. 74.

Since I the Æthiops saw, and here confines 365  
 To this Ulysses' fate his misery.  
 The great mark, on which all his hopes rely,  
 Lies in Phæacia. But I hope he shall  
 Feel woe at height, ere that dead calm befall."  
 This said ; he, begging, gather'd clouds from land, 370  
 Frighted the seas up, snatch'd into his hand  
 His horrid trident, and aloft did toss,  
 Of all the winds, all storms he could engross,  
 All earth took into sea with clouds, grim Night  
 Fell tumbling headlong from the cope of light, 375  
 The East and South winds justled in the air,  
 The violent Zephyr, and North making-fair,  
 Rolled up the waves before them. And then bent  
 Ulysses' knees, then all his spirit was spent.  
 In which despair, he thus spake : " Woe is me ! 380  
 What was I born to, man of misery !  
 Fear tells me now, that, all the Goddess said,  
 Truth's self will author, that Fate would he paid  
 Grief's whole sum due from me, at sea, before  
 I reach'd the dear touch of my country's shore. 385  
 With what clouds Jove heaven's heighten'd forehead  
 binds!  
 How tyrannize the wraths of all the winds !  
 How all the tops he bottoms with the deeps,  
 And in the bottoms all the tops he steeps !  
 Thus dreadful is the presence of our death. 390  
 Thrice four times blest were they that sunk beneath  
 Their fates at Troy, and did to nought contend  
 But to renown Atrides with their end !

<sup>365</sup> *Confines*—puts an end to.

<sup>371</sup> *Συναείρω*—*Mendicando colligo*.—CHAPMAN.

I would to God, my hour of death and fate  
 That day had held the power to terminate, 395  
 When showers of darts my life bore undepress'd  
 About divine *Æacides* deceased !

Then had I been allotted to have died,  
 By all the Greeks with funerals glorified,  
 (Whence death, encouraging good life, had grown) 400  
 Where now I die, by no man mourn'd nor known."

This spoke, a huge wave took him by the head,  
 And hurl'd him o'er board ; ship and all it laid  
 Inverted quite amidst the waves, but he  
 Far off from her sprawl'd, strow'd about the sea, 405  
 His stern still holding broken off, his mast  
 Burst in the midst, so horrible a blast  
 Of mix'd winds struck it. Sails and sail-yards fell  
 Amongst the billows ; and himself did dwell  
 A long time under water, nor could get 410  
 In haste his head out, wave with wave so met  
 In his depression ; and his garments too,  
 Given by *Calypso*, gave him much to do,  
 Hind'ring his swimming ; yet he left not so  
 His drenched vessel, for the overthrow 415  
 Of her nor him, but gat at length again,  
 Wrestling with *Neptune*, hold of her ; and then  
 Sat in her bulk, insulting over death,  
 Which, with the salt stream press'd to stop his breath,  
 He 'scap'd, and gave the sea again to give 420  
 To other men. His ship so striv'd to live,  
 Floating at randon, cuff'd from wave to wave.  
 As you have seen the North wind when he drave

<sup>419</sup> *Prest*—ready.

<sup>422</sup> *Randon*—the old and etymological spelling.

In autumn heaps of thorn-fed Grasshoppers  
Hither and thither, one heap this way bears, 425  
Another that, and makes them often meet  
In his confus'd gales ; so Ulysses' fleet  
The winds hurl'd up and down ; now Boreas  
Toss'd it to Notus, Notus gave it pass  
To Eurus, Eurus Zephyr made it pursue 430  
The horrid tennis. This sport call'd the view  
Of Cadmus' daughter, with the narrow heel,  
Ino Leucothea, that first did feel  
A mortal dame's desires, and had a tongue,  
But now had th' honour to be nam'd among 435  
The marine Godheads. She with pity saw  
Ulysses justled thus from flaw to flaw,  
And, like a cormorant in form and flight,  
Rose from a whirl-pool, on the ship did light,  
And thus bespake him : " Why is Neptune thus 440  
In thy pursuit extremely furious,  
Oppressing thee with such a world of ill,  
Even to thy death ? He must not serve his will,  
Though 'tis his study. Let me then advise  
As my thoughts serve ; thou shalt not be unwise 445  
To leave thy weeds and ship to the commands  
Of these rude winds, and work out with thy hands  
Pass to Phæacia, where thy austere Fate  
Is to pursue thee with no more such hate.  
Take here this tablet, with this riband strung, 450  
And see it still about thy bosom hung ;  
By whose eternal virtue never fear  
To suffer thus again, nor perish here.  
But when thou touchest with thy hand the shore,  
Then take it from thy neck, nor wear it more, 455

But cast it far off from the continent,  
And then thy person far ashore present."

Thus gave she him the tablet; and again,  
Turn'd to a cormorant, dived, past sight, the main.

Patient Ulysses sigh'd at this, and stuck 460

In the conceit of such fair-spoken luck,  
And said: "Alas! I must suspect even this,  
Lest any other of the Deities

Add sleight to Neptune's force, to counsel me  
To leave my vessel, and so far off see 465

The shore I aim at. Not with thoughts too clear  
Will I obey her, but to me appear

These counsels best: As long as I perceive  
My ship not quite dissolv'd, I will not leave  
The help she may afford me, but abide, 470

And suffer all woes till the worst be tried.  
When she is split, I'll swim. No miracle can,  
Past near and clear means, move a knowing man."

While this discourse employ'd him, Neptune raised  
A huge, a high, and horrid sea, that seized 475

Him and his ship, and toss'd them through the lake.

As when the violent winds together take  
Heaps of dry chaff, and hurl them every way;  
So his long wood-stack Neptune strook astray.

Then did Ulysses mount on rib, perforce, 480

Like to a rider of a running horse,  
To stay himself a time, while he might shift  
His drenched weeds, that were Calypso's gift.

When putting straight Leucothea's amulet  
About his neck, he all his forces set 485

To swim, and cast him prostrate to the seas.  
When powerful Neptune saw the ruthless prease

Of perils siege him thus, he mov'd his head,  
And this betwixt him and his heart he said :

“ So, now feel ills enow, and struggle so, 490  
Till to your Jove-lov'd islanders you row.  
But my mind says, you will not so avoid  
This last task too, but be with suff'rance cloy'd.”

This said, his rich-man'd horse he mov'd, and reach'd  
His house at Ægas. But Minerva fetch'd 495  
The winds from sea, and all their ways but one  
Barr'd to their passage ; the bleak North alone  
She set to blow, the rest she charg'd to keep  
Their rages in, and bind themselves in sleep.  
But Boreas still flew high to break the seas, 500  
Till Jove-bred Ithacus the more with ease  
The navigation-skill'd Phæacian states  
Might make his refuge, Death and angry Fates  
At length escaping. Two nights, yet, and days  
He spent in wrestling with the sable seas ; 505  
In which space, often did his heart propose  
Death to his eyes. But when Aurora rose,  
And threw the third light from her orient hair,  
The winds grew calm, and clear was all the air,  
Not one breath stirring. Then he might descry, 510  
Rais'd by the high seas, clear, the land was nigh.  
And then, look how to good sons that esteem  
Their father's life dear, (after pains extreme,  
Felt in some sickness, that hath held him long  
Down to his bed, and with affections strong 515  
Wasted his body, made his life his load,  
As being inflicted by some angry God)  
When on their prayers they see descend at length  
Health from the heavens, clad all in spirit and strength,



The sight is precious ; so, since here should end 520  
 Ulysses' toils, which therein should extend  
 Health to his country, held to him his sire,  
 And on which long for him disease did tire,  
 And then, besides, for his own sake to see  
 The shores, the woods so near, such joy had he, 525  
 As those good sons for their recover'd sire.  
 Then labour'd feet and all parts to aspire  
 To that wish'd continent ; which when as near  
 He came, as Clamour might inform an ear,  
 He heard a sound beat from the sea-bred rocks, 530  
 Against which gave a huge sea horrid shocks,  
 That belch'd upon the firm land weeds and foam,  
 With which were all things hid there, where no room  
 Of fit capacity was for any port,  
 Nor from the sea for any man's resort, 535  
 The shores, the rocks, the cliffs, so prominent were.  
 " O," said Ulysses then, " now Jupiter  
 Hath given me sight of an unhop'd for shore,  
 Though I have wrought these seas so long, so sore.  
 Of rest yet no place shows the slend'rest prints, 540  
 The rugged shore so bristled is with flints,  
 Against which every way the waves so flock,  
 And all the shore shows as one eminent rock,  
 So near which 'tis so deep, that not a sand  
 Is there for any tired foot to stand, 545  
 Nor fly his death-fast following miseries,  
 Lest, if he land, upon him fore-right flies  
 A churlish wave, to crush him 'gainst a cliff,  
 Worse than vain rend'ring all his landing strife.  
 And should I swim to seek a haven elsewhere, 550  
 Or land less way-beat, I may justly fear

I shall be taken with a gale again,  
And cast a huge way off into the main ;  
And there the great Earth-shaker (having seen  
My so near landing, and again his spleen 555  
Forcing me to him) will some whale send out,  
(Of which a horrid number here about,  
His Amphitrite breeds) to swallow me.  
I well have prov'd, with what malignity  
He treads my steps. While this discourse he held, 560  
A curs'd surge 'gainst a cutting rock impell'd  
His naked body, which it gash'd and tore,  
And had his bones broke, if but one sea more  
Had cast him on it. But She prompted him,  
That never fail'd, and bade him no more swim 565  
Still off and on, but boldly force the shore,  
And hug the rock that him so rudely tore ;  
Which he with both hands sigh'd and clasp'd, till past  
The billow's rage was ; when 'scap'd, back so fast  
The rock repuls'd it, that it reft his hold, 570  
Sucking him from it, and far back he rolled.  
And as the polypus that (forc'd from home  
Amidst the soft sea, and near rough land come  
For shelter 'gainst the storms that beat on her  
At open sea, as she abroad doth err) 575  
A deal of gravel, and sharp little stones,  
Needfully gathers in her hollow bones ;  
So he forc'd hither by the sharper ill,  
Shunning the smoother, where he best hop'd, still  
The worst succeeded ; for the cruel friend, 580  
To which he cling'd for succour, off did rend  
From his broad hands the soaken flesh so sore,  
That off he fell, and could sustain no more.

Quite under water fell he ; and, past fate,  
 Hapless Ulysses there had lost the state 585  
 He held in life, if, still the grey-eyed Maid  
 His wisdom prompting, he had not assay'd  
 Another course, and ceas'd t' attempt that shore,  
 Swimming, and casting round his eye t' explore  
 Some other shelter. Then the mouth he found 590  
 Of fair Callicoe's flood, whose shores were crown'd  
 With most apt succours ; rocks so smooth they seem'd  
 Polish'd of purpose ; land that quite redeem'd  
 With breathless coverts th' others' blasted shores.  
 The flood he knew, and thus in heart implores : 595  
 " King of this river, hear ! Whatever name  
 Makes thee invok'd, to thee I humbly frame  
 My flight from Neptune's furies. Reverend is  
 To all the ever-living Deities  
 What erring man soever seeks their aid. 600  
 To thy both flood and knees a man dismay'd  
 With varied suff'rance sues. Yield then some rest  
 To him that is thy suppliant profess'd."  
 This, though but spoke in thought, the Godhead heard,  
 Her current straight stay'd, and her thick waves clear'd  
 Before him, smooth'd her waters, and, just where 606  
 He pray'd half-drown'd, entirely saved him there.

Then forth he came, his both knees falt'ring, both  
 His strong hands hanging down, and all with froth  
 His cheeks and nostrils flowing, voice and breath 610  
 Spent to all use, and down he sunk to death.  
 The sea had soak'd his heart through ; all his veins

<sup>591</sup> *Callicoe's flood.*—The original is simply *ποταμοῖο κατὰ στόμα καλλιρόιοι*, at the mouth of a fair-flowing river. I presume Chapman meant the epithet for the name of the river, calling it *Callirrhoe*, not *Callicoe*, as it is printed in the folio.

His toils had rack'd t' a labouring woman's pains.  
 Dead weary was he. But when breath did find  
 A pass reciprocal, and in his mind 615  
 His spirit was recollected, up he rose,  
 And from his neck did th' amulet unloose,  
 That Ino gave him ; which he hurl'd from him  
 To sea. It sounding fell, and back did swim  
 With th' ebbing waters, till it straight arriv'd 620  
 Where Ino's fair hand it again receiv'd.  
 Then kiss'd he th' humble earth ; and on he goes,  
 Till bulrushes show'd place for his repose,  
 Where laid, he sigh'd, and thus said to his soul :  
 " O me, what strange perplexities control 625  
 The whole skill of thy powers in this event !  
 What feel I ? If till care-nurse night be spent  
 I watch amidst the flood, the sea's chill breath,  
 And vegetant dews, I fear will be my death,  
 So low brought with my labours. Towards day 630  
 A passing sharp air ever breathes at sea.  
 If I the pitch of this next mountain scale,  
 And shady wood, and in some thicket fall  
 Into the hands of Sleep, though there the cold  
 May well be check'd, and healthful slumbers hold 635  
 Her sweet hand on my powers, all care allay'd,  
 Yet there will beasts devour me. Best appaid  
 Doth that course make me yet ; for there, some strife,  
 Strength, and my spirit, may make me make for life ;  
 Which, though impair'd, may yet be fresh applied, 640  
 Where peril possible of escape is tried.  
 But he that fights with heaven, or with the sea,

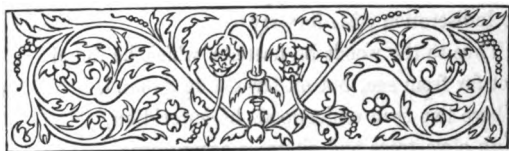
<sup>613</sup> "Ὀδῆς of ὠδίνω, à partu doleo.—CHAPMAN. It is hardly necessary to observe that Chapman's fanciful derivation is wrong, φῶδες being the imperfect of οἰδέω, tumeo.

To indiscretion adds impiety."

Thus to the woods he hasted ; which he found  
 Not far from sea, but on far-seeing ground, 645  
 Where two twin underwoods he enter'd on,  
 With olive-trees and oil-trees overgrown ;  
 Through which the moist force of the loud-voiced wind  
 Did never beat, nor ever Phœbus shin'd,  
 Nor shower beat through, they grew so one in one, 650  
 And had, by turns, their power t' exclude the sun.  
 Here enter'd our Ulysses ; and a bed  
 Of leaves huge, and of huge abundance, spread  
 With all his speed. Large he made it, for there  
 For two or three men ample coverings were, 655  
 Such as might shield them from the winter's worst,  
 Though steel it breath'd, and blew as it would burst.

Patient Ulysses joy'd, that ever day  
 Show'd such a shelter. In the midst he lay,  
 Store of leaves heaping high on every side. 660  
 And as in some out-field a man doth hide  
 A kindled brand, to keep the seed of fire,  
 No neighbour dwelling near, and his desire  
 Serv'd with self store, he else would ask of none,  
 But of his fore-spent sparks rakes th' ashes on ; 665  
 So this out-place Ulysses thus receives,  
 And thus nak'd virtue's seed lies hid in leaves.  
 Yet Pallas made him sleep as soon as men  
 Whom delicacies all their flatteries deign,  
 And all that all his labours could comprise 670  
 Quickly concluded in his closed eyes.

<sup>657</sup> A metaphorical hyperbole, expressing the winter's extremity of sharpness.—CHAPMAN.



## THE SIXTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

### THE ARGUMENT.

MINERVA in a vision stands  
Before Nausicaa; and commands  
She to the flood her weeds should bear,  
For now her nuptial day was near.  
Nausicaa her charge obeys,  
And then with other virgins plays.  
Their sports make wak'd Ulysses rise,  
Walk to them, and beseech supplies  
Of food and clothes. His naked sight  
Puts th' other maids, afraid, to flight;  
Nausicaa only boldly stays,  
And gladly his desire obeys.  
He, furnished with her favours shown,  
Attends her and the rest to town.

### ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

Zēta. Here olive leaves  
T' hide shame began.  
The maid receives  
The naked man.



HE much-sustaining, patient, heavenly  
man,  
Whom Toil and Sleep had worn so weak  
and wan,

<sup>2</sup> Ὕπνῳ καὶ καμάρῳ ἀρημένος. *Somno et labore afflictus.*  
Sleep (καταχρηστικῶς) for the want of sleep.

Thus won his rest. In mean space Pallas went  
To the Phæacian city, and descent  
That first did broad Hyperia's lands divide, 5  
Near the vast Cyclops, men of monstrous pride,  
That prey'd on those Hyperians, since they were  
Of greater power; and therefore longer there  
Divine Nausithous dwelt not, but arose,  
And did for Scheria all his powers dispose, 10  
Far from ingenious art-inventing men;  
But there did he erect a city then,  
First drew a wall round, then he houses builds,  
And then a temple to the Gods, the fields  
Lastly dividing. But he, stoop'd by Fate, 15  
Div'd to th' infernals; and Alcinous sate  
In his command, a man the Gods did teach  
Commanding counsels. His house held the reach  
Of grey Minerva's project, to provide  
That great-soul'd Ithacus might be supplied 20  
With all things fitting his return. She went  
Up to the chamber, where the fair descent  
Of great Alcinous slept; a maid, whose parts  
In wit and beauty were divine deserts.  
Well deck'd her chamber was; of which the door 25  
Did seem to lighten, such a gloss it bore  
Betwixt the posts, and now flew ope to find  
The Goddess entry. Like a puft of wind  
She reach'd the virgin bed; near which there lay  
Two maids, to whom the Graces did convey 30  
Figure and manners. But above the head  
Of bright Nausicaa did Pallas tread  
The subtle air, and put the person on

23 Nausicaa.

Of Dymas' daughter, from comparison  
 Exempt in business naval. Like his seed 35  
 Minerva look'd now ; whom one year did breed  
 With bright Nausicaa, and who had gain'd  
 Grace in her love, yet on her thus complain'd :  
 " Nausicaa ! Why bred thy mother one  
 So negligent in rites so stood upon 40  
 By other virgins ? Thy fair garments lie  
 Neglected by thee, yet thy nuptials nigh ;  
 When rich in all attire both thou shouldst be,  
 And garments give to others honouring thee,  
 That lead thee to the temple. Thy good name 45  
 Grows amongst men for these things ; they inflame  
 Father and reverend mother with delight.  
 Come, when the Day takes any wink from Night,  
 Let's to the river, and purify  
 Thy wedding garments. My society 50  
 Shall freely serve thee for thy speedier aid,  
 Because thou shalt no more stand on the maid.  
 The best of all Phæacia woo thy grace,  
 Where thou wert bred, and owest thyself a race.  
 Up, and stir up to thee thy honour'd sire, 55  
 To give thee mules and coach, thee and thy tire,  
 Veils, girdles, mantles, early to the flood,  
 To bear in state. It suits thy high-born blood,  
 And far more fits thee, than to foot so far,  
 For far from town thou knowst the bath-founts are." 60  
 This said, away blue-eyed Minerva went  
 Up to Olympus, the firm continent

<sup>34</sup> *From comparison exempt, &c.*—unrivalled in naval business.

<sup>36</sup> *Intending Dymas' daughter.*—CHAPMAN.

<sup>55</sup> *Stand on the maid*—i. e. remain unmarried.



That bears in endless being the Deified kind,  
 That's neither soused with showers, nor shook with wind,  
 Nor chill'd with snow, but where Serenity flies 65  
 Exempt from clouds, and ever-beamy skies  
 Circle the glittering hill, and all their days  
 Give the delights of blessed Deity praise.  
 And hither Pallas flew, and left the maid,  
 When she had all that might excite her said. 70  
 Straight rose the lovely Morn, that up did raise  
 Fair-veil'd Nausicaa, whose dream her praise  
 To admiration took ; who no time spent  
 To give the rapture of her vision vent  
 To her lov'd parents, whom she found within. 75  
 Her mother set at fire, who had to spin  
 A rock, whose tincture with sea-purple shin'd ;  
 Her maids about her. But she chanced to find  
 Her father going abroad, to council call'd  
 By his grave Senate. And to him exhaled 80  
 Her smother'd bosom was : " Lov'd sire," said she,  
 " Will you not now command a coach for me,  
 Stately and complete, fit for me to bear  
 To wash at flood the weeds I cannot wear  
 Before repurified ? Yourself it fits 85  
 To wear fair weeds, as every man that sits

<sup>77</sup> *A rock*—a distaff. Here it would seem the wool on the distaff.

<sup>81</sup> This familiar and near wanton carriage of Nausicaa to her father, joined with that virgin modesty expressed in her after, is much praised by the gravest of Homer's expositors ; with her father's loving allowance of it, knowing her shamefastness and judgment would not let her exceed at any part. Which note is here inserted, not as if this were more worthy the observation than other every-where strewed flowers of precept, but because this more generally pleasing subject may perhaps find more fitness for the stay of most readers.

CHAPMAN.

In place of council. And five sons you have,  
 Two wed, three bachelors, that must be brave  
 In every day's shift, that they may go dance;  
 For these three last with these things must advance 90  
 Their states in marriage, and who else but I,  
 Their sister, should their dancing rites supply?"

This general cause she show'd, and would not name  
 Her mind of nuptials to her'sire, for shame.  
 He understood her yet, and thus replied : 95  
 " Daughter! nor these, nor any grace beside,  
 I either will deny thee, or defer,  
 Mules, nor a coach, of state and circular,  
 Fitting at all parts. Go, my servants shall  
 Serve thy desires, and thy command in all." 100

The servants then commanded soon obey'd,  
 Fetch'd coach, and mules join'd in it. Then the Maid  
 Brought from the chamber her rich weeds, and laid  
 All up in coach; in which her mother plac'd  
 A maund of victuals, varied well in taste, 105  
 And other junkets. Wine she likewise fill'd  
 Within a goat-skin bottle, and distill'd  
 Sweet and moist oil into a golden cruse,  
 Both for her daughter's, and her handmaid's, use,  
 To soften their bright bodies, when they rose 110  
 Cleans'd from their cold baths. Up to coach then goes  
 Th' observed Maid, takes both the scourge and reins,  
 And to her side her handmaid straight attains.  
 Nor these alone, but other virgins, grac'd

<sup>105</sup> *Maund*—basket. (Anglo-Sax.) Still in use in Devonshire.

<sup>106</sup> *Junkets*—sweetmeats. Properly *juncate*, a cheesecake, or cream-cheese, from the Ital. *giuncata*, cheese so called because pressed and brought to market on *rushes* (*giunco*, Latin *juncus*, a rush).

The nuptial chariot. The whole bevy plac'd, 115  
 Nausicaa scourg'd to make the coach-mules run,  
 That neigh'd, and pac'd their usual speed, and soon  
 Both maids and weeds brought to the river side,  
 Where baths for all the year their use supplied,  
 Whose waters were so pure they would not stain, 120  
 But still ran fair forth, and did more remain  
 Apt to purge stains, for that purg'd stain within,  
 Which by the water's pure store was not seen.

These, here arriv'd, the mules uncoach'd, and drave  
 Up to the gulfy river's shore, that gave 125  
 Sweet grass to them. The maids from coach then  
 took

Their clothes, and steep'd them in the sable brook ;  
 Then put them into springs, and trod them clean  
 With cleanly feet ; adventuring wagers then,  
 Who should have soonest and most cleanly done. 130  
 When having thoroughly cleans'd, they spread them on  
 The flood's shore, all in order. And then, where  
 The waves the pebbles wash'd, and ground was clear,  
 They bath'd themselves, and all with glittering oil  
 Smooth'd their white skins ; refreshing then their toil  
 With pleasant dinner, by the river's side ; 136  
 Yet still watch'd when the sun their clothes had dried.  
 Till which time, having dined, Nausicaa  
 With other virgins did at stool-ball play,  
 Their shoulder-reaching head-tires laying by. 140  
 Nausicaa, with the wrists of ivory,

<sup>115</sup> *Bevy*—company. Generally applied to quails, as *covey* to partridges. It is a common word, and abundantly illustrated in Todd's Johnson.

<sup>139</sup> *Stool-ball*—Dr. Johnson tells us is a game where balls are driven from stool to stool. See however Strutt and Brand.

The liking stroke struck, singing first a song,  
 As custom order'd, and amidst the throng  
 Made such a show, and so past all was seen,  
 As when the chaste-born, arrow-loving, Queen, 145  
 Along the mountains gliding, either over  
 Spartan Taygetus, whose tops far discover,  
 Or Eurymanthus, in the wild boar's chace,  
 Or swift-hoved hart, and with her Jove's fair race,  
 The field Nymphs, sporting ; amongst whom, to see  
 How far Diana had priority, 151  
 Though all were fair, for fairness yet of all,  
 As both by head and forehead being more tall,  
 Latona triumph'd, since the dullest sight  
 Might eas'ly judge whom her pains brought to light ;  
 Nausicaa so, whom never husband tamed, 156  
 Above them all in all the beauties flamed.  
 But when they now made homewards, and array'd,  
 Ordering their weeds disorder'd as they play'd,  
 Mules and coach ready, then Minerva thought 160  
 What means to wake Ulysses might be wrought,  
 That he might see this lovely-sighted maid,  
 Whom she intended should become his aid,  
 Bring him to town, and his return advance.  
 Her mean was this, though thought a stool-ball chance :  
 The queen now, for the upstroke, struck the ball 166  
 Quite wide off th' other maids, and made it fall  
 Amidst the whirlpools. At which out shriek'd all,  
 And with the shriek did wise Ulysses wake ;

<sup>149</sup> *Swift-hoved*—with swift feet, *hooves*, or *hoofs*.

<sup>166</sup> The piety and wisdom of the Poet was such, that (agreeing with the Sacred Letter) not the least of things he makes come to pass *sine Numinis providentiâ*. As Spodanus well notes of him.—CHAPMAN.

Who, sitting up, was doubtful who should make 170  
 That sudden outcry, and in mind thus striv'd :  
 " On what a people am I now arriv'd ?  
 At civil hospitable men, that fear  
 The Gods ? Or dwell injurious mortals here ?  
 Unjust, and churlish ? Like the female cry 175  
 Of youth it sounds. What are they ? Nymphs bred high  
 On tops of hills, or in the founts of floods,  
 In herby marshes, or in leafy woods ?  
 Or are they high-spoke men I now am near ?  
 I'll prove, and see." With this, the wary peer 180  
 Crept forth the thicket, and an olive bough  
 Broke with his broad hand, which he did bestow  
 In covert of his nakedness, and then  
 Put hasty head out. Look how from his den  
 A mountain lion looks, that, all embrued 185  
 With drops of trees, and weather-beaten hued,  
 Bold of his strength, goes on, and in his eye  
 A burning furnace glows, all bent to prey  
 On sheep, or oxen, or the upland hart,  
 His belly charging him, and he must part 190  
 Stakes with the herdsman in his beast's attempt,  
 Even where from rape their strengths are most exempt ;  
 So wet, so weather-beat, so stung with need,  
 Even to the home-fields of the country's breed  
 Ulysses was to force forth his access, 195  
 Though merely naked ; and his sight did press  
 The eyes of soft-hair'd virgins. Horrid was  
 His rough appearance to them ; the hard pass  
 He had at sea stuck by him. All in flight  
 The virgins scatter'd, frighted with this sight, 200

<sup>196</sup> *Merely*—entirely. A common sense.

About the prominent windings of the flood.  
All but Nausicaa fled ; but she fast stood,  
Pallas had put a boldness in her breast,  
And in her fair limbs tender fear compress'd.  
And still she stood him, as resolv'd to know 205  
What man he was, or out of what should grow  
His strange repair to them. And here was he  
Put to his wisdom ; if her virgin knee  
He should be bold, but kneeling, to embrace ;  
Or keep aloof, and try with words of grace, 210  
In humblest suppliance, if he might obtain  
Some cover for his nakedness, and gain  
Her grace to show and guide him to the town.  
The last he best thought, to be worth his own,  
In weighing both well ; to keep still aloof, 215  
And give with soft words his desires their proof,  
Lest, pressing so near as to touch her knee,  
He might incense her maiden modesty.  
This fair and fil'd speech then shew'd this was he :  
“ Let me beseech, O queen, this truth of thee,  
Are you of mortal, or the deified, race ? 221  
If of the Gods, that th' ample heavens embrace,  
I can resemble you to none above  
So near as to the chaste-born birth of Jove,  
The beamy Cynthia. Her you full present, 225  
In grace of every God-like lineament,  
Her goodly magnitude, and all th' address  
You promise of her very perfectness.  
If sprung of humans, that inhabit earth,  
Thrice blest are both the authors of your birth, 230

<sup>219</sup> *Fil'd*—filed, smooth, polished. This was a frequent expression as applied to speech.

Thrice blest your brothers, that in your deserts  
 Must, even to rapture, bear delighted hearts,  
 To see, so like the first trim of a tree,  
 Your form adorn a dance. But most blest he,  
 Of all that breathe, that hath the gift t' engage 235  
 Your bright neck in the yoke of marriage,  
 And deck his house with your commanding merit.  
 I have not seen a man of so much spirit,  
 Nor man, nor woman, I did ever see,  
 At all parts equal to the parts in thee. 240  
 T' enjoy your sight, doth admiration seize  
 My eyes, and apprehensive faculties.  
 Lately in Delos (with a charge of men  
 Arrived, that render'd me most wretched then,  
 Now making me thus naked) I beheld 245  
 The burthen of a palm, whose issue swell'd  
 About Apollo's fane, and that put on  
 A grace like thee; for Earth had never none  
 Of all her sylvan issue so adorn'd.  
 Into amaze my very soul was turn'd, 250  
 To give it observation; as now thee  
 To view, O virgin, a stupidity  
 Past admiration strikes me, join'd with fear  
 To do a suppliant's due, and press so near,  
 As to embrace thy knees. Nor is it strange, 255  
 For one of fresh and firmest spirit would change  
 T' embrace so bright an object. But, for me,  
 A cruel habit of calamity  
 Prepared the strong impression thou hast made;  
 For this last day did fly night's twentieth shade 260

<sup>252</sup> *Stupidity*—stupor, astonishment.

Since I, at length, escap'd the sable seas ;  
When in the mean time th' unrelenting prease  
Of waves and stern storms toss'd me up and down,  
From th' isle Ogygia. And now God hath thrown  
My wrack on this shore, that perhaps I may 265  
My miseries vary here ; for yet their stay,  
I fear, Heaven hath not order'd, though, before  
These late afflictions, it hath lent me store.  
O queen, deign pity then, since first to you  
My fate importunes my distress to vow. 270  
No other dame, nor man, that this Earth own,  
And neighbour city, I have seen or known.  
The town then show me ; give my nakedness  
Some shroud to shelter it, if to these seas  
Linen or woollen you have brought to cleanse. 275  
God give you, in requital, all th' amends  
Your heart can wish, a husband, family,  
And good agreement. Nought beneath the sky  
More sweet, more worthy is, than firm consent  
Of man and wife in household government. 280  
It joys their wishers well, their enemies wounds,  
But to themselves the special good redounds."

She answer'd : " Stranger ! I discern in thee  
Nor sloth, nor folly, reigns ; and yet I see  
Th' art poor and wretched. In which I conclude, 285  
That industry nor wisdom make endued  
Men with those gifts that make them best to th' eye ;  
Jove only orders man's felicity.  
To good and bad his pleasure fashions still  
The whole proportion of their good and ill. 290  
And he perhaps hath form'd this plight in thee,  
Of which thou must be patient, as he free.



But after all thy wand'rings, since thy way,  
 Both to our earth, and near our city, lay,  
 As being expos'd to our cares to relieve, 295  
 Weeds, and what else a human hand should give  
 To one so suppliant and tamed with woe,  
 Thou shalt not want. Our city I will show,  
 And tell our people's name: This neighbour town,  
 And all this kingdom, the Phæacians own. 300  
 And (since thou seem'dst so fain to know my birth,  
 And mad'st a question, if of heaven or earth,)  
 This earth hath bred me; and my father's name  
 Alcinous is, that in the power and frame  
 Of this isle's rule is supereminent." 305

Thus, passing him, she to the virgins went,  
 And said: " Give stay both to your feet and fright.  
 Why thus disperse ye for a man's mere sight?  
 Esteem you him a Cyclop, that long since  
 Made use to prey upon our citizens? 310  
 This man no moist man is, (nor wat'rish thing,  
 That's ever flitting, ever ravishing  
 All it can compass; and, like it, doth range  
 In rape of women, never stay'd in change)  
 This man is truly manly, wise, and stay'd, 315  
 In soul more rich the more to sense decay'd,  
 Who nor will do, nor suffer to be done,  
 Acts lewd and abject; nor can such a one

<sup>311</sup> Διερός βροτός. Cui vitalis vel sensualis humiditas inest.  
 βροτός α ῥέω, ut dicatur quasi ῥοτός, i. e. ὁ ἐν ῥοῇ ὢν, quod nihil  
 sit magis fluxum quam homo.—CHAPMAN.

<sup>315</sup> Ἀνὴρ virili animo præditus, fortis, magnanimus. Nor are  
 those affirmed to be men, qui servile quidpiam et abjectum faciunt,  
 vel, facere sustinent: according to this of Herodotus in Polym.  
 πολλοὶ μὲν ἄνθρωποι εἶεν, ὀλίγοι δὲ ἄνδρες. Many men's  
 forms sustain, but few are men.—CHAPMAN.

Greet the Phæacians with a mind envious,  
 Dear to the Gods they are, and he is pious. 320  
 Besides, divided from the world we are,  
 The out-part of it, billows circular  
 The sea revolving round about our shore ;  
 Nor is there any man that enters more  
 Than our own countrymen, with what is brought 325  
 From other countries. This man, minding nought  
 But his relief, a poor unhappy wretch,  
 Wrack'd here, and hath no other land to fetch,  
 Him now we must provide for. From Jove come  
 All strangers, and the needy of a home, 330  
 Who any gift, though ne'er so small it be,  
 Esteem as great, and take it gratefully.  
 And therefore, virgins, give the stranger food,  
 And wine ; and see ye bathe him in the flood,  
 Near to some shore to shelter most inclin'd. 335  
*To cold bath bathers hurtful is the wind,*  
 Not only rugged making th' outward skin,  
 But by his thin powers pierceth parts within.  
 This said, their flight in a return they set,  
 And did Ulysses with all grace entreat, 340  
 Show'd him a shore, wind-proof, and full of shade,  
 By him a shirt and utter mantle laid,  
 A golden jug of liquid oil did add,  
 Bad wash, and all things as Nausicaa bad.  
 Divine Ulysses would not use their aid ; 345  
 But thus bespake them : " Every lovely maid,

320 According to another translator :

*" Ab Jove nam supplex pauper procedit et hospes,  
 Res brevis, at chara est, magni quoque muneris instar."*

Which I cite to show his good when he keeps him to the original,  
 and near in any degree expounds it.—CHAPMAN.

Let me entreat to stand a little by,  
 That I, alone, the fresh flood may apply  
 To cleanse my bosom of the sea-wrought brine,  
 And then use oil, which long time did not shine 350  
 On my poor shoulders. I'll not wash in sight  
 Of fair-hair'd maidens. I should blush outright,  
 To bathe all bare by such a virgin light."

They moved, and mused a man had so much grace,  
 And told their mistress what a man he was. 355

He cleans'd his broad soil'd shoulders, back, and head,  
 Yet never tam'd, but now had foam and weed  
 Knit in the fair curls. Which dissolv'd, and he  
 Slick'd all with sweet oil, the sweet charity  
 The untouch'd virgin show'd in his attire 360  
 He cloth'd him with. Then Pallas put a fire,  
 More than before, into his sparkling eyes,  
 His late soil set off with his soon fresh guise.  
 His locks, cleans'd, curl'd the more, and match'd, in power  
 To please an eye, the hyacinthian flower. 365  
 And as a workman, that can well combine  
 Silver and gold, and make both strive to shine,  
 As being by Vulcan, and Minerva too,  
 Taught how far either may be urg'd to go  
 In strife of eminence, when work sets forth 370  
 A worthy soul to bodies of such worth,

<sup>347</sup> He taught their youths modesty by his aged judgment. As receiving the custom of maids then used to that entertainment of men, notwithstanding the modesty of that age, could not be corrupted inwardly, for those outward kind observations of guests and strangers, and was therefore privileged. It is easy to avoid show; and those, that most curiously avoid the outward construction, are ever most tainted with the inward corruption.—CHAPMAN.

<sup>359</sup> *Slickt*—sleeked, made smooth.

No thought reproving th' act, in any place,  
Nor Art no debt to Nature's liveliest grace ;  
So Pallas wrought in him a grace as great  
From head to shoulders, and ashore did seat 375  
His goodly presence. To which such a guise  
He show'd in going, that it ravish'd eyes.  
All which continued, as he sat apart,  
Nausicaa's eye struck wonder through her heart,  
Who thus bespake her consorts : " Hear me, you 380  
Fair-wristed virgins ! This rare man, I know,  
Treads not our country earth, against the will  
Of some God, throned on the Olympian hill.  
He show'd to me, till now, not worth the note,  
But now he looks as he had godhead got. 385  
I would to heaven my husband were no worse,  
And would be call'd no better, but the course  
Of other husbands pleas'd to dwell out here.  
Observe and serve him with our utmost cheer."

She said ; they heard, and did. He drunk and eat  
Like to a harpy, having touch'd no meat 391  
A long before time. But Nausicaa now  
Thought of the more grace she did lately vow,  
Had horse to chariot join'd, and up she rose,  
Up cheer'd her guest, and said : " Guest, now dispose  
Yourself for town, that I may let you see 396  
My father's court, where all the peers will be  
Of our Phæacian state. At all parts, then,  
Observe to whom and what place y' are t' attain ;  
Though I need usher you with no advice, 400  
Since I suppose you absolutely wise.  
While we the fields pass, and men's labours there,  
So long, in these maids' guides, directly bear

Upon my chariot (I must go before  
 For cause that after comes, to which this more 405  
 Be my induction) you shall then soon end  
 Your way to town, whose towers you see ascend  
 To such a steepness. On whose either side  
 A fair port stands, to which is nothing wide  
 An enterer's passage ; on whose both hands ride 410  
 Ships in fair harbours ; which once past, you win  
 The goodly market-place (that circles in  
 A fane to Neptune, built of curious stone,  
 And passing ample) where munition,  
 Gables, and masts, men make, and polish'd oars ; 415  
 For the Phæacians are not conquerors  
 By bows nor quivers ; oars, masts, ships they are  
 With which they plough the sea, and wage their war.  
 And now the cause comes why I lead the way,  
 Not taking you to coach : The men, that sway 420  
 In work of those tools that so fit our state,  
 Are rude mechanicals, that rare and late  
 Work in the market-place ; and those are they  
 Whose bitter tongues I shun, who straight would say,  
 (For these vile vulgars are extremely proud, 425  
 And foully-*languag'd*) ' What is he, allowed  
 To coach it with Nausicaa, so large set,  
 And fairly fashion'd ? Where were these two met ?  
 He shall be sure her husband. She hath been  
 Gadding in some place, and, of foreign men 430  
 Fitting her fancy, kindly brought him home

<sup>407</sup> The city's description so far forth as may in part, induce her promised reason, why she took not Ulysses to coach with her.—CHAPMAN.

<sup>415</sup> *Gables*—cables.

<sup>422</sup> *Rare*—early. Still in use in the West of England.

In her own ship. He must, of force, be come  
From some far region ; we have no such man.  
It may be, praying hard, when her heart ran  
On some wish'd husband, out of heaven some God 435  
Dropp'd in her lap ; and there lies she at road  
Her complete life time. But, in sooth, if she,  
Ranging abroad, a husband, such as he  
Whom now we saw, laid hand on, she was wise,  
For none of all our nobles are of prize 440  
Enough for her ; he must beyond sea come,  
That wins her high mind, and will have her home.  
Of our peers many have importuned her,  
Yet she will none.' Thus these folks will confer  
Behind my back ; or, meeting, to my face 445  
The foul-mouth rout dare put home this disgrace.  
And this would be reproaches to my fame,  
For, even myself just anger would inflame,  
If any other virgin I should see,  
Her parents living, keep the company 450  
Of any man to any end of love,  
Till open nuptials should her act approve.  
And therefore hear me, guest, and take such way,  
That you yourself may compass, in your stay,  
Your quick deduction by my father's grace, 455  
And means to reach the root of all your race.

We shall, not far out of our way to town,  
A never-fell'd grove find, that poplars crown,  
To Pallas sacred, where a fountain flows,  
And round about the grove a meadow grows, 460  
In which my father holds a manor house,  
Deck'd all with orchards, green, and odorous,

<sup>435</sup> *Lies at road*—i. e. is moored.

As far from town as one may hear a shout.  
 There stay, and rest your foot-pains, till full out  
 We reach the city ; where, when you may guess 465  
 We are arriv'd, and enter our access  
 Within my father's court, then put you on  
 For our Phæacian state, where, to be shown  
 My father's house, desire. Each infant there  
 Can bring you to it ; and yourself will clear 470  
 Distinguish it from others, for no shows  
 The city buildings make compar'd with those  
 That king Alcinous' seat doth celebrate.  
 In whose roofs, and the court (where men of state,  
 And suitors sit and stay) when you shall hide, 475  
 Straight pass it, ent'ring further, where abide  
 My mother, with her withdrawn housewiferies,  
 Who still sits in the fire-shine, and applies  
 Her rock, all purple, and of pompous show,  
 Her chair plac'd 'gainst a pillar, all a-row 480  
 Her maids behind her set ; and to her here  
 My father's dining throne looks, seated where  
 He pours his choice of wine in, like a God.  
 This view once past, for th' end of your abode,  
 Address suit to my mother, that her mean 485  
 May make the day of your redition seen,  
 And you may frolic straight, though far away  
 You are in distance from your wished stay.  
 For, if she once be won to wish you well,  
 Your hope may instantly your passport seal, 490  
 And thenceforth sure abide to see your friends,  
 Fair house, and all to which your heart contends."

This said, she used her shining scourge, and lash'd

479 *Rock*—distaff.

496 *Reditio*—(Lat.) return.

Her mules, that soon the shore left where she wash'd,  
 And, knowing well the way, their pace was fleet,      495  
 And thick they gather'd up their nimble feet.  
 Which yet she temper'd so, and used her scourge  
 With so much skill, as not to over-urge  
 The foot behind, and make them straggle so  
 From close society. Firm together go      500  
 Ulysses and her maids. And now the sun  
 Sunk to the waters, when they all had won  
 The never-fell'd, and sound-exciting, wood,  
 Sacred to Pallas ; where the god-like good  
 Ulysses rested, and to Pallas pray'd :      505

“ Hear me, of goat-kept Jove th' unconquer'd Maid !  
 Now throughly hear me, since, in all the time  
 Of all my wrack, my prayers could never climb  
 Thy far-off ears ; when noiseful Neptune toss'd  
 Upon his watry bristles my emboss'd      510  
 And rock-torn body. Hear yet now, and deign  
 I may of the Phæacian state obtain  
 Pity, and grace.” Thus pray'd he, and she heard,  
 By no means yet, exposed to sight, appear'd,  
 For fear t' offend her uncle, the supreme      515  
 Of all the Sea-Gods, whose wrath still extreme  
 Stood to Ulysses, and would never cease,  
 Till with his country shore he crown'd his peace.

<sup>497</sup> Not without some little note of our omnisufficient Homer's general touch of the least fitness lying in his way, may this courtly discretion he describes in Nausicaa be observed, if you please.—CHAPMAN.

<sup>506</sup> More of our Poet's curious and sweet piety.—CHAPMAN.

<sup>510</sup> *Emboss'd*—covered with foam. Chapman here uses a hunting term. When the deer foamed at the mouth from fatigue, it was said to be *embossed*.





## THE SEVENTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

### THE ARGUMENT.

NAUSICAA arrives at town;  
And then Ulysses. He makes known  
His suit to Arete; who view  
Takes of his vesture, which she knew,  
And asks him from whose hands it came.  
He tells, with all the hapless frame  
Of his affairs in all the while  
Since he forsook Calypso's isle.

### ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

*Hra.* The honour'd minds,  
And welcome things,  
Ulysses finds  
In Scheria's kings.



HUS pray'd the wise and God-observing  
man.

The Maid, by free force of her palfreys,  
wan

Access to town, and the renowned court  
Reach'd of her father; where, within the port,  
She stay'd her coach, and round about her came  
Her brothers, made as of immortal frame,

Who yet disdain'd not, for her love, mean deeds,  
 But took from coach her mules, brought in her weeds.  
 And she ascends her chamber ; where purvey'd  
 A quick fire was by her old chamber-maid, 10  
 Eurymedusa, th' Aperæan born,  
 And brought by sea from Apera t' adorn  
 The court of great Alcinous, because  
 He gave to all the blest Phæacians laws,  
 And, like a heaven-born power in speech, acquired 15  
 The people's ears. To one then so admired,  
 Eurymedusa was esteem'd no worse  
 Than worth the gift, yet now, grown old, was nurse  
 To ivory-arm'd Nausicaa, gave heat  
 To all her fires, and dress'd her privy meat. 20

Then rose Ulysses, and made way to town ;  
 Which ere he reach'd, a mighty mist was thrown  
 By Pallas round about him, in her care,  
 Lest, in the sway of envies popular,  
 Some proud Phæacian might foul language pass, 25  
 Justle him up, and ask him what he was.

Ent'ring the lovely town yet, through the cloud  
 Pallas appear'd, and like a young wench show'd  
 Bearing a pitcher, stood before him so  
 As if objected purposely to know 30  
 What there he needed ; whom he question'd thus :

" Know you not, daughter, where Alcinous,  
 That rules this town, dwells ? I, a poor distress'd  
 Mere stranger here, know none I may request  
 To make this court known to me." She replied : 35

" Strange father, I will see you satisfied

*\* Hæc fuit illius sæculi simplicitas : nam vel fraternus quoque  
 amor tantus fuit, ut libenter hanc redeunti charissime sorori operam  
 præstiterint. Spond.—CHAPMAN.*

In that request. My father dwells just by  
 The house you seek for ; but go silently,  
 Nor ask, nor speak to any other, I  
 Shall be enough to show your way. The men 40  
 That here inhabit do not entertain  
 With ready kindness strangers, of what worth  
 Or state soever, nor have taken forth  
 Lessons of civil usage or respect  
 To men beyond them. They, upon their powers 45  
 Of swift ships building, top the wat'ry towers,  
 And Jove hath given them ships, for sail so wrought,  
 They cut a feather, and command a thought."

This said, she usher'd him, and after he  
 Trod in the swift steps of the Deity. 50  
 The free-sail'd seamen could not get a sight  
 Of our Ulysses yet, though he forthright  
 Both by their houses and their persons past,  
 Pallas about him such a darkness cast  
 By her divine power, and her reverend care, 55  
 She would not give the town-born cause to stare.

He wonder'd, as he past, to see the ports ;  
 The shipping in them ; and for all resorts  
 The goodly market-steads ; and aisles beside  
 For the heroës ; walls so large and wide ; 60  
 Rampires so high, and of such strength withal,  
 It would with wonder any eye appall.

At last they reach'd the court, and Pallas said :  
 " Now, honour'd stranger, I will see obey'd

<sup>48</sup> Νέες ὠκείαι ὡς εἰ πτερόν ἢ ἐ νόημα, *naves veloces veluti penna, atque cogitatio*.—CHAPMAN.

<sup>50</sup> *Market-steads*.—The composition *stead* meant place, thus *girdle-stead, gorget-stead, navel-stead, home-stead*. All which frequently occur in Chapman. *Aisles*—walks, *alleys*.

Your will, to show our ruler's house ; 'tis here ; 65  
 Where you shall find kings celebrating cheer.  
 Enter amongst them, nor admit a fear.  
*More bold a man is, he prevails the more,*  
*Though man nor place he ever saw before.*

You first shall find the queen in court, whose name  
 Is Arete, of parents born the same 71  
 That was the king her spouse ; their pedigree  
 I can report. The great Earth-shaker, he  
 Of Peribœa (that her sex out-shone,  
 And youngest daughter was t' Eurymedon, 75  
 Who of th' unmeasur'd-minded giants sway'd  
 Th' imperial sceptre, and the pride allay'd  
 Of men so impious with cold death, and died  
 Himself soon after) got the magnified  
 In mind, Nausithous ; whom the kingdom's state 80  
 First held in supreme rule. Nausithous gat  
 Rhexenor, and Alcinous, now king.  
 Rhexenor (whose seed did no male fruit spring,  
 And whom the silver-bow-grac'd Phœbus slew  
 Young in the court) his shed blood did renew 85  
 In only Arete, who now is spouse  
 To him that rules the kingdom in this house,  
 And is her uncle king Alcinous,  
 Who honours her past equal. She may boast  
 More honour of him than the honour'd most 90  
 Of any wife in earth can of her lord,  
 How many more soever, realms afford,

<sup>72</sup> For the more perspicuity of this pedigree, I have here set down the diagram, as Spondanus hath it. Neptune begat Nausithous of Peribœa. By Nausithous, Rhexenor, Alcinous, were begot. By Rhexenor, Arete, the wife of her uncle Alcinous.—CHAPMAN.

<sup>90</sup> The honour of Arete (or virtue) alleg.—CHAPMAN.

That keep house under husbands. Yet no more  
 Her husband honours her, than her blest store  
 Of gracious children. All the city cast 95  
 Eyes on her as a Goddess, and give taste  
 Of their affections to her in their prayers,  
 Still as she decks the streets ; for, all affairs  
 Wrapt in contention, she dissolves to men.  
 Whom she affects, she wants no mind to deign 100  
 Goodness enough. If her heart stand inclin'd  
 To your dispatch, hope all you wish to find,  
 Your friends, your longing family, and all  
 That can within your most affections fall."

This said, away the grey-eyed Goddess flew 105  
 Along th' untamed sea, left the lovely hue  
 Scheria presented, out flew Marathon,  
 And ample-streeted Athens lighted on ;  
 Where to the house, that casts so thick a shade,  
 Of Erectheus she ingression made. 110

Ulysses to the lofty-builed court  
 Of king Alcinous made bold resort ;  
 Yet in his heart cast many a thought, before  
 The brazen pavement of the rich court bore  
 His enter'd person. Like heaven's two main lights,  
 The rooms illustrated both days and nights. 116  
 On every side stood firm a wall of brass,  
 Even from the threshold to the inmost pass,  
 Which bore a roof up that all sapphire was.  
 The brazen thresholds both sides did enfold 120  
 Silver pilasters, hung with gates of gold ;  
 Whose portal was of silver ; over which  
 A golden cornice did the front enrich.

109 *Casts so thick a shade*—*πυκινὸς σπῆισος*.—CHAPMAN.

On each side, dogs, of gold and silver framed,  
 The house's guard stood ; which the Deity lamed 125  
 With knowing inwards had inspired, and made  
 That death nor age should their estates invade.

Along the wall stood every way a throne,  
 From th' entry to the lobby, every one  
 Cast over with a rich-wrought cloth of state. 130  
 Beneath which the Phæacian princes sate  
 At wine and food, and feasted all the year.  
 Youths forged of gold, at every table there,  
 Stood holding flaming torches, that, in night,  
 Gave through the house each honour'd guest his light.

And, to encounter feast with housewifery, 136  
 In one room fifty women did apply  
 Their several tasks. Some apple-colour'd corn  
 Ground in fair querns, and some did spindles turn,  
 Some work in looms ; no hand least rest receives, 140  
 But all had motion, apt as aspen leaves.  
 And from the weeds they wove, so fast they laid,  
 And so thick thrust together thread by thread,  
 That th' oil, of which the wool had drunk his fill,  
 Did with his moisture in light dews distill. 145

As much as the Phæacian men excell'd  
 All other countrymen in art to build  
 A swift-sail'd ship ; so much the women there,  
 For work of webs, past other women were.  
 Past mean, by Pallas' means, they understood 150  
 The grace of good works ; and had wits as good.

Without the hall, and close upon the gate,  
 A goodly orchard-ground was situate,

<sup>125</sup> Vulcan.

<sup>130</sup> *Querns*—hand-mills. (Anglo-Sax. *cweorn*.)

Of near ten acres ; about which was led  
 A lofty quickset. In it flourished 155  
 High and broad fruit trees, that pomegranates bore,  
 Sweet figs, pears, olives ; and a number more  
 Most useful plants did there produce their store,  
 Whose fruits the hardest winter could not kill,  
 Nor hottest summer wither. There was still 160  
 Fruit in his proper season all the year.  
 Sweet Zephyr breathed upon them blasts that were  
 Of varied tempers. These he made to bear  
 Ripe fruits, these blossoms. Pear grew after pear,  
 Apple succeeded apple, grape the grape, 165  
 Fig after fig came ; time made never rape  
 Of any dainty there. A spritely vine  
 Spread here his root, whose fruit a hot sunshine  
 Made ripe betimes ; here grew another green.  
 Here some were gathering, here some pressing seen.  
 A large-allotted several each fruit had ; 171  
 And all th' adorn'd grounds their appearance made  
 In flower and fruit, at which the king did aim  
 To the precisest order he could claim.

Two fountains graced the garden ; of which, one 175  
 Pour'd out a winding stream that over-run  
 The grounds for their use chiefly, th' other went  
 Close by the lofty palace gate, and lent  
 The city his sweet benefit. And thus  
 The Gods the court deck'd of Alcinous. 180

Patient Ulysses stood a while at gaze,  
 But, having all observed, made instant pace  
 Into the court ; where all the peers he found,  
 And captains of Phæacia, with cups crown'd,

Offering to sharp-eyed Hermes, to whom last 185  
 They used to sacrifice, when sleep had cast  
 His inclination through their thoughts. But these  
 Ulysses past, and forth went; nor their eyes  
 Took note of him, for Pallas stopp'd the light  
 With mists about him, that, unstay'd, he might 190  
 First to Alcinous, and Arete,  
 Present his person; and, of both them, she,  
 By Pallas counsel, was to have the grace  
 Of foremost greeting. Therefore his embrace  
 He cast about her knee. And then off flew 195  
 The heavenly air that hid him. When his view,  
 With silence and with admiration strook  
 The court quite through; but thus he silence broke:  
 "Divine Rhexenor's offspring, Arete,  
 To thy most honour'd husband, and to thee, 200  
 A man whom many labours have distress'd  
 Is come for comfort, and to every guest.  
 To all whom heaven vouchsafe delightsome lives,  
 And after to your issue that survives  
 A good resignation of the goods ye leave, 205  
 With all the honour that yourselves receive  
 Amongst your people. Only this of me  
 Is the ambition; that I may but see  
 (By your vouchsaf'd means, and betimes vouchsaf'd)  
 My country earth; since I have long been left 210  
 To labours, and to errors, barr'd from end,  
 And far from benefit of any friend."

He said no more, but left them dumb with that,  
 Went to the hearth, and in the ashes sat,

<sup>211</sup> *Errors*—(Latin) wanderings.



Aside the fire. At last their silence brake, 215  
 And Echinëus, th' old heroë, spake ;  
 A man that all Phæacians pass'd in years,  
 And in persuasive eloquence all the peers,  
 Knew much, and used it well ; and thus spake he :

“ Alcinous ! It shews not decently, 220  
 Nor doth your honour what you see admit,  
 That this your guest should thus abjectly sit,  
 His chair the earth, the hearth his cushion,  
 Ashes as if apposed for food. A throne,  
 Adorn'd with due rites, stands you more in hand 225  
 To see his person placed in, and command  
 That instantly your heralds fill in wine,  
 That to the God that doth in lightnings shine  
 We may do sacrifice ; for he is there,  
 Where these his reverend suppliants appear. 230  
 Let what you have within be brought abroad,  
 To sup the stranger. All these would have show'd  
 This fit respect to him, but that they stay  
 For your precedence, that should grace the way.”

When this had added to the well-inclined 235  
 And sacred order of Alcinous' mind,  
 Then of the great-in-wit the hand he seiz'd,  
 And from the ashes his fair person raised,  
 Advanced him to a well-adorned throne,  
 And from his seat raised his most loved son, 240  
 Laodamas, that next himself was set,  
 To give him place. The handmaid then did get  
 An ewer of gold, with water fill'd, which placed  
 Upon a caldron, all with silver graced,  
 She pour'd out on their hands. And then was spread  
 A table, which the butler set with bread, 245

As others served with other food the board,  
 In all the choice the present could afford.  
 Ulysses meat and wine took ; and then thus  
 The king the herald call'd : " Pontonous ! 250  
 Serve wine through all the house, that all may pay  
 Rites to the Lightner, who is still in way  
 With humble suppliants, and them pursues  
 With all benign and hospitable dues."  
 Pontonous gave act to all he will'd, 255  
 And honey-sweetness-giving-minds wine fill'd,  
 Disposing it in cups for all to drink.  
 All having drunk what either's heart could think  
 Fit for due sacrifice, Alcinous said :  
 " Hear me, ye dukes that the Phæacians lead, 260  
 And you our counsellors, that I may now  
 Discharge the charge my mind suggests to you,  
 For this our guest : Feast past, and this night's sleep,  
 Next morn, our senate summon'd, we will keep  
 Justs, sacred to the Gods, and this our guest 265  
 Receive in solemn court with fitting feast ;  
 Then think of his return, that, under hand  
 Of our deduction, his natural land  
 (Without more toil or care, and with delight,  
 And that soon given him, how far hence dissite 270  
 Soever it can be) he may ascend ;  
 And in the mean time without wrong attend,  
 Or other want, fit means to that ascent.  
 What, after, austere Fates shall make th' event

<sup>256</sup> The word that bears this long epithet is translated only *dulce* : which signifies more. *Μελιχρονα οινον ικίονα* : *Vinum quod melleâ dulcedine animum perfundit, et oblectat.*—CHAPMAN.

<sup>265</sup> *Justs*—games, tournaments. (French *jouste*.)

<sup>270</sup> *Dissite*—distant, sundered apart.

<sup>273</sup> Ascent to his country's shore.—CHAPMAN.

Of his life's thread, now spinning, and began 275  
 When his pain'd mother freed his root of man,  
 He must endure in all kinds. If some God  
 Perhaps abides with us in his abode,  
 And other things will think upon than we,  
 The Gods' wills stand, who ever yet were free 280  
 Of their appearance to us, when to them  
 We offer'd hecatombs of fit esteem,  
 And would at feast sit with us, even where we  
 Order'd our session. They would likewise be  
 Encount'ers of us, when in way alone 285  
 About his fit affairs went any one.  
 Nor let them cloak themselves in any care  
 To do us comfort, we as near them are,  
 As are the Cyclops, or the impious race  
 Of earthy giants, that would heaven outface." 290  
 Ulysses answer'd; " Let some other doubt  
 Employ your thoughts than what your words give out,  
 Which intimate a kind of doubt that I  
 Should shadow in this shape a Deity.

<sup>280</sup> Eustathius will have this comparison of the Phæacians with the Giants and Cyclops to proceed out of the inveterate virulency of Antinous to the Cyclops, who were cause (as is before said) of their remove from their country; and with great endeavour labours the approbation of it; but (under his peace) from the purpose: for the sense of the Poet is clear, that the Cyclops and Giants being in part the issue of the Gods, and yet afterward their defiers, (as Polyp. hereafter dares profess) Antinous (out of bold and manly reason, even to the face of one that might have been a God, for the past manly appearance he made there) would tell him, and the rest in him, that if they graced those Cyclops with their open appearance, that, though descended from them, durst yet deny them, they might much more do them the honour of their open presence that adored them.—CHAPMAN.

I bear no such least semblance, or in wit, 295  
Virtue, or person. What may well befit  
One of those mortals, whom you chiefly know  
Bears up and down the burthen of the woe  
Appropriate to poor man, give that to me ;  
Of whose moans I sit in the most degree, 300  
And might say more, sustaining griefs that all  
The Gods consent to ; no one 'twixt their fall  
And my unpitied shoulders letting down  
The least diversion. Be the grace then shown,  
To let me taste your free-given food in peace. 305  
*Through greatest grief the belly must have ease.*  
*Worse than an envious belly nothing is.*  
It will command his strict necessities,  
Of men most grieved in body or in mind,  
That are in health, and will not give their kind 310  
A desperate wound. When most with cause I grieve,  
It bids me still, Eat, man, and drink, and live ;  
And this makes all forgot. Whatever ill  
I ever bear it ever bids me fill.  
But this ease is but forc'd, and will not last, 315  
Till what the mind likes be as well embrac'd ;  
And therefore let me wish you would partake  
In your late purpose ; when the morn shall make  
Her next appearance, deign me but the grace,  
Unhappy man, that I may once embrace 320  
My country earth. Though I be still thrust at  
By ancient ills, yet make me but see that,  
And then let life go, when withal I see  
My high-roof'd large house, lands, and family."  
This all approved ; and each will'd every one, 325  
Since he hath said so fairly, set him gone.

Feast past and sacrifice, to sleep all vow  
Their eyes at either's house. Ulysses now  
Was left here with Alcinous, and his queen,  
The all-loved Arete. The handmaids then 330  
The vessel of the banquet took away.  
When Arete set eye on his array ;  
Knew both his out and under weed, which she  
Made with her maids ; and mused by what means he  
Obtain'd their wearing ; which she made request 335  
To know, and wings gave to these speeches : " Guest !  
First let me ask, what, and from whence you are ?  
And then, who grac'd you with the weeds you wear ?  
Said you not lately, you had err'd at seas,  
And thence arriv'd here ?" Laertides 340  
To this thus answer'd : " 'Tis a pain, O queen,  
Still to be opening wounds wrought deep and green,  
Of which the Gods have opened store in me ;  
Yet your will must be served. Far hence, at sea,  
There lies an isle, that bears Ogygia's name, 345  
Where Atlas' daughter, the ingenious dame,  
Fair-hair'd Calypso lives ; a Goddess grave,  
And with whom men nor Gods society have ;  
Yet I, past man unhappy, lived alone,  
By Heaven's wrath forced, her house companion. 350  
For Jove had with a fervent lightning cleft  
My ship in twain, and far at black sea left  
Me and my soldiers ; all whose lives I lost.  
I in mine arms the keel took, and was tost  
Nine days together up from wave to wave. 355  
The tenth grim night, the angry Deities drave  
Me and my wrack on th' isle, in which doth dwell  
Dreadful Calypso ; who exactly well

Received and nourish'd me, and promise made  
To make me deathless, nor should age invade 360  
My powers with his deserts through all my days.  
All moved not me, and therefore, on her stays,  
Seven years she made me lie; and there spent I  
The long time, steeping in the misery  
Of ceaseless tears the garments I did wear, 365  
From her fair hand. The eighth revolved year  
(Or by her changed mind, or by charge of Jove)  
She gave provok'd way to my wish'd remove,  
And in a many-jointed ship, with wine  
Dainty in savour, bread, and weeds divine, 370  
Sign'd, with a harmless and sweet wind, my pass.  
Then seventeen days at sea I homeward was,  
And by the eighteenth the dark hills appear'd  
That your earth thrusts up. Much my heart was  
cheer'd,

Unhappy man, for that was but a beam, 375  
To show I yet had agonies extreme  
To put in suff'rance, which th' Earth-shaker sent,  
Crossing my way with tempests violent,  
Unmeasured seas up-lifting, nor would give  
The billows leave to let my vessel live 380  
The least time quiet, that even sigh'd to bear  
Their bitter outrage, which, at last, did tear  
Her sides in pieces, set on by the winds.  
I yet through-swum the waves that your shore binds,  
Till wind and water threw me up to it; 385  
When, coming forth, a ruthless billow smit  
Against huge rocks, and an accessless shore,  
My mangl'd body. Back again I bore,

<sup>362</sup> *On her stays*—by her staying me.

And swum till I was fall'n upon a flood,  
 Whose shores, methought, on good advantage stood  
 For my receipt, rock-free, and fenc'd from wind ; 391  
 And this I put for, gathering up my mind.  
 Then the divine night came, and treading earth,  
 Close by the flood that had from Jove her birth,  
 Within a thicket I reposed ; when round 395  
 I ruffled up fall'n leaves in heap ; and found,  
 Let fall from heaven, a sleep interminate.  
 And here my heart, long time excruciate,  
 Amongst the leaves I rested all that night,  
 Even till the morning and meridian light. 400  
 The sun declining then, delightful sleep  
 No longer laid my temples in his steep,  
 But forth I went, and on the shore might see  
 Your daughter's maids play. Like a Deity  
 She shined above them ; and I pray'd to her, 405  
 And she in disposition did prefer  
 Noblesse, and wisdom, no more low than might  
 Become the goodness of a Goddess' height.  
 Nor would you therefore hope, supposed distrest  
 As I was then, and old, to find the least 410  
 Of any grace from her, being younger far.  
*With young folks Wisdom makes her commerce rare.*  
 Yet she in all abundance did bestow  
 Both wine, that makes the blood in humans 'grow,  
 And food, and bath'd me in the flood, and gave 415  
 The weeds to me which now ye see me have.  
 This through my griefs I tell you, and 'tis true."

Alcinous answer'd : " Guest ! my daughter knew

<sup>414</sup> *Αἶθος οἶνος, Vinum calefaciendi vim habens.*—CHAPMAN.

Least of what most you give her ; nor became  
The course she took, to let with every dame 420  
Your person lackey ; nor hath with them brought  
Yourself home too ; which first you had besought."

" O blame her not," said he, " heroical lord,  
Nor let me hear against her worth a word.  
She faultless is, and wish'd I would have gone 425  
With all her women home, but I alone  
Would venture my receipt here, having fear  
And reverend awe of accidents that were  
Of likely issue ; both your wrath to move,  
And to enflame the common people's love 430  
Of speaking ill, to which they soon give place.  
*We men are all a most suspicious race."*

" My guest," said he, " I use not to be stirr'd  
To wrath too rashly ; and where are preferr'd  
To men's conceits things that may both ways fail, 435  
The noblest ever should the most prevail.  
Would Jove our Father, Pallas, and the Sun,  
That, were you still as now, and could but run  
One fate with me, you would my daughter wed,  
And be my son-in-law, still vow'd to lead 440  
Your rest of life here ! I a house would give,  
And household goods, so freely you would live,  
Confined with us. But 'gainst your will shall none  
Contain you here, since that were violence done  
To Jove our father. For your passage home, 445  
That you may well know we can overcome  
So great a voyage, thus it shall succeed :  
To-morrow shall our men take all their heed,  
While you securely sleep, to see the seas  
In calmest temper, and, if that will please, 450



Show you your country and your house ere night,  
 Though far beyond Eubœa be that sight.  
 And this Eubœa, as our subjects say  
 That have been there and seen, is far away,  
 Farthest from us of all the parts they know ; 455  
 And made the trial when they help'd to row  
 The gold-lock'd Rhadamanth, to give him view  
 Of earth-born Tityus ; whom their speeds did show  
 In that far-off Eubœa, the same day  
 They set from hence ; and home made good their way  
 With ease again, and him they did convey. 461  
 Which I report to you, to let you see  
 How swift my ships are, and how matchlessly  
 My young Phæacians with their oars prevail,  
 To beat the sea through, and assist a sail." 465

This cheer'd Ulysses, who in private pray'd :  
 " I would to Jove our Father, what he said,  
 He could perform at all parts ; he should then  
 Be glorified for ever, and I gain  
 My natural country." This discourse they had ; 470  
 When fair-arm'd Arete her handmaids bad  
 A bed make in the portico, and ply  
 With clothes, the covering tapestry,  
 The blankets purple ; well-napp'd waistcoats too,  
 To wear for more warmth. What these had to do, 475  
 They torches took and did. The bed purvey'd,  
 They moved Ulysses for his rest, and said :

" Come guest, your bed is fit, now frame to rest."  
 Motion of sleep was gracious to their guest ;  
 Which now he took profoundly, being laid 480  
 Within a loop-hole tower, where was convey'd

The sounding portico. The king took rest  
 In a retired part of the house ; where drest  
 The queen her self a bed, and trundlebed,  
 And by her lord reposed her reverend head. 485

<sup>484</sup> *Trundle-bed*—this was the same as *truckle-bed*, a small, low bedstead, moving on wheels or castors, which ran in under the principal bed. The allusions to the *trundle-bed* are numerous in old writers. Bp. Hall, in his Satires, says, one of the conditions prescribed to a humble chaplain and tutor in an esquire's family was,

“First that he lie upon the *truckle-bed*,  
 While his young maister lieth o'er his head.”

Warton says, in the Statutes of Corpus Christi Coll. Oxford, given in 1516, the Scholars are ordered to sleep respectively under the beds of the Fellows in a *truckle-bed*, or small bed shifted about on wheels. Similar curious injunctions are given in the Statutes of Magdalen and Trinity Colleges. In an old comedy, “The Return from Parnassus,” acted at Cambridge in 1606, Amoretto says, “When I was in Cambridge, and lay in a *trundle-bed* under my tutor.”—Act II. sc. 6. It was generally appropriated to a servant or attendant.

FINIS LIBRI SEPTIMI HOM. ODYSSE.



## THE EIGHTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

### THE ARGUMENT.

The peers of the Phæacian State  
A council call, to console  
Ulysses with all means for home.  
The council to a banquet come,  
Invited by the king. Which done,  
Assays for hurling of the stone  
The youths make with the stranger king.  
Demodocus, at feast, doth sing  
Th' adultery of the God of Arms  
With Her that rules in amorous charms;  
And after sings the entercourse  
Of acts about th' Epæan horse.

### ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

*Θῆρα.* The council's frame  
At fleet applied.  
In strifes of game  
Ulysses tried.



OW when the rosy-finger'd Morn arose,  
The sacred power Alcinous did dispose  
Did likewise rise; and, like him, left his  
ease

The city-razer Laertiades.

The Council at the navy was design'd;  
To which Alcinous, with the sacred mind,

Came first of all. On polish'd stones they sate,  
 Near to the navy. To increase the state,  
 Minerva took the herald's form on her,  
 That served Alcinous, studious to prefer 10  
 Ulysses' suit for home. About the town  
 She made quick way, and fill'd with the renown  
 Of that design the ears of every man,  
 Proclaiming thus: "Peers Phæacensian!  
 And men of council, all haste to the court, 15  
 To hear the stranger that made late resort  
 To king Alcinous, long time lost at sea,  
 And is in person like a Deity."

This all their powers set up, and spirit instill'd,  
 And straight the court and seats with men were fill'd.  
 The whole state wonder'd at Laertes' son, 21  
 When they beheld him. Pallas put him on  
 A supernatural and heavenly dress,  
 Enlarged him with a height, and goodliness  
 In breast and shoulders, that he might appear 25  
 Gracious, and grave, and reverend, and bear  
 A perfect hand on his performance there  
 In all the trials they resolv'd t' impose.

All met, and gather'd in attention close,  
 Alcinous thus bespake them: "Dukes, and lords, 30  
 Hear me digest my hearty thoughts in words.  
 This stranger here, whose travels found my court,  
 I know not, nor can tell if his resort  
 From east or west comes; but his suit is this:  
 That to his country earth we would dismiss 35  
 His hither-forced person, and doth bear  
 The mind to pass it under every peer;

<sup>37</sup> *To pass it under every peer, &c.*—desires to lay it before every peer, for his assistance, advice, &c.

Whom I prepare, and stir up, making known  
 My free desire of his deduction.  
 Nor shall there ever any other man 40  
 That tries the goodness Phæacensian  
 In me, and my court's entertainment, stay,  
 Mourning for passage, under least delay.  
 Come then, a ship into the sacred seas,  
 New-built, now launch we ; and from out our prease 45  
 Choose two and fifty youths, of all, the best  
 To use an oar. All which see straight impress'd,  
 And in their oar-bound seats. Let others hie  
 Home to our court, commanding instantly  
 The solemn preparation of a feast, 50  
 In which provision may for any guest  
 Be made at my charge. Charge of these low things  
 I give our youth. You, sceptre-bearing kings,  
 Consort me home, and help with grace to use  
 This guest of ours ; no one man shall refuse. 55  
 Some other of you haste, and call to us  
 The sacred singer, grave Demodocus,  
 To whom hath God given song that can excite  
 The heart of whom he listeth with delight."  
 This said, he led. The sceptre-bearers lent 60  
 Their free attendance ; and with all speed went  
 The herald for the sacred man in song.  
 Youths two and fifty, chosen from the throng,  
 Went, as was will'd, to the untam'd sea's shore ;  
 Where come, they launch'd the ship, the mast it bore  
 Advanc'd, sails hoised, every seat his oar 66  
 Gave with a leather thong. The deep moist then  
 They further reach'd. The dry streets flow'd with men,

<sup>39</sup> *Deduction*—conveyance home. See *infra*, 202.

That troop'd up to the king's capacious court,  
Whose porticos were chok'd with the resort, 70  
Whose walls were hung with men, young, old, thrust  
there

In mighty concourse ; for whose promis'd cheer  
Alcinous slew twelve sheep, eight white-tooth'd swine,  
Two crook-haunch'd beeves ; which flay'd and dress'd,  
divine

The show was of so many a jocund guest, 75  
All set together at so set a feast.

To whose accomplish'd state the herald then  
The lovely singer led ; who past all mean  
The Muse affected, gave him good, and ill,  
His eyes put out, but put in soul at will. 80

His place was given him in a chair all grac'd  
With silver studs, and 'gainst a pillar placed ;  
Where, as the centre to the state, he rests,  
And round about the circle of the guests.

The herald on a pin above his head 85  
His soundful harp hung, to whose height he led  
His hand for taking of it down at will,  
A board set by with food, and forth did fill  
A bowl of wine, to drink at his desire.

The rest then fell to feast, and, when the fire 90  
Of appetite was quench'd, the Muse inflam'd  
The sacred singer. Of men highest fam'd  
He sung the glories, and a poem penn'd,  
That in applause did ample heaven ascend.

Whose subject was, the stern Contention 95  
Betwixt Ulysses and great Thetis' son,  
As, at a banquet sacred to the Gods,  
In dreadful language they express'd their odds.

When Agamemnon sat rejoic'd in soul  
 To hear the Greek peers jar in terms so foul ; 100  
 For augur Phœbus in presage had told  
 The king of men (desirous to unfold  
 The war's perplex'd end, and being therefore gone  
 In heavenly Pythia to the porch of stone,)  
 That then the end of all griefs should begin 105  
 'Twixt Greece, and Troy, when Greece (with strife to win  
 That wish'd conclusion) in her kings should jar,  
 And plead, if force or wit must end the war.

This brave Contention did the poet sing,  
 Expressing so the spleen of either king, 110  
 That his large purple weed Ulysses held  
 Before his face and eyes, since thence distill'd  
 Tears uncontain'd ; which he obscur'd, in fear  
 To let th' observing presence note a tear.  
 But, when his sacred song the mere divine 115  
 Had given an end, a goblet crown'd with wine  
 Ulysses, drying his wet eyes, did seize,  
 And sacrificed to those Gods that would please  
 T' inspire the poet with a song so fit  
 To do him honour, and renown his wit. 120  
 His tears then stay'd. But when again began,  
 By all the kings' desires, the moving man,  
 Again Ulysses could not choose but yield  
 To that soft passion, which again, withheld,  
 He kept so cunningly from sight, that none, 125  
 Except Alcinous himself alone,

<sup>115</sup> *Mere*—entire. This word occurs so frequently in both the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, that there will be no further necessity to notice it.

<sup>117</sup> The continued piety of Ulysses through all places, times, and occasions.—CHAPMAN.

Discern'd him mov'd so much. But he sat next,  
 And heard him deeply sigh ; which his pretext  
 Could not keep hid from him. Yet he conceal'd  
 His utterance of it, and would have it held 130  
 From all the rest, brake off the song, and this  
 Said to those oar-affecting peers of his :

“ Princes, and peers ! We now are satiate  
 With sacred song that fits a feast of state,  
 With wine and food. Now then to field, and try 135  
 In all kinds our approv'd activity,  
 That this our guest may give his friends to know,  
 In his return, that we as little owe  
 To fights and wrestlings, leaping, speed of race,  
 As these our court-rites ; and commend our grace 140  
 In all to all superior.” Forth he led,  
 The peers and people troop'd up to their head.  
 Nor must Demodocus be left within ;  
 Whose harp the herald hung upon the pin,  
 His hand in his took, and abroad he brought 145  
 The heavenly poet, out the same way wrought  
 That did the princes, and what they would see  
 With admiration, with his company  
 They wish'd to honour. To the place of game  
 These throng'd ; and after routs of other came, 150  
 Of all sort, infinite. Of youths that strove,  
 Many and strong rose to their trial's love.  
 Up rose Acroneus, and Ocyalus,  
 Elatreus, Prymneus, and Anchialus,

<sup>154</sup> Since the Phæacians were not only dwellers by sea, but studious also of sea qualities : their names seem to usurp their faculties therein. All consisting of sea-faring signification, except Laodamas. As Acroneus, *summa seu extrema navis pars*. Ocyalus, *velox in mari*. Elatreus, or Ἐλατῆρ, Ἐλατῆρος, *Remex*, &c.—CHAPMAN.



Nauteus, Eretmeus, Thoon, Proreus, 155  
 Ponteus, and the strong Amphialus  
 Son to Tectonides Polyneus.  
 Up rose to these the great Euryalus,  
 In action like the Homicide of War.  
 Naubolides, that was for person far 160  
 Past all the rest, but one he could not pass,  
 Nor any thought improve, Laodamas.  
 Up Anabesineus then arose ;  
 And three sons of the Sceptre-state, and those  
 Were Halius, the fore-praised Laodamas, 165  
 And Clytoneus like a God in grace.  
 These first the foot-game tried, and from the lists  
 Took start together. Up the dust in mists  
 They hurl'd about, as in their speed they flew ;  
 But Clytoneus first of all the crew 170  
 A stitch's length in any fallow field  
 Made good his pace ; when, where the judges yield  
 The prise and praise, his glorious speed arriv'd.  
 Next, for the boisterous wrestling game they striv'd ;  
 At which Euryalus the rest outshone. 175  
 At leap Amphialus. At the hollow stone  
 Elatreus excell'd. At buffets, last,  
 Laodamas, the king's fair son, surpast.

When all had striv'd in these assays their fill,  
 Laodamas said : " Come friends, let's prove what skill  
 This stranger hath attain'd to in our sport. 181  
 Methinks, he must be of the active sort,  
 His calves, thighs, hands, and well-knit shoulders show  
 That Nature disposition did bestow  
 To fit with fact their form. Nor wants he prime. 185

<sup>159</sup> Mars.

<sup>164</sup> *Sceptre-state*—king, viz. Alcinous.

But sour affliction, made a mate with time,  
 Makes time the more seen. Nor imagine I,  
 A worse thing to enforce debility  
 Than is the sea, though nature ne'er so strong  
 Knits one together." "Nor conceive you wrong," 190  
 Replied Euryalus, "but prove his blood  
 With what you question." In the midst then stood  
 Renown'd Laodamas, and prov'd him thus :

"Come, stranger father, and assay with us  
 Your powers in these contentions. If your show 195  
 Be answer'd with your worth, 'tis fit that you  
 Should know these conflicts. Nor doth glory stand  
 On any worth more, in a man's command,  
 Than to be strenuous both of foot and hand.  
 Come then, make proof with us, discharge your mind  
 Of discontentments ; for not far behind 201  
 Comes your deduction, ship is ready now,  
 And men, and all things." "Why," said he, "dost thou  
 Mock me, Laodamas, and these strifes bind  
 My powers to answer ? I am more inclin'd 205  
 To cares than conflict. Much sustain'd I have,  
 And still am suffering. I come here to crave,  
 In your assemblies, means to be dismiss'd,  
 And pray both kings and subjects to assist."

Euryalus an open brawl began, 210  
 And said : "I take you, sir, for no such man  
 As fits these honour'd strifes. A number more  
 Strange men there are that I would choose before.  
 To one that loves to lie a ship-board much,

<sup>202</sup> The word is *πομπή* signifying: *deductio, qua transvehendum curamus eum qui nobiscum aliquandiu est versatus.*

CHAPMAN.

Or is the prince of sailors ; or to such 215  
 As traffic far and near, and nothing mind  
 But freight, and passage, and a foreright wind ;  
 Or to a victualler of a ship ; or men  
 That set up all their powers for rampant gain ;  
 I can compare, or hold you like to be : 220  
 But, for a wrestler, or of quality  
 Fit for contentions noble, you abhor  
 From worth of any such competitor.”  
 Ulysses, frowning, answer'd : “ Stranger, far  
 Thy words are from the fashions regular 225  
 Of kind, or honour. Thou art in thy guise  
 Like to a man that authors injuries.  
 I see, the Gods to all men give not all  
 Manly addiction, wisdom, words that fall,  
 Like dice, upon the square still. Some man takes 230  
 Ill form from parents, but God often makes  
 That fault of form up with observ'd repair  
 Of pleasing speech, that makes him held for fair,  
 That makes him speak securely, makes him shine  
 In an assembly with a grace divine. 235  
 Men take delight to see how evenly lie  
 His words astep in honey modesty.  
 Another, then, hath fashion like a God,  
 But in his language he is foul and broad.  
 And such art thou. A person fair is given, 240  
 But nothing else is in thee sent from heaven ;  
 For in thee lurks a base and earthy soul,  
 And t' hast compell'd me, with a speech most foul,  
 To be thus bitter. I am not unseen  
 In these fair strifes, as thy words overween, 245

227 Ἀτάσθαλος *damnorum magnorum auctor*.—CHAPMAN.

But in the first rank of the best I stand ;  
At least I did, when youth and strength of hand  
Made me thus confident, but now am worn  
With woes and labours, as a human born  
To bear all anguish. Suffer'd much I have. 250  
The war of men, and the inhuman wave,  
Have I driven through at all parts. But with all  
My waste in sufferance, what yet may fall  
In my performance, at these strifes I'll try.  
Thy speech hath mov'd, and made my wrath run  
high."

This said, with robe and all, he grasp'd a stone, 256  
A little graver than was ever thrown  
By these Phæacians in their wrestling rout,  
More firm, more massy ; which, turn'd round about,  
He hurried from him with a hand so strong 260  
It sung, and flew, and over all the throng,  
That at the others' marks stood, quite it went ;  
Yet down fell all beneath it, fearing spent  
The force that drove it flying from his hand,  
As it a dart were, or a walking wand ; 265  
And far past all the marks of all the rest  
His wing stole way ; when Pallas straight impress'd  
A mark at fall of it, resembling then  
One of the navy-given Phæacian men,  
And thus advanc'd Ulysses : " One, though blind, 270  
O stranger, groping, may thy stone's fall find,  
For not amidst the rout of marks it fell,  
But far before all. Of thy worth think well,  
And stand in all strifes. No Phæacian here  
This bound can either better or come near." 275

<sup>257</sup> *Graver*—(Latin) heavier.

Ulysses joy'd to hear that one man yet  
 Used him benignly, and would truth abet  
 In those contentions ; and then thus smooth  
 He took his speech down : " Reach me that now, youth,  
 You shall, and straight, I think, have one such more, 280  
 And one beyond it too. And now, whose core  
 Stands sound and great within him, since ye have  
 Thus put my spleen up, come again and brave  
 The guest ye tempted, with such gross disgrace,  
 At wrestling, buffets, whirlbat, speed of race ; 285  
 At all, or either, I except at none,  
 But urge the whole state of you ; only one,  
 I will not challenge in my forced boast,  
 And that's Laodamas, for he's mine host.  
 And who will fight, or wrangle, with his friend ? 290  
 Unwise he is, and base, that will contend  
 With him that feeds him, in a foreign place ;  
 And takes all edge off from his own sought grace.  
 None else except I here, nor none despise,  
 But wish to know, and prove his faculties, 295  
 That dares appear now. No strife ye can name  
 Am I unskill'd in ; reckon any game  
 Of all that are, as many as there are  
 In use with men. For archery I dare  
 Affirm myself not mean. Of all a troop 300  
 I'll make the first foe with mine arrow stoop,

<sup>281</sup> *Core*—(Fr. cœur) heart.

<sup>280</sup> He names Laodamas only for all the other brothers ; since in his exception, the other's envies were curbed : for brothers either are or should be of one acceptation in all fit things. And Laodamas, he calls his host, being eldest son to Alcinous : the heir being ever the young master ; nor might he conveniently prefer Alcinous in his exception, since he stood not in competition at these contentions.—CHAPMAN.

Though with me ne'er so many fellows bend  
 Their bows at mark'd men, and affect their end.  
 Only was Philoctetes with his bow  
 Still my superior, when we Greeks would show 305  
 Our archery against our foes of Troy.  
 But all, that now by bread frail life enjoy,  
 I far hold my inferiors. Men of old,  
 None now alive shall witness me so bold,  
 To vaunt equality with, such men as these, 310  
 Œchalian Eurytus, Hercules,  
 Who with their bows durst with the Gods contend ;  
 And therefore caught Eurytus soon his end,  
 Nor died at home, in age, a reverend man,  
 But by the great incensed Delphian 315  
 Was shot to death, for daring competence  
 With him in all an archer's excellence.  
 A spear I'll hurl as far as any man  
 Shall shoot a shaft. How at a race I can  
 Bestir my feet, I only yield to fear, 320  
 And doubt to meet with my superior here.  
 So many seas so too much have misused  
 My limbs for race, and therefore have diffused  
 A dissolution through my loved knees."  
 This said, he still'd all talking properties ; 325  
 Alcinous only answer'd : " O my guest,  
 In good part take we what you have been prest  
 With speech to answer. You would make appear  
 Your virtues therefore, that will still shine where  
 Your only look is. Yet must this man give 330  
 Your worth ill language ; when, he does not live  
 In sort of mortals (whencesoe'er he springs,

315 Apollo.

327 *Prest.*—See Bk. ix. 124.

That judgment hath to speak becoming things)  
 That will deprave your virtues. Note then now  
 My speech, and what my love presents to you, 335  
 That you may tell heroës, when you come  
 To banquet with your wife and birth at home,  
 (Mindful of our worth) what deservings Jove  
 Hath put on our parts likewise, in remove  
 From sire to son, as an inherent grace 340  
 Kind, and perpetual. We must needs give place  
 To other countrymen, and freely yield  
 We are not blameless in our fights of field,  
 Buffets, nor wrestlings; but in speed of feet,  
 And all the equipage that fits a fleet, 345  
 We boast us best; for table ever spread  
 With neighbour feasts, for garments varied,  
 For poesy, music, dancing, baths, and beds.  
 And now, Phæacians, you that bear your heads  
 And feet with best grace in enamouring dance, 350  
 Enflame our guest here, that he may advance  
 Our worth past all the world's to his home friends,  
 As well for the unmatch'd grace that commends  
 Your skill in footing of a dance, as theirs  
 That fly a race best. And so, all affairs, 355  
 At which we boast us best, he best may try,  
 As sea-race, land-race, dance, and poesy.  
 Some one with instant speed to court retire,  
 And fetch Demodocus's soundful lyre."

This said the God-graced king; and quick resort 360  
 Pontonous made for that fair harp to court.

Nine of the lot-choos'd public rulers rose,  
 That all in those contentions did dispose,  
 Commanding a most smooth ground, and a wide,

And all the people in fair game aside.

365

Then with the rich harp came Pontonous,  
And in the midst took place Demodocus.

About him then stood forth the choice young men,  
That on man's first youth made fresh entry then,

Had art to make their natural motion sweet, 370

And shook a most divine dance from their feet,  
That twinkled star-like, mov'd as swift, and fine,  
And beat the air so thin, they made it shine.

Ulysses wonder'd at it, but amaz'd

He stood in mind to hear the dance so phras'd. 375

For, as they danc'd, Demodocus did sing,  
The bright-crown'd Venus' love with Battle's King;  
As first they closely mixed in th' house of fire.

What worlds of gifts won her to his desire,

Who then the night-and-day-bed did defile 380

Of good king Vulcan. But in little while

The Sun their mixture saw, and came and told.

The bitter news did by his ears take hold

Of Vulcan's heart. Then to his forge he went,

And in his shrewd mind deep stuff did invent. 385

His mighty anvil in the stock he put,

And forged a net that none could lose or cut,

That when it had them it might hold them fast.

Which having finish'd, he made utmost haste

Up to the dear room where his wife he woo'd, 390

And, madly wrath with Mars, he all bestrow'd

The bed, and bed-posts, all the beam above

That cross'd the chamber; and a circle strove

<sup>368</sup> *Μαρμαρυγὰς ποδῶν*. *Μαρμαρυγή* signifies *splendor vibrans*; a twinkled splendor: *μαρμαρύσσειν*, *vibrare veluti radios solares*.—CHAPMAN.



Of his device to wrap in all the room.  
 And 'twas as pure, as of a spider's loom 395  
 The woof before 'tis woven. No man nor God  
 Could set his eye on it, a sleight so odd  
 His art show'd in it. All his craft bespent  
 About the bed, he feign'd as if he went  
 To well-built Lemnos, his most loved town 400  
 Of all towns earthly ; nor left this unknown  
 To golden-bridle-using Mars, who kept  
 No blind watch over him, but, seeing stept  
 His rival so aside, he hasted home  
 With fair-wreath'd Venus' love stung, who was come  
 New from the court of her most mighty Sire. 406  
 Mars enter'd, wrung her hand, and the retire  
 Her husband made to Lemnos told, and said :  
 " Now, love, is Vulcan gone, let us to bed,  
 He's for the barbarous Sintians." Well appay'd 410  
 Was Venus with it ; and afresh assay'd  
 Their old encounter. Down they went ; and straight  
 About them cling'd the artificial sleight  
 Of most wise Vulcan ; and were so ensnar'd,  
 That neither they could stir their course prepar'd 415  
 In any limb about them, nor arise.  
 And then they knew, they would no more disguise  
 Their close conveyance, but lay, forc'd, stone still.  
 Back rush'd the both-foot-cook'd, but straight in skill,  
 From his near scout-hole turn'd, nor ever went 420  
 To any Lemnos, but the sure event  
 Left Phœbus to discover, who told all.  
 Then home hopp'd Vulcan, full of grief and gall,

<sup>419</sup> *Both-foot-cook'd.*—Perhaps we ought to read *both-foot-crook'd.*

Stood in the portal, and cried out so high,  
That all the Gods heard: "Father of the sky 425  
And every other deathless God," said he,  
"Come all, and a ridiculous object see,  
And yet not sufferable neither. Come,  
And witness how, when still I step from home,  
Lame that I am, Jove's daughter doth profess 430  
To do me all the shameful offices,  
Indignities, despites, that can be thought;  
And loves this all-things-making-come-to-nought,  
Since he is fair forsooth, foot-sound, and I  
Took in my brain a little, legg'd awry; 435  
And no fault mine, but all my parent's fault,  
Who should not get, if mock me, with my halt.  
But see how fast they sleep, while I, in moan,  
Am only made an idle looker on.  
One bed their turn serves, and it must be mine; 440  
I think yet, I have made their self-loves shine.  
They shall no more wrong me, and none perceive;  
Nor will they sleep together, I believe,  
With too hot haste again. Thus both shall lie  
In craft, and force, till the extremity 445  
Of all the dower I gave her sire (to gain  
A dogged set-fac'd girl, that will not stain  
Her face with blushing, though she shame her head)  
He pays me back. She's fair, but was no maid."  
While this long speech was making, all were come  
To Vulcan's wholly-brazen-founded home, 451  
Earth-shaking Neptune, useful Mercury,  
And far-shot Phœbus. No She-Deity,  
For shame, would show there. All the give-good Gods  
Stood in the portal, and past periods 455

Gave length to laughters, all rejoic'd to see  
 That which they said, that no impiety  
 Finds good success at th' end. "And now," said one,  
 "The slow outgoes the swift. Lame Vulcan, known  
 To be the slowest of the Gods, outgoes 460  
 Mars the most swift. And this is that which grows  
 To greatest justice: that adult'ry's sport,  
 Obtain'd by craft, by craft of other sort  
 (And lame craft too) is plagued, which grieves the more,  
 That sound limbs turning lame the lame restore." 465

This speech amongst themselves they entertain'd,  
 When Phœbus thus ask'd Hermes: "Thus enchain'd  
 Wouldst thou be Hermes, to be thus disclosed?  
 Though with thee golden Venus were reposed?"

He soon gave that an answer: "O," said he, 470  
 "Thou king of archers, would 'twere thus with me.  
 Though thrice so much shame; nay, though infinite  
 Were pour'd about me, and that every light,  
 In great heaven shining, witness'd all my harms,  
 So golden Venus slumber'd in mine arms." 475

The Gods again laugh'd; even the Wat'ry State  
 Wrung out a laughter, but propitiate  
 Was still for Mars, and pray'd the God of Fire  
 He would dissolve him, offering the desire  
 He made to Jove to pay himself, and said, 480  
 All due debts should be by the Gods repaid.

"Pay me, no words," said he, "where deeds lend  
 pain,  
 Wretched the words are given for wretched men.

<sup>465</sup> Intending the sound of foot, when they outgo the soundest.

CHAPMAN.

<sup>476</sup> Watery State—Neptune.

How shall I bind you in th' Immortals' sight,  
If Mars be once loos'd, nor will pay his right?" 485

"Vulcan," said he, "if Mars should fly, nor see  
Thy right repaid, it should be paid by me."

"Your word, so given, I must accept," said he.  
Which said, he loos'd them. Mars then rush'd from sky,  
And stoop'd cold Thrace. The laughing Deity 490  
For Cyprus was, and took her Paphian state,  
Where she a grove, ne'er cut, had consecrate,  
All with Arabian odours fum'd, and hath  
An altar there, at which the Graces bathe,  
And with immortal balms besmooth her skin, 495  
Fit for the bliss Immortals solace in;  
Deck'd her in to-be-studied attire,  
And apt to set beholders' hearts on fire.

This sung the sacred muse, whose notes and words  
The dancers' feet kept as his hands his cords. 500  
Ulysses much was pleased, and all the crew.

This would the king have varied with a new  
And pleasing measure, and performed by  
Two, with whom none would strive in dancery;  
And those his sons were, that must therefore dance 505  
Alone, and only to the harp advance,  
Without the words. And this sweet couple was  
Young Halius, and divine Laodamas;  
Who danc'd a ball dance. Then the rich-wrought  
ball,  
That Polybus had made, of purple all, 510  
They took to hand. One threw it to the sky,  
And then danc'd back; the other, capering high,

<sup>485</sup> This is τὸ τὰ μικρὰ μέγας, &c. *Parva magnè dicere*;  
grave sentence out of lightest vapour.—CHAPMAN.

Would surely catch it ere his foot touch'd ground,  
 And up again advanc'd it, and so found  
 The other cause of dance ; and then did he 515  
 Dance lofty tricks, till next it came to be  
 His turn to catch, and serve the other still.  
 When they had kept it up to either's will,  
 They then danced ground tricks, oft mix'd hand in  
 hand,

And did so gracefully their change command, 520  
 That all the other youth that stood at pause,  
 With deaf'ning shouts, gave them the great applause.

Then said Ulysses : " O, past all men here  
 Clear, not in power, but in desert as clear,  
 You said your dancers did the world surpass, 525  
 And they perform it clear, and to amaze."

This won Alcinous' heart, and equal prize  
 He gave Ulysses, saying : " Matchless wise,  
 Princes and rulers, I perceive our guest,  
 And therefore let our hospitable best 530  
 In fitting gifts be given him : Twelve chief kings  
 There are that order all the glorious things  
 Of this our kingdom ; and, the thirteenth, I  
 Exist, as crown to all. Let instantly  
 Be thirteen garments given him, and of gold 535  
 Precious, and fine, a talent. While we hold  
 This our assembly, be all fetch'd, and given,  
 That to our feast prepar'd, as to his heaven,  
 Our guest may enter. And, that nothing be  
 Left unperform'd that fits his dignity, 540  
 Euryalus shall here conciliate  
 Himself with words and gifts, since past our rate  
 He gave bad language." This did all commend

And give in charge ; and every king did send  
His herald for his gift. Euryalus, 545  
Answering for his part, said : “ Alcinous !  
Our chief of all, since you command, I will  
To this our guest by all means reconcile,  
And give him this entirely-metall’d sword,  
The handle massy silver, and the board 550  
That gives it cover all of ivory,  
New, and in all kinds worth his quality.”

This put he straight into his hand, and said :  
“ Frolic, O guest and father ; if words fled 555  
Have been offensive, let swift whirlwinds take  
And ravish them from thought. May all Gods make  
Thy wife’s sight good to thee, in quick retreat  
To all thy friends, and best-loved breeding seat,  
Their long miss quitting with the greater joy ;  
In whose sweet vanish all thy worst annoy.” 560

“ And frolic thou to all height, friend,” said he,  
“ Which heaven confirm with wish’d felicity ;  
Nor ever give again desire to thee  
Of this sword’s use, which with affects so free,  
In my reclaim, thou hast bestow’d on me.” 565

This said, athwart his shoulders he put on  
The right fair sword ; and then did set the sun.  
When all the gifts were brought, which back again  
(With king Alcinous in all the train)  
Were by the honour’d heralds borne to court ; 570  
Which his fair sons took, and from the resort  
Laid by their reverend mother. Each his throne  
Of all the peers (which yet were overshone  
In king Alcinous’ command) ascended ;  
Whom he to pass as much in gifts contended, 575

And to his queen said : " Wife ! See brought me here  
 The fairest cabinet I have, and there  
 Impose a well-cleans'd in, and utter, weed.  
 A caldron heat with water, that with speed  
 Our guest well bath'd, and all his gifts made sure, 580  
 It may a joyful appetite procure  
 To his succeeding feast, and make him hear  
 The poet's hymn with the securer ear.  
 To all which I will add my bowl of gold,  
 In all frame curious, to make him hold 585  
 My memory always dear, and sacrifice  
 With it at home to all the Deities."

Then Arete her maids charg'd to set on  
 A well-sized caldron quickly. Which was done,  
 Clear water pour'd in, flame made so entire, 590  
 It gilt the brass, and made the water fire.  
 In mean space, from her chamber brought the queen  
 A wealthy cabinet, where, pure and clean,  
 She put the garments, and the gold bestow'd  
 By that free state, and then the other vow'd 595  
 By her Alcinous, and said : " Now, guest,  
 Make close and fast your gifts, lest, when you rest  
 A-ship-board sweetly, in your way you meet  
 Some loss, that less may make your next sleep sweet."

This when Ulysses heard, all sure he made, 600  
 Enclosed and bound safe ; for the saving trade  
 The reverend-for-her-wisdom, Circe, had  
 In foreyears taught him. Then the handmaid bad  
 His worth to bathing ; which rejoic'd his heart,  
 For since he did with his Calypso part, 605  
 He had no hot baths ; none had favour'd him,  
 Nor been so tender of his kingly limb.

But all the time he spent in her abode,  
He lived respected as he were a God.

Cleans'd then and balm'd, fair shirt and robe put on,  
Fresh come from bath, and to the feasters gone, 611  
Nausicaa, that from the Gods' hands took  
The sovereign beauty of her blessed look,  
Stood by a well-carv'd column of the room,  
And through her eye her heart was overcome 615  
With admiration of the port impress'd  
In his aspect, and said: "God save you, guest!  
Be cheerful, as in all the future state  
Your home will show you in your better fate.  
But yet, even then, let this remember'd be, 620  
Your life's price I lent, and you owe it me."

The varied-in-all-counsels gave reply:  
"Nausicaa! Flower of all this empery!  
So Juno's husband, that the strife for noise  
Makes in the clouds, bless me with strife of joys, 625  
In the desired day that my house shall show,  
As I, as I to a Goddess there shall vow,  
To thy fair hand that did my being give,  
Which I'll acknowledge every hour I live."

This said, Alcinous plac'd him by his side. 630  
Then took they feast, and did in parts divide  
The several dishes, fill'd out wine, and then  
The strived-for-for-his-worth of worthy men,  
And reverenc'd-of-the-state, Demodocus  
Was brought in by the good Pontonous. 635  
In midst of all the guests they gave him place,  
Against a lofty pillar, when this grace

<sup>633</sup> *Ἐπίτηρον ἀοιδόν, Poetam cujus hominibus digna est societas.*  
CHAPMAN.



The grac'd-with-wisdom did him : From the chine,  
 That stood before him, of a white-tooth'd swine,  
 Being far the daintiest joint, mixed through with fat,  
 He carv'd to him, and sent it where he sat 641  
 By his old friend the herald, willing thus :  
 " Herald, reach this to grave Demodocus,  
 Say, I salute him, and his worth embrace.  
 Poets deserve, past all the human race, 645  
 Reverend respect and honour, since the queen  
 Of knowledge, and the supreme worth in men,  
 The Muse, informs them, and loves all their race."

This reach'd the herald to him, who the grace  
 Received encouraged ; which, when feast was spent, 650  
 Ulysses amplified to this ascent :

" Demodocus ! I must prefer you far,  
 Past all your sort, if, or the Muse of war,  
 Jove's daughter, prompts you, that the Greeks respects,  
 Or if the Sun, that those of Troy affects. 655  
 For I have heard you, since my coming, sing  
 The fate of Greece to an admired string.  
 How much our suff'rance was, how much we wrought,  
 How much the actions rose to when we fought.  
 So lively forming, as you had been there, 660  
 Or to some free relater lent your ear.  
 Forth then, and sing the wooden horse's frame,  
 Built by Epeus, by the martial Dame  
 Taught the whole fabric ; which, by force of sleight,  
 Ulysses brought into the city's height, 665  
 When he had stuff'd it with as many men  
 As levell'd lofty Ilion with the plain.  
 With all which if you can as well enchant,  
 As with expression quick and elegant

You sung the rest, I will pronounce you clear      670  
Inspired by God, past all that ever were."

This said, even stirr'd by God up, he began,  
And to his song fell, past the form of man,  
Beginning where the Greeks aship-board went,  
And every chief had set on fire his tent,      675  
When th' other kings, in great Ulysses guide,  
In Troy's vast market place the horse did hide,  
From whence the Trojans up to Ilion drew  
The dreadful engine. Where sat all arew  
Their kings about it ; many counsels given      680  
How to dispose it. In three ways were driven  
Their whole distractions. First, if they should feel  
The hollow wood's heart, search'd with piercing steel ;  
Or from the battlements drawn higher yet  
Deject it headlong ; or that counterfeit      685  
So vast and novel set on sacred fire,  
Vow'd to appease each anger'd Godhead's ire.  
On which opinion, they, thereafter, saw,  
They then should have resolved ; th' unalter'd law  
Of fate presaging, that Troy then should end,      690  
When th' hostile horse she should receive to friend,  
For therein should the Grecian kings lie hid,  
To bring the fate and death they after did.

He sung, besides, the Greeks' eruption  
From those their hollow crafts, and horse forgone ;      695  
And how they made depopulation tread  
Beneath her feet so high a city's head.  
In which affair, he sung in other place,  
That of that ambush some man else did race  
The Ilion towers than Laertiades ;      700

But here he sung, that he alone did seize,  
 With Menelaus, the ascended roof  
 Of prince Deiphobus, and Mars-like proof  
 Made of his valour, a most dreadful fight  
 Daring against him ; and there vanquish'd quite, 705  
 In little time, by great Minerva's aid,  
 All Ilion's remnant, and Troy level laid.  
 This the divine expressor did so give  
 Both act and passion, that he made it live,  
 And to Ulysses' facts did breathe a fire 710  
 So deadly quick'ning, that it did inspire  
 Old death with life, and render'd life so sweet,  
 And passionate, that all there felt it fleet ;  
 Which made him pity his own cruelty,  
 And put into that ruth so pure an eye 715  
 Of human frailty, that to see a man  
 Could so revive from death, yet no way can  
 Defend from death, his own quick powers it made  
 Feel there death's horrors, and he felt life fade  
 In tears his feeling brain swet ; for, in things 720  
 That move past utterance, tears ope all their springs.  
 Nor are there in the powers that all life bears  
 More true interpreters of all than tears.  
 And as a lady mourns her sole-loved lord,  
 That fall'n before his city by the sword, 725  
 Fighting to rescue from a cruel fate  
 His town and children, and in dead estate

701 As by the divine fury directly inspired so, for Ulysses' glory.—CHAPMAN.

711 In that the slaughters he made were expressed so lively.  
CHAPMAN.

720 Τῆκετο 'Οδυσσεύς. Τῆκω, metaph. signifying, *consumo*, *tabesco*.—CHAPMAN.

Yet panting seeing him, wraps him in her arms,  
Weeps, shrieks, and pours her health into his arms,  
Lies on him, striving to become his shield 730  
From fœcs that still assail him, spears impell'd  
Through back and shoulders, by whose points embrued,  
They raise and lead him into servitude,  
Labour, and languor; for all which the dame  
Eats down her cheeks with tears, and feeds life's flame  
With miserable suff'rance; so this king 736  
Of tear-swet anguish op'd a boundless spring;  
Nor yet was seen to any one man there  
But king Alcinous, who sat so near  
He could not 'scape him, sighs, so choked, so brake  
From all his tempers; which the king did take 741  
Both note and grave respect of, and thus spake:  
"Hear me, Phæacian counsellors and peers,  
And cease Demodocus; perhaps all ears  
Are not delighted with his song, for, ever 745  
Since the divine Muse sung, our guest hath never  
Contain'd from secret mournings. It may fall,  
That something sung he hath been grieved withal,  
As touching his particular. Forbear,  
That feast may jointly comfort all hearts here, 750  
And we may cheer our guest up; 'tis our best  
In all due honour. For our reverend guest  
Is all our celebration, gifts, and all,  
His love hath added to our festival.  
A guest, and suppliant too, we should esteem 755  
Dear as our brother, one that doth but dream  
He hath a soul, or touch but at a mind

<sup>729</sup> *Pours her health into his arms.*—So the folio. It is one of Chapman's interpolations, and to me unintelligible. Should we read, "*pours her health into his harms*"?

Deathless and manly, should stand so inclined.  
 Nor cloak you longer with your curious wit,  
 Loved guest, what ever we shall ask of it. 760  
 It now stands on your honest state to tell,  
 And therefore give your name, nor more conceal  
 What of your parents, and the town that bears  
 Name of your native, or of foreigners  
 That near us border, you are call'd in fame. 765  
 There's no man living walks without a name,  
 Noble nor base, but had one from his birth  
 Imposed as fit as to be borne. What earth,  
 People, and city, own you, give to know.  
 Tell but our ships all, that your way must show. 770  
 For our ships know th' expressed minds of men,  
 And will so most intently retain  
 Their scopes appointed, that they never err,  
 And yet use never any man to steer,  
 Nor any rudders have, as others need. 775  
 They know men's thoughts, and whither tends their speed,  
 And there will set them; for you cannot name  
 A city to them, nor fat soil, that Fame  
 Hath any notice given, but well they know,  
 And will fly to them, though they ebb and flow 780  
 In blackest clouds and nights; and never bear  
 Of any wrack or rock the slend'rest fear.  
 But this I heard my sire Nausithous say  
 Long since, that Neptune, seeing us convey

777 This *τεπατολογία* or *affirmation of miracles*, how impossible soever in these times assured, yet in those ages they were neither absurd nor strange. Those inanimate things having (it seemed) certain Genii, in whose powers, they supposed, their ships faculties. As others have affirmed oaks to have sense of hearing; and so the ship of Argos was said to have a mast made of Dodonean oak, that was vocal, and could speak.—CHAPMAN.

So safely passengers of all degrees, 785  
 Was angry with us ; and upon our seas  
 A well-built ship we had, near harbour come  
 From safe deduction of some stranger home,  
 Made in his fitting billows stick stone still ;  
 And dimm'd our city, like a mighty hill 790  
 With shade cast round about it. This report,  
 The old king made ; in which miraculous sort,  
 If God had done such things, or left undone,  
 At his good pleasure be it. But now, on,  
 And truth relate us, both [from] whence you err'd, 795  
 And to what clime of men would be transferr'd,  
 With all their fair towns, be they as they are,  
 If rude, unjust, and all irregular,  
 Or hospitable, bearing minds that please  
 The mighty Deity. Which one of these 800  
 You would be set at, say, and you are there.  
 And therefore what afflicts you ? Why, to hear  
 The fate of Greece and Ilion, mourn you so ?  
 The Gods have done it ; as to all they do  
 Destine destruction, that from thence may rise 805  
 A poem to instruct posterities.  
 Fell any kinsman before Ilion ?  
 Some worthy sire-in-law, or like-near son,  
 Whom next our own blood and self-race we love ?  
 Or any friend perhaps, in whom did move 810  
 A knowing soul, and no displeasing thing ?  
 Since such a good one is no underling  
 To any brother ; for, what fits true friends,  
 True wisdom is, that blood and birth transcends.

<sup>792</sup> Intending his father Nausithous.—CHAPMAN.

<sup>795</sup> [From].—The metre would require this word.



## THE NINTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

### THE ARGUMENT.

ULYSSES here is first made known ;  
Who tells the stern contention  
His powers did 'gainst the Cicons try ;  
And thence to the Lotophagi  
Extends his conquest ; and from them  
Assays the Cyclop Polypheme,  
And, by the crafts his wits apply,  
He puts him out his only eye.

### ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

'Ιῶρα. The strangely fed  
Lotophagi.  
The Cicons fled.  
The Cyclop's eye.



LYSSESthus resolv'd the king's demands:  
" Alcinous, in whom this empire stands,  
You should not of so natural right disherit  
Your princely feast, as take from it the  
spirit.

To hear a poet, that in accent brings 5  
The Gods' breasts down, and breathes them as he sings,  
Is sweet, and sacred ; nor can I conceive,  
In any common-weal, what more doth give

Note of the just and blessed empery,  
 Than to see comfort universally 10  
 Cheer up the people, when in every roof  
 She gives observers a most human proof  
 Of men's contents. To see a neighbour's feast  
 Adorn it through ; and thereat hear the breast  
 Of the divine Muse ; men in order set ; 15  
 A wine-page waiting ; tables crown'd with meat,  
 Set close to guests that are to use it skill'd ;  
 The cup-boards furnish'd, and the cups still fill'd ;  
 This shows, to my mind, most humanely fair.  
 Nor should you, for me, still the heavenly air, 20  
 That stirr'd my soul so ; for I love such tears  
 As fall from fit notes, beaten through mine ears  
 With repetitions of what heaven hath done,  
 And break from hearty apprehension  
 Of God and goodness, though they show my ill. 25  
 And therefore doth my mind excite me still,  
 To tell my bleeding moan ; but much more now,  
 To serve your pleasure, that to over-flow  
 My tears with such cause may by sighs be driven,  
 Though ne'er so much plagued I may seem by heaven.  
 And now my name ; which way shall lead to all 31  
 My miseries after, that their sounds may fall  
 Through your ears also, and show (having fled  
 So much affliction) first, who rests his head  
 In your embraces, when, so far from home, 35  
 I knew not where t' obtain it resting room.  
 I am Ulysses Laertiades,  
 The fear of all the world for policies,  
 For which my facts as high as heaven resound.  
 I dwell in Ithaca, earth's most renown'd, 40



All over-shadow'd with the shake-leaf hill,  
 Tree-famed Neritus ; whose near confines fill  
 Islands a number, well inhabited,  
 That under my observance taste their bread ;  
 Dulichius, Samos, and the full-of-food 45  
 Zacynthus, likewise graced with store of wood.  
 But Ithaca, though in the seas it lie,  
 Yet lies she so aloft she casts her eye  
 Quite over all the neighbour continent ;  
 Far northward situate, and, being lent 50  
 But little favour of the morn and sun,  
 With barren rocks and cliffs is over-run ;  
 And yet of hardy youths a nurse of name ;  
 Nor could I see a soil, where'er I came,  
 More sweet and wishful. Yet, from hence was I 55  
 Withheld with horror by the Deity,  
 Divine Calypso, in her cavy house,  
 Enflamed to make me her sole lord and spouse.  
 Circe Ææa too, that knowing dame,  
 Whose veins the like affections did enflame, 60  
 Detain'd me likewise. But to neither's love  
 Could I be tempted ; which doth well approve,  
 Nothing so sweet is as our country's earth,  
 And joy of those from whom we claim our birth.  
 Though roofs far richer we far off possess, 65  
 Yet, from our native, all our more is less.

To which as I contended, I will tell  
 The much-distress-conferring facts that fell  
 By Jove's divine prevention, since I set

<sup>41</sup> Εἰνοσίφυλλον, quatientem seu agitantem frondes.—CHAPMAN.

<sup>45</sup> Quædam quibus corpus alitur et vita sustentatur ὕλη appellatur.—CHAPMAN.

<sup>63</sup> Amor patriæ.—CHAPMAN.

<sup>69</sup> Prevention—anticipation.

From ruin'd Troy my first foot in retreat. 70  
 From Ilion ill winds cast me on the coast  
 The Cicons hold, where I employ'd mine host  
 For Ismarus, a city built just by  
 My place of landing ; of which victory  
 Made me expugner. I depeopled it, 75  
 Slew all the men, and did their wives remit,  
 With much spoil taken ; which we did divide,  
 That none might need his part. I then applied  
 All speed for flight ; but my command therein,  
 Fools that they were, could no observance win 80  
 Of many soldiers, who, with spoil fed high,  
 Would yet fill higher, and excessively  
 Fell to their wine, gave slaughter on the shore  
 Cloven-footed beeves and sheep in mighty store.  
 In mean space, Cicons did to Cicons cry, 85  
 When, of their nearest dwellers, instantly  
 Many and better soldiers made strong head,  
 That held the continent, and managed  
 Their horse with high skill, on which they would fight,  
 When fittest cause served, and again alight, 90  
 With soon seen vantage, and on foot contend.  
 Their concourse swift was, and had never end ;  
 As thick and sudden 'twas, as flowers and leaves  
 Dark spring discovers, when she light receives.  
 And then began the bitter Fate of Jove 95  
 To alter us unhappy, which even strove  
 To give us suff'rance. At our fleet we made  
 Enforced stand ; and there did they invade  
 Our thrust-up forces ; darts encounter'd darts,  
 With blows on both sides ; either making parts 100

<sup>94</sup> After night, in the first of the morning.—CHAPMAN.

Good upon either, while the morning shone,  
 And sacred day her bright increase held on,  
 Though much out-match'd in number ; but as soon  
 As Phœbus westward fell, the Cicons won  
 Much hand of us ; six proved soldiers fell, 105  
 Of every ship, the rest they did compell  
 To seek of Flight escape from Death and Fate.

Thence sad in heart we sail'd ; and yet our state  
 Was something cheer'd, that (being o'er-match'd so much  
 In violent number) our retreat was such 110  
 As saved so many. Our dear loss the less,  
 That they survived, so like for like success.  
 Yet left we not the coast, before we call'd  
 Home to our country earth the souls exhal'd  
 Of all the friends the Cicons overcame. 115  
 Thrice call'd we on them by their several name,  
 And then took leave. Then from the angry North  
 Cloud-gathering Jove a dreadful storm call'd forth  
 Against our navy, cover'd shore and all  
 With gloomy vapours. Night did headlong fall 120  
 From frowning heaven. And then hurl'd here and there  
 Was all our navy ; the rude winds did tear  
 In three, in four parts, all their sails ; and down  
 Driven under hatches were we, prest to drown.  
 Up rush'd we yet again, and with tough hand 125  
 (Two days, two nights, entail'd) we gat near land,  
 Labours and sorrows eating up our minds.  
 The third clear day yet, to more friendly winds  
 We masts advanced, we white sails spread, and sate.  
 Forewinds and guides again did iterate 130

<sup>116</sup> The ancient custom of calling home the dead.—CHAPMAN.

<sup>124</sup> *Prest*—ready.

Our ease and home-hopes ; which we clear had reach'd,  
Had not, by chance, a sudden north-wind fetch'd,  
With an extreme sea, quite about again  
Our whole endeavours, and our course constrain  
To giddy round, and with our bow'd sails greet 135  
Dreadful Maleia, calling back our fleet  
As far forth as Cythera. Nine days more  
Adverse winds toss'd me ; and the tenth, the shore,  
Where dwelt the blossom-fed Lotophagi,  
I fetch'd, fresh water took in, instantly 140  
Fell to our food aship-board, and then sent  
Two of my choice men to the continent  
(Adding a third, a herald) to discover  
What sort of people were the rulers over  
The land next to us. Where, the first they met, 145  
Were the Lotophagi, that made them eat  
Their country diet, and no ill intent  
Hid in their hearts to them ; and yet th' event  
To ill converted it, for, having eat  
Their dainty viands, they did quite forget 150  
(As all men else that did but taste their feast)  
Both countrymen and country, nor address'd  
Any return t' inform what sort of men  
Made fix'd abode there, but would needs maintain  
Abode themselves there, and eat that food ever. 155  
I made out after, and was feign to sever  
Th' enchanted knot by forcing their retreat,  
That strived, and wept, and would not leave their meat  
For heaven itself. But, dragging them to fleet,  
I wrapt in sure bands both their hands and feet, 160  
And cast them under hatches, and away  
Commanded all the rest without least stay,

Lest they should taste the lotè too, and forget  
With such strange raptures their despised retreat.

All then aboard, we beat the sea with oars, 165  
And still with sad hearts sail'd by out-way shores,  
Till th' out-law'd Cyclops' land we fetch'd ; a race  
Of proud-lived loiterers, that never sow,  
Nor put a plant in earth, nor use a plow,  
But trust in God for all things ; and their earth, 170  
Unsown, unplow'd, gives every offspring birth  
That other lands have ; wheat, and barley, vines  
That bear in goodly grapes delicious wines ;  
And Jove sends showers for all. No counsels there,  
Nor counsellors, nor laws ; but all men bear 175  
Their heads aloft on mountains, and those steep,  
And on their tops too ; and their houses keep  
In vaulty caves, their households govern'd all  
By each man's law, imposed in several,  
Nor wife, nor child awed, but as he thinks good, 180  
None for another caring. But there stood  
Another little isle, well stored with wood,  
Betwixt this and the entry ; neither nigh  
The Cyclops' isle, nor yet far off doth lie.  
Men's want it suffer'd, but the men's supplies 185  
The goats made with their inarticulate cries.  
Goats beyond number this small island breeds,  
So tame, that no access disturbs their feeds,  
No hunters, that the tops of mountains scale,  
And rub through woods with toil, seek them at all. 190  
Nor is the soil with flocks fed down, nor plow'd,  
Nor ever in it any seed was sow'd.  
Nor place the neighbour Cyclops their delights  
In brave vermilion-prow-deck'd ships ; nor wrights

Useful, and skilful in such works as need 195  
 Perfection to those traffics that exceed  
 Their natural confines, to fly out and see  
 Cities of men, and take in mutually  
 The prease of others ; to themselves they live,  
 And to their island that enough would give 200  
 A good inhabitant ; and time of year  
 Observe to all things art could order there.  
 There, close upon the sea, sweet meadows spring,  
 That yet of fresh streams want no watering  
 To their soft burthens, but of special yield. 205  
 Your vines would be there ; and your common field  
 But gentle work make for your plow, yet bear  
 A lofty harvest when you came to shear ;  
 For passing fat the soil is. In it lies  
 A harbour so opportune, that no ties, 210  
 Halsers, or gables need, nor anchors cast.  
 Whom storms put in there are with stay embraced,  
 Or to their full wills safe, or winds aspire  
 To pilots' uses their more quick desire.  
 At entry of the haven, a silver ford 215  
 Is from a rock-impressing fountain pour'd,  
 All set with sable poplars. And this port  
 Were we arrived at, by the sweet resort  
 Of some God guiding us, for 'twas a night  
 So ghastly dark all port was past our sight, 220  
 Clouds hid our ships, and would not let the moon  
 Afford a beam to us, the whole isle won  
 By not an eye of ours. None thought the blore,  
 That then was up, shov'd waves against the shore,

<sup>212</sup> The description of all these countries have admirable allegories besides their artly and pleasing relation.—CHAPMAN.

That then to an unmeasured height put on ; 225  
 We still at sea esteem'd us, till alone  
 Our fleet put in itself. And then were strook  
 Our gather'd sails ; our rest ashore we took,  
 And day expected. When the morn gave fire,  
 We rose, and walk'd, and did the isle admire ; 230  
 The Nymphs, Jove's daughters, putting up a herd  
 Of mountain goats to us, to render cheer'd  
 My fellow soldiers. To our fleet we flew,  
 Our crooked bows took, long-piled darts, and drew  
 Ourselves in three parts out ; when, by the grace 235  
 That God vouchsafed, we made a gainful chace.  
 Twelve ships we had, and every ship had nine  
 Fat goats allotted [it], ten only mine.  
 Thus all that day, even till the sun was set,  
 We sat and feasted, pleasant wine and meat 240  
 Plenteously taking ; for we had not spent  
 Our ruddy wine aship-board, supplement  
 Of large sort each man to his vessel drew,  
 When we the sacred city overthrew  
 That held the Cicons. Now then saw we near 245  
 The Cyclops' late-praised island, and might hear  
 The murmur of their sheep and goats, and see  
 Their smokes ascend. The sun then set, and we,  
 When night succeeded, took our rest ashore.  
 And when the world the morning's favour wore, 250  
 I call'd my friends to council, charging them  
 To make stay there, while I took ship and stream,  
 With some associates, and explored what men  
 The neighbour isle held ; if of rude disdain,  
 Churlish and tyrannous, or minds bewray'd 255  
 Pious and hospitable. Thus much said,

<sup>238</sup> [It].—The metre requires this word.

I boarded, and commanded to ascend  
 My friends and soldiers, to put off, and lend  
 Way to our ship. They boarded, sat, and beat  
 The old sea forth, till we might see the seat 260  
 The greatest Cyclop held for his abode,  
 Which was a deep cave, near the common road  
 Of ships that touch'd there, thick with laurels spread,  
 Where many sheep and goats lay shadowed ;  
 And, near to this, a hall of torn-up stone, 265  
 High built with pines, that heaven and earth attone,  
 And lofty-fronted oaks ; in which kept house  
 A man in shape immane, and monstrous,  
 Fed all his flocks alone, nor would afford  
 Commerce with men, but had a wit abhorr'd, 270  
 His mind his body answering. Nor was he  
 Like any man that food could possibly  
 Enhance so hugely, but, beheld alone,  
 Show'd like a steep hill's top, all overgrown  
 With trees and brambles ; little thought had I 275  
 Of such vast objects. When, arrived so nigh,  
 Some of my loved friends I made stay aboard,  
 To guard my ship, and twelve with me I shored,  
 The choice of all. I took besides along  
 A goat-skin flagon of wine, black and strong, 280  
 That Maro did present, Evantheus' son,  
 And priest to Phæbus, who had mansion  
 In Thracian Ismarus (the town I took)  
 He gave it me, since I (with reverence strook  
 Of his grave place, his wife and children's good) 285  
 Freed all of violence. Amidst a wood,

266 *Attone*—make one, *at-one*. The reader need hardly be reminded that this is the etymology of *atone*, and *atonement*.



Sacred to Phœbus, stood his house ; from whence  
 He fetch'd me gifts of varied excellence ;  
 Seven talents of fine gold ; a bowl all framed  
 Of massy silver ; but his gift most famed 290  
 Was twelve great vessels, fill'd with such rich wine  
 As was incorruptible and divine.

He kept it as his jewel, which none knew  
 But he himself, his wife, and he that drew.  
 It was so strong, that never any fill'd 295  
 A cup, where that was but by drops instill'd,  
 And drunk it off, but 'twas before allay'd  
 With twenty parts in water ; yet so sway'd  
 The spirit of that little, that the whole  
 A sacred odour breath'd about the bowl. 300  
 Had you the odour smelt and scent it cast,  
 It would have vex'd you to forbear the taste.  
 But then, the taste gain'd too, the spirit it wrought  
 To dare things high set up an end my thought.

Of this a huge great flagon full I bore, 305  
 And, in a good large knapsack, victuals store ;  
 And long'd to see this heap of fortitude,  
 That so illiterate was and upland rude  
 That laws divine nor human he had learn'd.  
 With speed we reach'd the cavern ; nor discern'd 310  
 His presence there, his flocks he fed at field.

Ent'ring his den, each thing beheld did yield  
 Our admiration ; shelves with cheeses heap'd ;  
 Sheds stuff'd with lambs and goats, distinctly kept,  
 Distinct the biggest, the more mean distinct, 315  
 Distinct the youngest. And in their precinct,  
 Proper and placeful, stood the troughs and pails,  
 In which he milk'd ; and what was given at meals,

Set up a creaming ; in the evening still  
All scouring bright as dew upon the hill. 320

Then were my fellows instant to convey  
Kids, cheescs, lambs, aship-board, and away  
Sail the salt billow. I thought best not so,  
But better otherwise ; and first would know,  
What guest-gifts he would spare me. Little knew 325  
My friends on whom they would have prey'd. His view  
Prov'd after, that his inwards were too rough  
For such bold usage. We were bold enough  
In what I suffer'd ; which was there to stay,  
Make fire and feed there, though bear none away. 330  
There sat we, till we saw him feeding come,  
And on his neck a burthen lugging home,  
Most highly huge, of sere-wood, which the pile  
That fed his fire supplied all supper-while.

Down by his den he threw it, and up rose 335  
A tumult with the fall. Afraid, we close  
Withdrew ourselves, while he into a cave  
Of huge receipt his high-fed cattle drave,  
All that he milk'd ; the males he left without  
His lofty roofs, that all bestrow'd about 340

With rams and buck-goats were. And then a rock  
He lift aloft, that damm'd up to his flock  
The door they enter'd ; 'twas so hard to wield,  
That two and twenty waggons, all four-wheel'd,  
(Could they be loaded, and have teams that were 345  
Proportion'd to them) could not stir it there.

Thus making sure, he kneel'd and milk'd his ewes,  
And braying goats, with all a milker's dues ;  
Then let in all their young. Then quick did dress  
His half milk up for cheese, and in a press 350

Of wicker press'd it ; put in bowls the rest,  
To drink and eat, and serve his supping feast.

All works dispatch'd thus, he began his fire ;  
Which blown, he saw us, and did thus inquire : 354  
' Ho ! guests ! What are ye ? Whence sail ye these  
seas ?

Traffic, or rove ye, and like thieves oppress  
Poor strange adventurers, exposing so  
Your souls to danger, and your lives to woe ?

This utter'd he, when fear from our hearts took  
The very life, to be so thunder-strook 360  
With such a voice, and such a monster see ;  
But thus I answer'd : ' Erring Grecians, we  
From Troy were turning homewards, but by force  
Of adverse winds, in far diverted course,  
Such unknown ways took, and on rude seas toss'd, 365  
As Jove decreed, are cast upon this coast.  
Of Agamemnon, famous Atreus' son,  
We boast ourselves the soldiers ; who hath won  
Renown that reacheth heaven, to overthrow  
So great a city, and to ruin so 370  
So many nations. Yet at thy knees lie  
Our prostrate bosoms, forced with prayers to try  
If any hospitable right, or boon  
Of other nature, such as have been won

<sup>368</sup> This his relation of Agamemnon, and his glory and theirs for Troy's sack, with the piety of suppliants' receipt, to him that was so barbarous and impious, must be intended spoken by Ulysses, with supposition that his hearers would note, still as he spake, how vain they would show to the Cyclops ; who respected little Agamemnon, or their valiant exploit against Troy, or the Gods themselves. For otherwise, the serious observation of the words (though good and grave, if spoken to another) want their intentional sharpness and life.—CHAPMAN.

By laws of other houses, thou wilt give. 375  
Reverence the Gods, thou great'st of all that live.  
We supplants are ; and hospitable Jove  
Pours wreak on all whom prayers want power to move,  
And with their plagues together will provide  
That humble guests shall have their wants supplied.'

He cruelly answer'd : ' O thou fool,' said he, 381  
' To come so far, and to importune me  
With any God's fear, or observed love !  
We Cyclops care not for your goat-fed Jove,  
Nor other Bless'd ones ; we are better far. 385  
To Jove himself dare I bid open war,  
To thee, and all thy fellows, if I please.  
But tell me, where's the ship, that by the seas  
Hath brought thee hither ? If far off, or near,  
Inform me quickly.' These his temptings were ; 390  
But I too much knew not to know his mind,  
And craft with craft paid, telling him the wind  
(Thrust up from sea by Him that shakes the shore)  
Had dash'd our ships against his rocks, and tore  
Her ribs in pieces close upon his coast, 395  
And we from high wrack saved, the rest were lost.'

He answer'd nothing, but rush'd in, and took  
Two of my fellows up from earth, and strook  
Their brains against it. Like two whelps they flew  
About his shoulders, and did all embrue 400  
The blushing earth. No mountain lion tore  
Two lambs so sternly, lapp'd up all their gore  
Gush'd from their torn-up bodies, limb by limb  
(Trembling with life yet) ravish'd into him.  
Both flesh and marrow-stuffed bones he eat, 405

393 Neptune.

And even th' uncleansed entrails made his meat.  
 We, weeping, cast our hands to heaven, to view  
 A sight so horrid. Desperation flew,  
 With all our after lives, to instant death,  
 In our believed destruction. But when breath 410  
 The fury of his appetite had got,  
 Because the gulf his belly reach'd his throat,  
 Man's flesh, and goat's milk, laying layer on layer,  
 Till near choked up was all the pass for air,  
 Along his den, amongst his cattle, down 415  
 He rush'd, and streak'd him. When my mind was grown  
 Desperate to step in, draw my sword, and part  
 His bosom where the strings about the heart  
 Circle the liver, and add strength of hand. 419  
 But that rash thought, more stay'd, did countermand,  
 For there we all had perish'd, since it past  
 Our powers to lift aside a log so vast,  
 As barr'd all outscape; and so sigh'd away  
 The thought all night, expecting active day.  
 Which come, he first of all his fire enflames, 425  
 Then milks his goats and ewes, then to their dams  
 Lets in their young, and, wondrous orderly,  
 With manly haste dispatch'd his houswifery.  
 Then to his breakfast, to which other two  
 Of my poor friends went; which eat, out then go 430  
 His herds and fat flocks, lightly putting by  
 The churlish bar, and closed it instantly;  
 For both those works with ease as much he did,  
 As you would ope and shut your quiver lid.  
 With storms of whistlings then his flock he drave 43  
 Up to the mountains; and occasion gave

<sup>416</sup> *Streak'd*—stretched. See Bk. XII. 148.

For me to use my wits, which to their height  
I strived to screw up, that a vengeance might  
By some means fall from thence, and Pallas now  
Afford a full ear to my neediest vow. 440

This then my thoughts preferr'd: A huge club lay  
Close by his milk-house, which was now in way  
To dry and season, being an olive-tree  
Which late he fell'd, and, being green, must be  
Made lighter for his manage. 'Twas so vast, 445

That we resembled it to some fit mast,  
To serve a ship of burthen that was driven  
With twenty oars, and had a bigness given  
To bear a huge sea. Full so thick, so tall,  
We judg'd this club; which I, in part, hew'd small, 450  
And cut a fathom off. The piece I gave

Amongst my soldiers, to take down, and shave;  
Which done, I sharpen'd it at top, and then,  
Harden'd in fire, I hid it in the den  
Within a nasty dunghill reeking there, 455  
Thick, and so moist it issued everywhere.

Then made I lots cast by my friends to try  
Whose fortune served to dare the bored out eye  
Of that man-eater; and the lot did fall  
On four I wish'd to make my aid of all, 460  
And I the fifth made, chosen like the rest.

Then came the even, and he came from the feast  
Of his fat cattle, drave in all, nor kept  
One male abroad; if, or his memory slept  
By God's direct will, or of purpose was 465  
His driving in of all then, doth surpass  
My comprehension. But he closed again  
The mighty bar, milk'd, and did still maintain

All other observation as before.

His work all done, two of my soldiers more 470  
 At once he snatch'd up, and to supper went.  
 Then dared I words to him, and did present  
 A bowl of wine, with these words: ' Cyclop ! take  
 A bowl of wine, from my hand, that may make  
 Way for the man's flesh thou hast eat, and show 475  
 What drink our ship held ; which in sacred vow  
 I offer to thee to take ruth on me  
 In my dismissal home. Thy rages be  
 Now no more sufferable. How shall men,  
 Mad and inhuman that thou art, again 480  
 Greet thy abode, and get thy actions grace,  
 If thus thou ragest, and eat'st up their race.'

He took, and drunk, and vehemently joy'd  
 To taste the sweet cup ; and again employ'd  
 My flagon's powers, entreating more, and said : 485  
 ' Good guest, again afford my taste thy aid,  
 And let me know thy name, and quickly now,  
 That in thy recompense I may bestow  
 A hospitable gift on thy desert,  
 And such a one as shall rejoice thy heart. 490  
 For to the Cyclops too the gentle earth  
 Bears generous wine, and Jove augments her birth,  
 In store of such, with showers ; but this rich wine  
 Fell from the river, that is mere divine,  
 Of nectar and ambrosia.' This again 495  
 I gave him, and again ; nor could the fool abstain,  
 But drunk as often. When the noble juice  
 Had wrought upon his spirit, I then gave use  
 To fairer language, saying : ' Cyclop ! now,  
 As thou demand'st, I'll tell thee my name, do thou 500

Make good thy hospitable gift to me.  
 My name is No-Man ; No-Man each degree  
 Of friends, as well as parents, call my name.'  
 He answer'd, as his cruel soul became :  
 ' No-Man ! I'll eat thee last of all thy friends ;      505  
 And this is that in which so much amends  
 I vow'd to thy deservings, thus shall be  
 My hospitable gift made good to thee.'  
 This said, he upwards fell, but then bent round  
 His fleshy neck ; and Sleep, with all crowns crown'd, 510  
 Subdued the savage. From his throat brake out  
 My wine, with man's flesh gobbets, like a spout,  
 When, loaded with his cups, he lay and snored ;  
 And then took I the club's end up, and gored  
 The burning coal-heap, that the point might heat ; 515  
 Confirm'd my fellow's minds, lest Fear should let  
 Their vow'd assay, and make them fly my aid.  
 Straight was the olive-lever, I had laid  
 Amidst the huge fire to get hardening, hot,      519  
 And glow'd extremely, though 'twas green ; which got  
 From forth the cinders, close about me stood  
 My hardy friends ; but that which did the good  
 Was God's good inspiration, that gave  
 A spirit beyond the spirit they used to have ;  
 Who took the olive spar, made keen before,      525  
 And plunged it in his eye, and up I bore,  
 Bent to the top close, and help'd pour it in,

<sup>505</sup> *No-man*.—It may be necessary to explain to the reader who is unacquainted with the original, that the play is upon the word No-man, Ulysses telling Polyphemus that his name is such. This pun occasions the misconception of his brother Cyclops in lines 560-1. Euripides has adopted the passage in his satyric drama of "*The Cyclops*."



With all my forces. And as you have seen  
 A ship-wright bore a naval beam, he oft  
 Thrusts at the auger's froofe, works still aloft, 530  
 And at the shank help others, with a cord  
 Wound round about to make it sooner bored,  
 All plying the round still; so into his eye  
 The fiery stake we labour'd to imply.  
 Out gush'd the blood that scalded, his eye-ball 535  
 Thrust out a flaming vapour, that scorch'd all  
 His brows and eye-lids, his eye-strings did crack,  
 As in the sharp and burning rafter brake.  
 And as a smith to harden any tool,  
 Broad axe, or mattock, in his trough doth cool 540  
 The red-hot substance, that so fervent is  
 It makes the cold wave straight to seethe and hiss;  
 So sod and hiss'd his eye about the stake.  
 He roar'd withal, and all his cavern brake  
 In claps like thunder. We did frighted fly, 545  
 Dispers'd in corners. He from forth his eye  
 The fixed stake pluck'd; after which the blood  
 Flow'd freshly forth; and, mad, he hurl'd the wood  
 About his hovel. Out he then did cry  
 For other Cyclops, that in caverns by 550  
 Upon a windy promontory dwell'd;  
 Who, hearing how impetuously he yell'd,  
 Rush'd every way about him, and inquired,  
 What ill afflicted him, that he expired  
 Such horrid clamours, and in sacred Night 555  
 To break their sleeps so? Ask'd him, if his fright

<sup>530</sup> *Froofe*.—I cannot understand this word. It is probably a misprint, but for what? *Proof*, *trial*, seems the nearest.

<sup>554</sup> *Expired*—breathed forth.

Came from some mortal that his flocks had driven ?  
 Or if by craft, or might, his death were given ?  
 He answer'd from his den : ' By craft, nor might,  
 No-Man hath given me death.' They then said right,  
 If no man hurt thee, and thyself alone, 561  
 That which is done to thee by Jove is done ;  
 And what great Jove inflicts no man can fly.  
 Pray to thy Father yet, a Deity,  
 And prove, from him if thou canst help acquire.' 565  
 Thus spake they, leaving him ; when all on fire  
 My heart with joy was, that so well my wit  
 And name deceived him ; whom now pain did split,  
 And groaning up and down he groping tried  
 To find the stone, which found, he put aside ; 570  
 But in the door sat, feeling if he could  
 (As his sheep issued) on some man lay hold ;  
 Esteeming me a fool, that could devise  
 No stratagem to 'scape his gross surprise.  
 But I, contending what I could invent 575  
 My friends and me from death so eminent  
 To get deliver'd, all my wiles I wove  
 (Life being the subject) and did this approve :  
 Fat fleecy rams, most fair, and great, lay there,  
 That did a burden like a violet bear. 580  
 These, while this learn'd-in-villany did sleep,  
 I yoked with osiers cut there, sheep to sheep,  
 Three in a rank, and still the mid sheep bore  
 A man about his belly, the two more  
 March'd on his each side for defence. I then, 585  
 Choosing myself the fairest of the den,

<sup>564</sup> Neptune.

<sup>580</sup> Wool of a violet-colour.—CHAPMAN.

His fleecy belly under-crept, embrac'd  
 His back, and in his rich wool wrapt me fast  
 With both my hands, arm'd with as fast a mind.  
 And thus each man hung, till the morning shin'd ; 590  
 Which come, he knew the hour, and let abroad  
 His male-flocks first, the females unmilk'd stood  
 Bleating and braying, their full bags so sore  
 With being unemptied, but their shepherd more  
 With being unsighted ; which was cause his mind 595  
 Went not a milking. He, to wreak inclin'd,  
 The backs felt, as they pass'd, of those male dams,  
 Gross fool ! believing, we would ride his rams !  
 Nor ever knew that any of them bore  
 Upon his belly any man before. 600  
 The last ram came to pass him, with his wool  
 And me together loaded to the full,  
 For there did I hang ; and that ram he stay'd,  
 And me withal had in his hands, my head  
 Troubled the while, not causelessly, nor least. 605  
 This ram he groped, and talk'd to : ' Lazy beast !  
 Why last art thou now ? Thou hast never used  
 To lag thus hindmost, but still first hast bruised  
 The tender blossom of a flower, and held  
 State in thy steps, both to the flood and field, 610  
 First still at fold at even, now last remain ?  
 Dost thou not wish I had mine eye again,  
 Which that abhorr'd man No-Man did put out,  
 Assisted by his execrable rout,  
 When he had wrought me down with wine ? But he  
 Must not escape my wreak so cunningly. 615  
 I would to heaven thou knew'st, and could but speak,  
 To tell me where he lurks now ! I would break

His brain about my cave, strew'd here and there,  
To ease my heart of those foul ills, that were 620  
Th' inflictions of a man I prized at nought.'

Thus let he him abroad ; when I, once brought  
A little from his hold, myself first losed,  
And next my friends. Then drave we, and disposed,  
His straight-legg'd fat fleece-bearers over land, 625  
Even till they all were in my ship's command ;  
And to our loved friends show'd our pray'd-for sight,  
Escaped from death. But, for our loss, outright  
They brake in tears ; which with a look I stay'd,  
And bade them take our boot in. They obey'd, 630  
And up we all went, sat, and used our oars.  
But having left as far the savage shores  
As one might hear a voice, we then might see  
The Cyclop at the haven ; when instantly  
I stay'd our oars, and this insultance used : 635  
' Cyclop ! thou shouldst not have so much abused  
Thy monstrous forces, to oppose their least  
Against a man immortal, and a guest,  
And eat his fellows. Thou mightst know there were  
Some ills behind, rude swain, for thee to bear, 640  
That fear'd not to devour thy guests, and break  
All laws of humans. Jove sends therefore wreak,  
And all the Gods, by me.' This blew the more  
His burning fury ; when the top he tore  
From off a huge rock, and so right a throw 645  
Made at our ship, that just before the prow  
It overflowed and fell, miss'd mast and all  
Exceeding little ; but about the fall  
So fierce a wave it raised, that back it bore

630 Boot—booty.

Our ship so far, it almost touch'd the shore. 650  
 A bead-hook then, a far-extended one,  
 I snatch'd up, thrust hard, and so set us gone  
 Some little way; and straight commanded all  
 To help me with their oars, on pain to fall  
 Again on our confusion. But a sign 655  
 I with my head made, and their oars were mine  
 In all performance. When we off were set,  
 (Then first, twice further) my heart was so great,  
 It would again provoke him, but my men  
 On all sides rush'd about me, to contain, 660  
 And said: 'Unhappy! why will you provoke  
 A man so rude, that with so dead a stroke,  
 Given with his rock-dart, made the sea thrust back  
 Our ship so far, and near hand forced our wrack?  
 Should he again but hear your voice resound, 665  
 And any word reach, thereby would be found  
 His dart's direction, which would, in his fall,  
 Crush piece-meal us, quite split our ship and all;  
 So much dart wields the monster.' Thus urged they  
 Impossible things, in fear; but I gave way 670  
 To that wrath which so long I held depress'd,  
 By great necessity conquer'd, in my breast:  
 'Cyclop! if any ask thee, who imposed  
 Th' unsightly blemish that thine eye enclosed,  
 Say that Ulysses, old Laertes' son, 675  
 Whose seat is Ithaca, and who hath won  
 Surname of city-racer, bored it out.'

At this, he bray'd so loud, that round about

<sup>673</sup> Ulysses' continued insolence, no more to repeat what he said to the Cyclop, than to let his hearers know epithets, and estimation in the world.—CHAPMAN.

He drave affrighted echos through the air,  
 And said : ' O beast ! I was premonish'd fair, 680  
 By aged prophecy, in one that was  
 A great and good man, this should come to pass ;  
 And how 'tis proved now ! Augur Telemus,  
 Surnamed Eurymides (that spent with us  
 His age in augury, and did exceed 685  
 In all presage of truth) said all this deed  
 Should this event take, author'd by the hand  
 Of one Ulysses, who I thought was mann'd  
 With great and goodly personage, and bore  
 A virtue answerable ; and this shore 690  
 Should shake with weight of such a conqueror ;  
 When now a weakling came, a dwarfy thing,  
 A thing of nothing ; who yet wit did bring,  
 That brought supply to all, and with his wine  
 Put out the flame where all my light did shine. 695  
 Come, land again, Ulysses ! that my hand  
 May guest-rites give thee, and the great command,  
 That Neptune hath at sea, I may convert  
 To the deduction where abides thy heart,  
 With my solicitings, whose son I am, 700  
 And whose fame boasts to bear my father's name.  
 Nor think my hurt offends me, for my sire  
 Can soon repose in it the visual fire,  
 At his free pleasure ; which no power beside  
 Can boast, of men, or of the Deified.' 705

I answer'd : ' Would to God I could compel  
 Both life and soul from thee, and send to hell  
 Those spoils of nature ! Hardly Neptune then  
 Could cure thy hurt, and give thee all again.'

703 *Repose*—(Lat.) replace.

Then flew fierce vows to Neptune, both his hands 710  
 To star-born heaven cast: ' O thou that all lands  
 Gird'st in thy ambient circle, and in air  
 Shak'st the curl'd tresses of thy sapphire hair,  
 If I be thine, or thou mayst justly vaunt  
 Thou art my father, hear me now, and grant 715  
 That this Ulysses, old Laertes' son,  
 That dwells in Ithaca, and name hath won  
 Of city-ruiner, may never reach  
 His natural region. Or if to fetch  
 That, and the sight of his fair roofs and friends, 720  
 Be fatal to him, let him that amends  
 For all his miseries, long time and ill,  
 Smart for, and fail of; nor that fate fulfill,  
 Till all his soldiers quite are cast away  
 In others' ships. And when, at last, the day 725  
 Of his sole-landing shall his dwelling show,  
 Let Detriment prepare him wrongs enow.'

Thus pray'd he Neptune; who, his sire, appear'd,  
 And all his prayer to every syllable heard.  
 But then a rock, in size more amplified 730  
 Than first, he ravish'd to him, and implied  
 A dismal strength in it, when, wheel'd about,  
 He sent it after us; nor flew it out  
 From any blind aim, for a little pass  
 Beyond our fore-deck from the fall there was, 735  
 With which the sea our ship gave back upon,  
 And shrunk up into billows from the stone,  
 Our ship again repelling near as near  
 The shore as first. But then our rowers were,

<sup>721</sup> *Fatal*—ordained by fate.

Being warn'd, more arm'd, and stronglier stemm'd the  
flood 740

That bore back on us, till our ship made good  
The other island, where our whole fleet lay,  
In which our friends lay mourning for our stay,  
And every minute look'd when we should land.  
Where, now arrived, we drew up to the sand, 745  
The Cyclops' sheep dividing, that none there  
Of all our privates might be wrung, and bear  
Too much on power. The ram yet was alone  
By all my friends made all my portion  
Above all others ; and I made him then 750  
A sacrifice for me and all my men  
To cloud-compelling Jove that all commands,  
To whom I burn'd the thighs ; but my sad hands  
Received no grace from him, who studied how  
To offer men and fleet to overthrow. 755

All day, till sun-set, yet, we sat and eat,  
And liberal store took in of wine and meat.  
The sun then down, and place resign'd to shade,  
We slept. Morn came, my men I raised, and made  
All go aboard, weigh anchor, and away. 760  
They boarded, sat, and beat the aged sea ;  
And forth we made sail, sad for loss before,  
And yet had comfort since we lost no more.

<sup>751</sup> No occasion let pass to Ulysses' piety in our Poet's  
singular wit and wisdom.—CHAPMAN.





## THE TENTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

### THE ARGUMENT.

ULYSSES now relates to us  
The grace he had with Æolus,  
Great Guardian of the hollow Winds;  
Which in a leather bag he binds,  
And gives Ulysses; all but one,  
Which Zephyr was, who fill'd alone  
Ulysses' sails. The bag once seen,  
While he slept, by Ulysses' men,  
They thinking it did gold enclose,  
To find it, all the winds did loose,  
Who back flew to their Guard again.  
Forth sail'd he; and did next attain  
To where the Læstrygonians dwell.  
Where he eleven ships lost, and fell  
On the Ææan coast, whose shore  
He sends Eurylochus t' explore,  
Dividing with him half his men.  
Who go, and turn no more again,  
All, save Eurylochus, to swine  
By Circe turn'd. Their stays incline  
Ulysses to their search; who got  
Of Mercury an antidote,  
Which moly was, 'gainst Circe's charms,  
And so avoids his soldiers' harms.  
A year with Circe all remain,  
And then their native forms regain.  
On utter shores a time they dwell,  
While Ithacus descends to hell.

## ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

Κάππα. Great Æolus,  
And Circe, friends  
Finds Ithacus;  
And hell descends.



O the Æolian island we attain'd,  
That swum about still on the sea, where  
reign'd

The God-lov'd Æolus Hippotades.

A wall of steel it had ; and in the seas  
A wave-beat-smooth rock moved about the wall. 5  
Twelve children in his house imperial  
Were born to him ; of which six daughters were,  
And six were sons, that youth's sweet flower did bear.  
His daughters to his sons he gave as wives ;  
Who spent in feastful comforts all their lives, 10  
Close seated by their sire and his grave spouse.  
Past number were the dishes that the house  
Made ever savour ; and still full the hall  
As long as day shined ; in the night-time, all  
Slept with their chaste wives, each his fair carved bed  
Most richly furnish'd ; and this life they led. 16

We reach'd the city and fair roofs of these,  
Where, a whole month's time, all things that might please  
The king vouchsafed us ; of great Troy inquired,  
The Grecian fleet, and how the Greeks retired. 20  
To all which I gave answer as behoved.

The fit time come when I dismission moved,  
He nothing would deny me, but address'd  
My pass with such a bounty, as might best  
Teach me contentment ; for he did enfold  
Within an ox-hide, flayed at nine years old, 25

All th' airy blasts that were of stormy kinds.  
 Saturnius made him Steward of his Winds,  
 And gave him power to raise and to assuage.  
 And these he gave me, curb'd thus of their rage, 30  
 Which in a glittering silver band I bound,  
 And hung up in my ship, enclosed so round  
 That no egression any breath could find ;  
 Only he left abroad the Western Wind,  
 To speed our ships, and us with blasts secure. 35  
 But our securities made all unsure ;  
 Nor could he consummate our course alone,  
 When all the rest had got egression ;  
 Which thus succeeded : Nine whole days and nights  
 We sail'd in safety ; and the tenth, the lights 40  
 Borne on our country earth we might descry,  
 So near we drew ; and yet even then fell I,  
 Being overwatch'd, into a fatal sleep,  
 For I would suffer no man else to keep  
 The foot that ruled my vessel's course, to lead 45  
 The faster home. My friends then Envy fed  
 About the bag I hung up, and supposed  
 That gold and silver I had there enclosed,  
 As gift from Æolus, and said : ' O heaven !  
 What grace and grave price is by all men given 50  
 To our commander ! Whatsoever coast  
 Or town he comes to, how much he engrost  
 Of fair and precious prey, and brought from Troy !  
 We the same voyage went, and yet enjoy  
 In our return these empty hands for all. 55  
 This bag, now, Æolus was so liberal

<sup>45</sup> Πόδα νηός—he calls the stern the foot of the ship.

CHAPMAN.

To make a guest-gift to him ; let us try  
Of what consists the fair-bound treasury,  
And how much gold and silver it contains.  
*Ill counsel present approbation gains.* 60  
They oped the bag, and out the vapours brake,  
When instant tempest did our vessel take,  
That bore us back to sea, to mourn anew  
Our absent country. Up amazed I flew,  
And desperate things discoursed ; if I should cast 65  
Myself to ruin in the seas, or taste  
Amongst the living more moan, and sustain ?  
Silent, I did so, and lay hid again  
Beneath the hatches, while an ill wind took  
My ships back to Æolia, my men strook 70  
With woe enough. We pump'd and landed then,  
Took food, for all this ; and of all my men  
I took a herald to me, and away  
Went to the court of Æolus, where they  
Were feasting still ; he, wife, and children, set 75  
Together close. We would not at their meat  
Thrust in ; but humbly on the threshold sat.  
He then, amazed, my presence wonder'd at,  
And call'd to me : ' Ulysses ! How thus back  
Art thou arrived here ? What foul spirit brake 80  
Into thy bosom, to retire thee thus ?  
We thought we had deduction curious  
Given thee before, to reach thy shore and home ;  
Did it not like thee ?' I, even overcome  
With worthy sorrow, answer'd : ' My ill men 85  
Have done me mischief, and to them hath been  
My sleep th' unhappy motive ; but do you,  
Dearest of friends, deign succour to my vow.

Your powers command it.' Thus endeavour'd I  
With soft speech to repair my misery. 90

The rest with ruth sat dumb. But thus spake he:  
'Avaunt, and quickly quit my land of thee,  
Thou worst of all that breathe. It fits not me  
To convoy, and take in, whom Heavens expose.  
Away, and with thee go the worst of woes, 95  
That seek'st my friendship, and the Gods thy foes.'

Thus he dismiss'd me sighing. Forth we sail'd,  
At heart afflicted. And now wholly fail'd  
The minds my men sustain'd, so spent they were  
With toiling at their oars, and worse did bear 100  
Their growing labours; and they caused their grought  
By self-will'd follies; nor now ever thought  
To see their country more. Six nights and days  
We sail'd; the seventh we saw fair Lamos raise  
Her lofty towers, the Læstrigonian state 105  
That bears her ports so far disterninate;  
Where shepherd shepherd calls out, he at home  
Is call'd out by the other that doth come  
From charge abroad, and then goes he to sleep,  
The other issuing; he whose turn doth keep 110

<sup>101</sup> *Grought*—growth. So spelt for rhyme's sake.

<sup>107</sup> This place suffers different construction in all the Commentors; in which all err from the mind of the Poet, as in a hundred other places (which yet I want time to approve) especially about *ἡγνὺς γὰρ νυκτὸς*, &c. *Prope enim noctis et aiei sunt viæ* (or *similiter*, which *ἡγνὺς* signifies) which they will have to be understood, that the days in that region are long, and the nights short; where Homer intends, that the equinoctial is there; for how else is the course of day and night near or equal? But therefore the night's-man hath his double hire, being as long about his charge as the other; and the night being more dangerous, &c. And if the day were so long, why should the night's-man be preferred in wages?

CHAPMAN.

The night observance hath his double hire,  
 Since day and night in equal length expire  
 About that region, and the night's watch weigh'd  
 At twice the day's ward, since the charge that's laid  
 Upon the nights-man (besides breach of sleep) 115  
 Exceeds the days-man's ; for one oxen keep,  
 The other sheep. But when the haven we found,  
 (Exceeding famous, and environ'd round  
 With one continue rock, which so much bent  
 That both ends almost met, so prominent 120  
 They were, and made the haven's mouth passing strait)  
 Our whole fleet in we got ; in whole receipt  
 Our ships lay anchor'd close. Nor needed we  
 Fear harm on any stays, Tranquillity  
 So purely sat there, that waves great nor small 125  
 Did ever rise to any height at all.  
 And yet would I no entry make, but stay'd  
 Alone without the haven, and thence survey'd,  
 From out a lofty watch-tower raised there,  
 The country round about ; nor anywhere 130  
 The work of man or beast appear'd to me,  
 Only a smoke from earth break I might see.  
 I then made choice of two, and added more,  
 A herald for associate, to explore  
 What sort of men lived there. They went, and saw 135  
 A beaten way, through which carts used to draw  
 Wood from the high hills to the town, and met  
 A maid without the port, about to get  
 Some near spring-water. She the daughter was  
 Of mighty Læstrigonian Antiphas, 140

<sup>124</sup> For being cast on the stays, as ships are by weather.

And to the clear spring call'd Artacia went,  
 To which the whole town for their water sent.  
 To her they came, and ask'd who govern'd there,  
 And what the people whom he order'd were ?  
 She answer'd not, but led them through the port, 145  
 As making haste to show her father's court.  
 Where enter'd, they beheld, to their affright,  
 A woman like a mountain-top in height,  
 Who rush'd abroad, and from the counsel place  
 Call'd home her horrid husband Antiphas. 150  
 Who, deadly minded, straight he snatch'd up one,  
 And fell to supper. Both the rest were gone ;  
 And to the fleet came. Antiphas a cry  
 Drave through the city ; which heard, instantly  
 This way and that innumerable sorts, 155  
 Not men, but giants, issued through the ports,  
 And mighty flints from rocks tore, which they threw  
 Amongst our ships ; through which an ill noise flew  
 Of shiver'd ships, and life-expiring men,  
 That were, like fishes, by the monsters slain, 160  
 And borne to sad feast. While they slaughter'd these,  
 That were engaged in all th' advantages  
 The close-mouth'd and most dead-calm haven could

give,

I, that without lay, made some means to live,  
 My sword drew, cut my gables, and to oars 165  
 Set all my men ; and, from the plagues those shores  
 Let fly amongst us, we made haste to fly,  
 My men close working as men loth to die.  
 My ship flew freely off ; but theirs that lay  
 On heaps in harbours could enforce no way 170

<sup>150</sup> Antiphas was king there.—CHAPMAN.

Through these stern fates that had engaged them there.  
 Forth our sad remnant sail'd, yet still retain'd  
 The joys of men, that our poor few remain'd.

Then to the isle *Æsea* we attain'd,  
 Where fair-hair'd, dreadful, eloquent *Circe* reign'd, 175  
*Ææta's* sister both by dame and sire,  
 Both daughters to Heaven's man-enlightning Fire,  
 And *Perse*, whom *Oceanus* begat.  
 The ship-fit port here soon we landed at,  
 Some God directing us. Two days, two nights, 180  
 We lay here pining in the fatal spights  
 Of toil and sorrow; but the next third day  
 When fair *Aurora* had inform'd, quick way  
 I made out of my ship, my sword and lance  
 Took for my surer guide, and made advance 185  
 Up to a prospect; I assay to see  
 The works of men, or hear mortality  
 Expire a voice. When I had climb'd a height,  
 Rough and right hardly accessible, I might  
 Behold from *Circe's* house, that in a grove 190  
 Set thick with trees stood, a bright vapour move.  
 I then grew curious in my thought to try  
 Some fit inquiry, when so spritely fly  
 I saw the yellow smoke; but my discourse  
 A first retiring to my ship gave force, 195  
 To give my men their dinner, and to send  
 (Before th' adventure of myself) some friend.  
 Being near my ship, of one so desolate  
 Some God had pity, and would recreate

<sup>192</sup> *Μερμαίρω*, *curiosè cogito*.—CHAPMAN.

<sup>194</sup> *Αἶθρα καπνόν*. *Αἶθρ* signifying *rutilus*, by reason of the fire mixed with it. *Fumus qui fit dum aliquid accenditur*.

CHAPMAN.



My woes a little, putting up to me 200  
A great and high-palm'd hart, that (fatally,  
Just in my way, itself to taste a flood)  
Was then descending; the sun heat had sure  
Importuned him, besides the temperature  
His natural heat gave. Howsoever, I 205  
Made up to him, and let my javelin fly,  
That struck him through the mid-part of his chine,  
And made him, braying, in the dust confine  
His flying forces. Forth his spirit flew;  
When I stept in, and from the death's wound drew 210  
My shrewdly-bitten lance; there let him lie  
Till I, of cut-up osiers, did imply  
A withe a fathom long, with which his feet  
I made together in a sure league meet,  
Stoop'd under him, and to my neck I heaved 215  
The mighty burden, of which I received  
A good part on my lance, for else I could  
By no means with one hand alone uphold  
(Join'd with one shoulder) such a deathful load.  
And so, to both my shoulders, both hands stood 220  
Needful assistants; for it was a deer  
Goodly-well-grown. When (coming something near  
Where rode my ships) I cast it down, and rear'd  
My friends with kind words; whom by name I cheer'd,  
In note particular, and said: ' See friends, 225  
We will not yet to Pluto's house; our ends  
Shall not be hasten'd, though we be declined  
In cause of comfort, till the day designed  
By Fate's fix'd finger. Come, as long as food  
Or wine lasts in our ship, let's spirit our blood, 230  
And quit our care and hunger both in one.'

This said, they frolick'd, came, and look'd upon  
 With admiration the huge-bodied beast ;  
 And when their first-served eyes had done their feast,  
 They wash'd, and made a to-be-strived-for meal 235  
 In point of honour. On which all did dwell  
 The whole day long. And, to our venison's store,  
 We added wine till we could wish no more.

Sun set, and darkness up, we slept, till light  
 Put darkness down ; and then did I excite 240  
 My friends to counsel, uttering this : ' Now, friends,  
 Afford unpassionate ear ; though ill Fate lends  
 So good cause to your passion, no man knows  
 The reason whence and how the darkness grows ;  
 The reason how the morn is thus begun ; 245  
 The reason how the man-enlight'ning sun  
 Dives under earth ; the reason how again  
 He rears his golden head. Those counsels, then,  
 That pass our comprehension, we must leave  
 To him that knows their causes ; and receive 250  
 Direction from him in our acts, as far  
 As he shall please to make them regular,  
 And stoop them to our reason. In our state  
 What then behoves us ? Can we estimate,  
 With all our counsels, where we are ? Or know 255  
 (Without instruction, past our own skills) how,

<sup>235</sup> Ἐρικυδέα δαΐρα.—CHAPMAN.

<sup>241</sup> The whole end of this counsel was to persuade his soldiers to explore those parts, which he knew would prove a most displeasing motion to them : for their fellows' terrible entertainment with Antiphas, and Polyph. and therefore he prepares the little he hath to say with this long circumstance ; implying a necessity of that service, and necessary resolution to add the trial of the event to their other adventures.

CHAPMAN.

Put off from hence, to steer our course the more ?  
 I think we cannot. We must then explore  
 These parts for information ; in which way  
 We thus far are : Last morn I might display 260  
 (From off a high-rais'd cliff) an island lie  
 Girt with th' unmeasured sea, and is so nigh  
 That in the midst I saw the smoke arise  
 Through tufts of trees. This rests then to advise,  
 Who shall explore this ?' This struck dead their hearts,  
 Rememb'ring the most execrable parts 266  
 That Læstrigonian Antiphas had play'd,  
 And that foul Cyclop that their fellows bray'd  
 Betwixt his jaws ; which moved them so, they cried.  
 But idle tears had never wants supplied. 270  
 I in two parts divided all, and gave  
 To either part his captain. I must have  
 The charge of one ; and one of God-like look,  
 Eurylochus, the other. Lots we shook,  
 Put in a casque together, which of us 275  
 Should lead th' attempt ; and 'twas Eurylochus.  
 He freely went, with two and twenty more ;  
 All which took leave with tears ; and our eyes wore  
 The same wet badge of weak humanity.  
 These in a dale did Circe's house descry, 280  
 Of bright stone built, in a conspicuous way.  
 Before her gates hill-wolves, and lions, lay ;  
 Which with her virtuous drugs so tame she made,  
 That wolf nor lion would one man invade  
 With any violence, but all arose, 285  
 Their huge long tails wagg'd, and in fawns would close,  
 As loving dogs, when masters bring them home  
 Relics of feast, in all observance come,

And soothe their entries with their fawns and bounds,  
 All guests still bringing some scraps for their hounds ;  
 So, on these men, the wolves and lions ramp'd, 291  
 Their horrid paws set up. Their spirits were damp'd  
 To see such monstrous kindness, stay'd at gate,  
 And heard within the Goddess elevate  
 A voice divine, as at her web she wrought, 295  
 Subtle, and glorious, and past earthly thought,  
 As all the housewiferies of Deities are.  
 To hear a voice so ravishingly rare,  
 Polites (one exceeding dear to me,  
 A prince of men, and of no mean degree 300  
 In knowing virtue, in all acts whose mind  
 Discreet cares all ways used to turn, and wind)  
 Was yet surprised with it, and said : ' O friends,  
 Some one abides within here, that commends  
 The place to us, and breathes a voice divine, 305  
 As she some web wrought, or her spindle's twine  
 She cherish'd with her song ; the pavement rings  
 With imitation of the tunes she sings.  
 Some woman, or some Goddess, 'tis. Assay  
 To see with knocking.' Thus said he, and they 310  
 Both knock'd, and call'd ; and straight her shining gates  
 She open'd, issuing, bade them in to cates.  
 Led, and unwise, they follow'd ; all but one,  
 Which was Eurylochus, who stood alone  
 Without the gates, suspicious of a sleight. 315  
 They enter'd, she made sit ; and her deceit  
 She cloak'd with thrones, and goodly chairs of state ;  
 Set herby honey, and the delicate  
 Wine brought from Smyrna, to them ; meal and cheese ;

<sup>301</sup> *Κεδνός, cujus animus curas prudentes versat.*—CHAPMAN.

But harmful venoms she commix'd with these, 320  
 That made their country vanish from their thought.  
 Which eat, she touch'd them with a rod that wrought  
 Their transformation far past human wonts ;  
 Swine's snouts, swine's bodies, took they, bristles, grunts,  
 But still retain'd the souls they had before, 325  
 Which made them mourn their bodies' change the more.  
 She shut them straight in sties, and gave them meat,  
 Oak-mast, and beech, and cornel fruit, they eat,  
 Grovelling like swine on earth, in foulest sort.  
 Eurylochus straight hasted the report 330  
 Of this his fellows' most remorseful fate,  
 Came to the ships, but so excruciate  
 Was with his woe, he could not speak a word,  
 His eyes stood full of tears, which show'd how stored  
 His mind with moan remain'd. We all admired, 335  
 Ask'd what had chanced him, earnestly desired  
 He would resolve us. At the last, our eyes  
 Enflamed in him his fellows' memories,  
 And out his grief burst thus : ' You will'd ; we went  
 Through those thick woods you saw ; when a descent  
 Show'd us a fair house, in a lightsome ground, 341  
 Where, at some work, we heard a heavenly sound  
 Breathed from a Goddess', or a woman's, breast.  
 They knock'd, she oped her bright gates ; each her guest  
 Her fair invitement made ; nor would they stay, 345  
 Fools that they were, when she once led the way.  
 I enter'd not, suspecting some deceit.  
 When all together vanish'd, nor the sight  
 Of any one (though long I look'd) mine eye  
 Could any way discover.' Instantly, 350

<sup>336</sup> Seeing them, he thought of his fellows.—CHAPMAN.

My sword and bow reach'd, I bad show the place,  
When down he fell, did both my knees embrace,  
And pray'd with tears thus : ' O thou kept of God,  
Do not thyself lose, nor to that abode  
Lead others rashly ; both thyself, and all 355  
Thou ventur'st thither, I know well, must fall  
In one sure ruin. With these few then fly ;  
We yet may shun the others' destiny.'

I answer'd him : ' Eurylochus ! Stay thou,  
And keep the ship then, eat and drink ; I now 360  
Will undertake th' adventure ; there is cause  
In great Necessity's unalter'd laws.'

This said, I left both ship and seas, and on  
Along the sacred valleys all alone  
Went in discovery, till at last I came 365  
Where of the main-medicine-making Dame  
I saw the great house ; where encounter'd me,  
The golden-rod-sustaining Mercury,  
Even entering Circe's doors. He met me in  
A young man's likeness, of the first-flower'd chin, 370  
Whose form hath all the grace of one so young.  
He first call'd to me, then my hand he wrung,  
And said : ' Thou no-place-finding-for-repose,  
Whither, alone, by these hill-confines, goes  
Thy erring foot ? Th' art entering Circe's house, 375  
Where, by her med'cines, black, and sorcerous,  
Thy soldiers all are shut in well-arm'd sties,  
And turn'd to swine. Art thou arrived with prize  
Fit for their ransoms ? Thou com'st out no more,  
If once thou ent'rest, like thy men before 380  
Made to remain here. But I'll guard thee free,  
And save thee in her spite. Receive of me

This fair and good receipt ; with which once arm'd,  
 Enter her roofs, for th' art to all proof charm'd  
 Against the ill day. I will tell thee all 385  
 Her baneful counsel : With a festival  
 She'll first receive thee, but will spice thy bread  
 With flowery poisons ; yet unaltered  
 Shall thy firm form be, for this remedy  
 Stands most approved 'gainst all her sorcery, 390  
 Which thus particularly shun : When she  
 Shall with her long rod strike thee, instantly  
 Draw from thy thigh thy sword, and fly on her  
 As to her slaughter. She, surprised with fear  
 And love, at first, will bid thee to her bed. 395  
 Nor say the Goddess nay, that welcomed  
 Thou may'st with all respect be, and procure  
 Thy fellows' freedoms. But before, make sure  
 Her favours to thee ; and the great oath take  
 With which the blessed Gods assurance make 400  
 Of all they promise ; that no prejudice  
 (By stripping thee of form, and faculties)  
 She may so much as once attempt on thee.'  
 This said, he gave his antidote to me,  
 Which from the earth he pluck'd, and told me all 405  
 The virtue of it, with what Deities call  
 The name it bears ; and Moly they impose  
 For name to it. The root is hard to loose  
 From hold of earth by mortals ; but God's power  
 Can all things do. 'Tis black, but bears a flower 410

<sup>400</sup> The herb Moly, which, with Ulysses' whole narration, hath in chief an allegorical exposition. Notwithstanding I say with our Spondanus, *Credo in hoc vasto mundi ambitu extare res innumeras mirandæ facultatis ; adeo, ut ne quidem ista quæ ad transformandu corpora pertinet, jure è mundo eximi possit, &c.*—CHAPMAN.  
 For an account of the *μῶλυ* see Classical Mus. vol. v. p. 58.

As white as milk. And thus flew Mercury  
Up to immense Olympus, gliding by  
The sylvan island. I made back my way  
To Circe's house, my mind of my assay  
Much thought revolving. At her gates I stay'd 415  
And call'd; she heard, and her bright doors display'd,  
Invited, led; I follow'd in, but traced  
With some distraction. In a throne she placed  
My welcome person; of a curious frame  
'Twas, and so bright I sat as in a flame; 420  
A foot-stool added. In a golden bowl  
She then suborn'd a potion, in her soul  
Deform'd things thinking; for amidst the wine  
She mix'd her man-transforming medicine;  
Which when she saw I had devour'd, she then 425  
No more observ'd me with her soothing vein,  
But struck me with her rod, and to her sty  
Bad, out, away, and with thy fellows lie.  
I drew my sword, and charged her, as I meant  
To take her life. When out she cried, and bent 430  
Beneath my sword her knees, embracing mine,  
And, full of tears, said: 'Who? Of what high line  
Art thou the issue? Whence? What shores sustain  
Thy native city? I amazed remain  
That, drinking these my venoms, th' art not turn'd. 435  
Never drunk any this cup but he mourn'd  
In other likeness, if it once had pass'd  
The ivory bounders of his tongue and taste.  
All but thyself are brutishly declined.  
Thy breast holds firm yet, and unchanged thy mind.  
Thou canst be therefore none else but the man 441  
Of many virtues, Ithacensian,



Deep-soul'd, Ulysses, who, I oft was told,  
 By that sly God that bears the rod of gold,  
 Was to arrive here in retreat from Troy. 445  
 Sheathe then thy sword, and let my bed enjoy  
 So much a man, that when the bed we prove,  
 We may believe in one another's love.'

I then : ' O Circe, why entreat'st thou me  
 To mix in any human league with thee, 450  
 When thou my friends hast beasts turn'd ; and thy bed  
 Tender'st to me, that I might likewise lead  
 A beast's life with thee, soften'd, naked stripp'd,  
 That in my blood thy banes may more be steep'd ?  
 I never will ascend thy bed, before, 455  
 I may affirm, that in heaven's sight you swore  
 The great oath of the Gods, that all attempt  
 To do me ill is from your thoughts exempt.'

I said, she swore, when, all the oath-rites said,  
 I then ascended her adorned bed, 460  
 But thus prepared : Four handmaids served her there,  
 That daughters to her silver fountains were,  
 To her bright-sea-observing sacred floods,  
 And to her uncut consecrated woods.  
 One deck'd the throne-tops with rich cloths of state, 465  
 And did with silks the foot-pace consecrate.  
 Another silver tables set before  
 The pompous throne, and golden dishes' store  
 Served in with several feast. A third fill'd wine.  
 The fourth brought water, and made fuel shine 470  
 In ruddy fires beneath a womb of brass.  
 Which heat, I bath'd ; and odorous water was  
 Disperpled lightly on my head and neck,  
 That might my late heart-hurting sorrows check

<sup>473</sup> *Disperpled*—sprinkled.

With the refreshing sweetness ; and, for that, 475  
 Men sometimes may be something delicate.  
 Bath'd, and adorn'd, she led me to a throne  
 Of massy silver, and of fashion  
 Exceeding curious. A fair foot-stool set,  
 Water apposed, and every sort of meat 480  
 Set on th' elaborately-polish'd board,  
 She wish'd my taste employ'd ; but not a word  
 Would my ears taste of taste ; my mind had food  
 That must digest ; eye meat would do me good.  
 Circe (observing that I put no hand 485  
 To any banquet, having countermand  
 From weightier cares the light cates could excuse)  
 Bowing her near me, these wing'd words did use :  
     ' Why sits Ulysses like one dumb, his mind  
 Lessening with languors ? Nor to food inclin'd, 490  
 Nor wine ? Whence comes it ? Out of any fear  
 Of more illusion ? You must needs forbear  
 That wrongful doubt, since you have heard me swear.'  
     ' O Circe !' I replied, ' what man is he,  
 Awed with the rights of true humanity, 495  
 That dares taste food or wine, before he sees  
 His friends redeem'd from their deformities ?  
 If you be gentle, and indeed incline  
 To let me taste the comfort of your wine,  
 Dissolve the charms that their forced forms enchain, 500  
 And show me here my honour'd friends like men.'  
 This said, she left her throne, and took her rod,  
 Went to her sty, and let my men abroad,  
 Like swine of nine years old. They opposite stood,  
 Observed their brutish form, and look'd for food ; 505  
 When, with another medicine, every one

All over smear'd, their bristles all were gone,  
Produced by malice of the other bane,  
And every one, afresh, look'd up a man,  
Both younger than they were, of stature more, 510  
And all their forms much goodlier than before.  
All knew me, cling'd about me, and a cry  
Of pleasing mourning flew about 'so high  
The horrid roof resounded; and the queen  
Herself was moved to see our kind so keen, 515  
Who bad me now bring ship and men ashore,  
Our arms, and goods in caves hid, and restore  
Myself to her, with all my other men.  
I granted, went, and oped the weeping vein  
In all my men; whose violent joy to see 520  
My safe return was passing kindly free  
Of friendly tears, and miserably wept.  
You have not seen young heifers (highly kept,  
Fill'd full of daisies at the field, and driven  
Home to their hovels, all so spritely given 525  
That no room can contain them, but about  
Bace by the dams, and let their spirits out  
In ceaseless bleating) of more jocund plight  
Than my kind friends, even crying out with sight  
Of my return so doubted; circled me 530  
With all their welcomes, and as cheerfully  
Disposed their rapt minds, as if there they saw  
Their natural country, cliffy Ithaca,  
And even the roofs where they were bred and born,  
And vow'd as much, with tears: 'O your return 535

<sup>527</sup> *Bace*—run by. So the game of Prisoners' Base. Cotgrave says under the word "*barres*," "the play at *Bace*, or Prison Bars."

As much delights us as in you had come  
Our country to us, and our natural home.  
But what unhappy fate hath reft our friends ?  
I gave unlook'd for answer, that amends  
Made for their mourning, bad them first of all      540  
Our ship ashore draw, then in caverns stall  
Our foody cattle, hide our mutual prize,  
' And then,' said I, ' attend me, that your eyes,  
In Circe's sacred house, may see each friend  
Eating and drinking banquets out of end.'      545

They soon obey'd ; all but Eurylochus,  
Who needs would stay them all, and counsell'd thus :  
    ' O wretches ! whither will ye ? Why are you  
Fond of your mischiefs, and such gladness show  
For Circe's house, that will transform ye all      550  
To swine, or wolves, or lions ? Never shall  
Our heads get out, if once within we be,  
But stay compell'd by strong necessity.  
So wrought the Cyclop, when t' his cave our friends  
This bold one led on, and brought all their ends      555  
By his one indiscretion. I for this  
Thought with my sword (that desperate head of his  
Hewn from his neck) to gash upon the ground  
His mangled body, though my blood was bound  
In near alliance to him. But the rest      560  
With humble suit contain'd me, and request,  
That I would leave him with my ship alone,  
And to the sacred palace lead them on.'

I led them ; nor Eurylochus would stay  
From their attendance on me, our late fray      565  
Struck to his heart so. But mean time, my men,

In Circe's house, were all, in several bain,  
 Studiously sweeten'd, smug'd with oil, and deck'd  
 With in and out weeds, and a feast secret  
 Served in before them ; at which close we found 570  
 They all were set, cheer'd, and carousing round.  
 When mutual sight had, and all thought on, then  
 Feast was forgotten, and the moan again  
 About the house flew, driven with wings of joy.  
 But then spake Circe : ' Now, no more annoy. 575  
 I know myself what woes by sea, and shore,  
 And men unjust have plagued enough before  
 Your injured virtues. Here then feast as long,  
 And be as cheerful, till ye grow as strong  
 As when ye first forsook your country earth. 580  
 Ye now fare all like exiles ; not a mirth,  
 Flash'd in amongst ye, but is quench'd again  
 With still-renew'd tears, though the beaten vein  
 Of your distresses should, methink, be now  
 Benumb with suff'rance.' We did well allow 585  
 Her kind persuasions, and the whole year stay'd  
 In varied feast with her. When, now array'd  
 The world was with the spring, and orby hours  
 Had gone the round again through herbs and flowers,  
 The months absolved in order, till the days 590  
 Had run their full race in Apollo's rays,  
 My friends remember'd me of home, and said,  
 If ever fate would sign my pass, delay'd  
 It should be now no more. I heard them well,  
 Yet that day spent in feast, till darkness fell, 595

<sup>567</sup> *In several bain*—each in a bath. (French.)

<sup>573</sup> *Φράσσαντό τε πάντα. Commemorabantque omnia.* Intending all their miseries, escapes, and meetings.—CHAPMAN.

<sup>592</sup> *Remembered*—reminded.

And sleep his virtues through our vapours shed.  
When I ascended sacred Circe's bed,  
Implored my pass, and her performed vow  
Which now my soul urged, and my soldiers now  
Afflicted me with tears to get them gone. 600

All these I told her, and she answer'd these :  
' Much skill'd Ulysses Laertiades !  
Remain no more against your wills with me,  
But take your free way ; only this must be  
Perform'd before you steer your course for home : 605  
You must the way to Pluto overcome,  
And stern Persephone, to form your pass,  
By th' aged Theban soul Tiresias,  
The dark-brow'd prophet, whose soul yet can see  
Clearly, and firmly ; grave Persephone, 610  
Even dead, gave him a mind, that he alone  
Might sing truth's solid wisdom, and not one  
Prove more than shade in his comparison.'

This broke my heart ; I sunk into my bed,  
Mourn'd, and would never more be comforted 615  
With light, nor life. But having now express'd  
My pains enough to her in my unrest,  
That so I might prepare her ruth, and get  
All I held fit for an affair so great,  
I said : ' O Circe, who shall steer my course 620  
To Pluto's kingdom ? Never ship had force  
To make that voyage.' The divine-in-voice  
Said : ' Seek no guide, raise you your mast, and hoise  
Your ship's white sails, and then sit you at peace,  
The fresh North Spirit shall waft ye through the seas.  
But, having past the ocean, you shall see 625  
A little shore, that to Persephone

Puts up a consecrated wood, where grows  
 Tall fir, and fallows that their fruits soon loose.  
 Cast anchor in the gulfs, and go alone 630  
 To Pluto's dark house, where, to Acheron  
 Cocytus' runs, and Pyriphlegethon,  
 Cocytus born of Styx, and where a rock  
 Of both the met floods bears the roaring shock.  
 The dark heroë, great Tiresias, 635  
 Now coming near, to gain propitious pass,  
 Dig of a cubit every way a pit,  
 And pour to all that are deceas'd in it  
 A solemn sacrifice. For which, first take  
 Honey and wine, and their commixtion make ; 640  
 Then sweet wine neat ; and thirdly water pour ;  
 And lastly add to these the whitest flour.  
 Then vow to all the weak necks of the dead  
 Offerings a number ; and, when thou shalt tread  
 The Ithacensian shore, to sacrifice 645  
 A heifer never-tamed, and most of prize,  
 A pile of all thy most esteemed goods  
 Enflaming to the dear streams of their bloods ;  
 And, in secret rites, to Tiresias vow  
 A ram coal-black at all parts, that doth flow 650  
 With fat and fleece, and all thy flocks doth lead.  
 When the all-calling nation of the dead  
 Thou thus hast pray'd to, offer on the place  
 A ram and ewe all black ; being turn'd in face  
 To dreadful Erebus, thyself aside 655  
 The flood's shore walking. And then, gratified

<sup>652</sup> Κλυτὰ ἔθνεα νεκρῶν. Which is expounded *Incluta ex-*  
*amina mortuorum* ; but κλυτός is the epithet of Pluto, and by  
 analogy belongs to the dead, *quod ad se omnes advocat*.

With flocks of souls of men and dames deceas'd  
Shall all thy pious rites be. Straight address'd  
See then the offering that thy fellows slew,  
Flay'd, and imposed in fire ; and all thy crew 660  
Pray to the state of either Deity,  
Grave Pluto, and severe Persephone.  
Then draw thy sword, stand firm, nor suffer one  
Of all the faint shades of the dead and gone  
T' approach the blood, till thou hast heard their king,  
The wise Tiresias ; who thy offering 666  
Will instantly do honour, thy home ways,  
And all the measure of them by the seas,  
Amplly unfolding.' This the Goddess told ;  
And then the Morning in her throne of gold 670  
Survey'd the vast world ; by whose orient light  
The Nymph adorn'd me with attires as bright,  
Her own hands putting on both shirt and weed,  
Robes fine, and curious, and upon my head  
An ornament that glitter'd like a flame, 675  
Girt me in gold ; and forth betimes I came  
Amongst my soldiers, roused them all from sleep,  
And bad them now no more observance keep  
Of ease, and feast, but straight a-shipboard fall,  
For now the Goddess had inform'd me all. 680  
Their noble spirits agreed ; nor yet so clear  
Could I bring all off, but Elpenor there  
His heedless life left. He was youngest man  
Of all my company, and one that wan  
Least fame for arms, as little for his brain ; 685  
Who (too much steep'd in wine, and so made fain  
To get refreshing by the cool of sleep,  
Apart his fellows, plunged in vapours deep,



And they as high in tumult of their way)  
 Suddenly waked and (quite out of the stay 690  
 A sober mind had given him) would descend  
 A huge long ladder, forward, and an end  
 Fell from the very roof, full pitching on  
 The dearest joint his head was placed upon,  
 Which, quite dissolved, let loose his soul to hell. 695  
 I to the rest, and Circe's means did tell  
 Of our return, as crossing clean the hope  
 I gave them first, and said: ' You think the scope  
 Of our endeavours now is straight for home ;  
 No ; Circe otherwise design'd, whose doom 700  
 Enjoin'd us first to greet the dreadful house  
 Of austere Pluto and his glorious spouse,  
 To take the counsel of Tiresias,  
 The reverend Theban, to direct our pass.'  
 This brake their hearts, and grief made tear their hair.  
 But grief was never good at great affair ; 705  
 It would have way yet. We went woful on  
 To ship and shore, where was arrived as soon  
 Circe unseen, a black ewe and a ram  
 Binding for sacrifice, and, as she came, 710  
 Vanish'd again unwitness'd by our eyes ;  
 Which grieved not us, nor check'd our sacrifice,  
 For who would see God, loath to let us see,  
 This way, or that bent ; still his ways are free.

700 *Doom—decision.*



## THE ELEVENTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

### THE ARGUMENT.

ULYSSES' way to Hell appears ;  
 Where he the grave Tiresias hears ;  
 Enquires his own and others' fates ;  
 His mother sees, and th' after states  
 In which were held by sad decease  
 Heroës, and Heroesses,  
 A number, that at Troy waged war ;  
 As Ajax that was still at jar  
 With Ithacus, for th' arms he lost ;  
 And with the great Achilles' ghost.

### ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

Ἀλμῖδα. Ulysses here  
     Invokes the dead.  
 The lives appear  
     Hereafter led.



ARRIVED now at our ship, we launch'd,  
     and set  
 Our mast up, put forth sail, and in did get  
 Our late-got cattle. Up our sails, we  
     went,

My wayward fellows mourning now th' event.  
 A good companion yet, a foreright wind,  
 Circe (the excellent utterer of her mind)

5

4 They mourned the event before they knew it.—CHAPMAN.

Supplied our murmuring consorts with, that was  
Both speed and guide to our adventurous pass.  
All day our sails stood to the winds, and made  
Our voyage prosp'rous. Sun then set, and shade 10  
All ways obscuring, on the bounds we fell  
Of deep Oceanus, where people dwell  
Whom a perpetual cloud obscures outright,  
To whom the cheerful sun lends never light,  
Nor when he mounts the star-sustaining heaven, 15  
Nor when he stoops earth, and sets up the even,  
But night holds fix'd wings, feather'd all with banes,  
Above those most unblest Cimmerians.  
Here drew we up our ship, our sheep withdrew,  
And walk'd the shore till we attain'd the view 20  
Of that sad region Circe had foreshow'd ;  
And then the sacred offerings to be vow'd  
Eurylochus and Persimedes bore.  
When I my sword drew, and earth's womb did gore  
Till I a pit digg'd of a cubit round, 25  
Which with the liquid sacrifice we crown'd,  
First honey mix'd with wine, then sweet wine neat,  
Then water pour'd in, last the flour of wheat.  
Much I importuned then the weak-neck'd dead,  
And vow'd, when I the barren soil should tread 30  
Of cliffy Ithaca, amidst my hall  
To kill a heifer, my clear best of all,  
And give in off'ring, on a pile composed  
Of all the choice goods my whole house enclosed.  
And to Tiresias himself, alone, 35  
A sheep coal-black, and the selectest one  
Of all my flocks. When to the Powers beneath,  
The sacred nation that survive with death,

My prayers and vows had done devotions fit,  
I took the off'rings, and upon the pit 40  
Bereft their lives. Out gush'd the sable blood,  
And round about me fled out of the flood  
The souls of the deceas'd. There cluster'd then  
Youths, and their wives, much-suffering aged men,  
Soft tender virgins that but new came there 45  
By timeless death, and green their sorrows were.  
There men at arms, with armours all embrew'd,  
Wounded with lances, and with faulchions hew'd,  
In numbers, up and down the ditch, did stalk,  
And threw unmeasured cries about their walk, 50  
So horrid that a bloodless fear surprised  
My daunted spirits. Straight then I advised  
My friends to flay the slaughter'd sacrifice,  
Put them in fire, and to the Deities,  
Stern Pluto and Persephone, apply 55  
Exciteful prayers. Then drew I from my thigh  
My well-edged sword, stept in, and firmly stood  
Betwixt the prease of shadows and the blood,  
And would not suffer any one to dip  
Within our offering his unsolid lip, 60  
Before Tiresias that did all controul.  
The first that press'd in was Elpenor's soul,  
His body in the broad-way'd earth as yet  
Unmourn'd, unburied by us, since we swet  
With other urgent labours. Yet his smart 65  
I wept to see, and rued it from my heart,  
Enquiring how he could before me be  
That came by ship? He, mourning, answer'd me :  
' In Circe's house, the spite some spirit did bear,  
And the unspeakable good liquor there, 70

Hath been my bane ; for, being to descend  
 A ladder much in height, I did not tend  
 My way well down, but forwards made a proof  
 To tread the rounds, and from the very roof  
 Fell on my neck, and brake it ; and this made 75  
 My soul thus visit this infernal shade.  
 And here, by them that next thyself are dear,  
 Thy wife, and father, that a little one  
 Gave food to thee, and by thy only son  
 At home behind thee left, Telemachus, 80  
 Do not depart by stealth, and leave me thus,  
 Unmourn'd, unburied, lest neglected I  
 Bring on thyself th' incensed Deity.  
 I know that, sail'd from hence, thy ship must touch  
 On th' isle *Ææa* ; where vouchsafe thus much, 85  
 Good king, that, landed, thou wilt instantly  
 Bestow on me thy royal memory  
 To this grace, that my body, arms and all,  
 May rest consumed in fiery funeral ;  
 And on the foamy shore a sepulchre 90  
 Erect to me, that after times may hear  
 Of one so hapless. Let me these implore,  
 And fix upon my sepulchre the oar  
 With which alive I shook the aged seas,  
 And had of friends the dear societies.' 95

I told the wretched soul I would fulfill  
 And execute to th' utmost point his will ;  
 And, all the time we sadly talk'd, I still  
 My sword above the blood held, when aside  
 The idol of my friend still amplified 100  
 His plaint, as up and down the shades he err'd.

<sup>91</sup> Misenus apud Virgilium, *ingenti mole, &c.*—CHAPMAN.  
 (*Æn.* vi. 232.)

Then my deceased mother's soul appear'd,  
Fair daughter of Autolycus, the great,  
Grave Anticlæa, whom, when forth I set  
For sacred Ilion, I had left alive. 105  
Her sight much moved me, and to tears did drive  
My note of her decease ; and yet not she  
(Though in my ruth she held the highest degree)  
Would I admit to touch the sacred blood,  
Till from Tiresias I had understood 110  
What Circe told me. At the length did land  
Theban Tiresias' soul, and in his hand  
Sustain'd a golden sceptre, knew me well,  
And said : ' O man unhappy, why to hell  
Admitt'st thou dark arrival, and the light 115  
The sun gives leav'st, to have the horrid sight  
Of this black region, and the shadows here ?  
Now sheathe thy sharp sword, and the pit forbear,  
That I the blood may taste, and then relate  
The truth of those acts that affect thy fate.' 120  
I sheath'd my sword, and left the pit, till he,  
The black blood tasting, thus instructed me :  
' Renown'd Ulysses ! All unask'd I know  
That all the cause of thy arrival now  
Is to enquire thy wish'd retreat for home ; 125  
Which hardly God will let thee overcome,  
Since Neptune still will his opposure try,  
With all his laid-up anger, for the eye  
His loved son lost to thee. And yet through all  
Thy suffering course (which must be capital) 130  
If both thine own affections, and thy friends,  
Thou wilt contain, when thy access ascends  
The three-fork'd island, having 'scaped the seas,

Where ye shall find fed on the flowery leas  
Fat flocks, and oxen, which the sun doth own, 135  
To whom are all things as well heard as shown,  
And never dare one head of those to slay,  
But hold unharmful on your wished way,  
Though through enough affliction, yet secure  
Your Fates shall land ye ; but presage says sure, 140  
If once ye spoil them, spoil to all thy friends,  
Spoil to thy fleet, and if the justice ends  
Short of thyself, it shall be long before,  
And that length forced out with infliction's store,  
When, losing all thy fellows, in a sail 145  
Of foreign built (when most thy Fates prevail  
In thy deliv'rance) thus th' event shall sort :  
Thou shalt find shipwreck raging in thy port,  
Proud men thy goods consuming, and thy wife  
Urging with gifts ; give charge upon thy life. 150  
But all these wrongs revenge shall end to thee,  
And force, or cunning, set with slaughter free  
Thy house of all thy spoilers. Yet again  
Thou shalt a voyage make, and come to men  
That know no sea, nor ships, nor oars that are 155  
Wings to a ship, nor mix with any fare  
Salt's savoury vapour. Where thou first shalt land,  
This clear-given sign shall let thee understand,  
That there those men remain : Assume ashore  
Up to thy royal shoulder a ship oar, 160  
With which, when thou shalt meet one on the way  
That will in county admiration say

<sup>146</sup> *Built*—build.

<sup>156</sup> Men that never eat salt with their food.—CHAPMAN.

<sup>162</sup> *County*.—So the folio, but *country* is evidently the word.

What dost thou with that wan upon thy neck?  
 There fix that wan thy oar, and that shore deck  
 With sacred rites to Neptune; slaughter there 165  
 A ram, a bull, and (who for strength doth bear  
 The name of husband to a herd) a boar.

And, coming home, upon thy natural shore,  
 Give pious hecatombs to all the Gods,  
 Degrees observed. And then the periods 170  
 Of all thy labours in the peace shall end  
 Of easy death; which shall the less extend  
 His passion to thee, that thy foe, the Sea,  
 Shall not enforce it, but Death's victory  
 Shall chance in only-earnest-pray-vow'd age, 175  
 Obtain'd at home, quite emptied of his rage,  
 Thy subjects round about thee, rich and blest.  
 And here hath Truth summ'd up thy vital rest.'

I answer'd him: 'We will suppose all these  
 Decreed in Deity; let it likewise please 180  
 Tiresias to resolve me, why so near  
 The blood and me my mother's soul doth bear,  
 And yet nor word, nor look, vouchsafe her son?  
 Doth she not know me?' 'No,' said he, 'nor none  
 Of all these spirits, but myself alone, 185  
 Knows anything till he shall taste the blood.  
 But whomsoever you shall do that good,  
 He will the truth of all you wish unfold;  
 Who you envy it to will all withhold.'

Thus said the kingly soul, and made retreat 190

<sup>163</sup> *Wan*—a provincialism for *wand*.

<sup>176</sup> ἤηρα ὑπο λιπαρῶ. Which all translate *senectute sub molli*. The epithet λιπαρῶ not of λιπαρὸς, viz. *pinguis*, or λιπαρῶς, *pinguis*, but λιπαρῶς signifying *flagitanter orando*. To which pious age is ever altogether addicted.—CHAPMAN.

<sup>189</sup> *Envy*—grudge, deny.



Amidst the inner parts of Pluto's seat,  
 When he had spoke thus by divine instinct.  
 Still I stood firm, till to the blood's precinct  
 My mother came, and drunk ; and then she knew  
 I was her son, had passion to renew 195  
 Her natural plaints, which thus she did pursue :  
 ' How is it, O my son, that you alive  
 This deadly-darksome region underdive ?  
 'Twixt which, and earth, so many mighty seas,  
 And horrid currents, interpose their prease, 200  
 Oceanus in chief ? Which none (unless  
 More help'd than you) on foot now can transgress.  
 A well-built ship he needs that ventures there.  
 Com'st thou from Troy but now, enforced to err  
 All this time with thy soldiers ? Nor hast seen, 205  
 Ere this long day, thy country, and thy queen ?  
 I answer'd : ' That a necessary end  
 To this infernal state made me contend ;  
 That from the wise Tiresias Theban soul  
 I might an oracle involv'd unroll ; 210  
 For I came nothing near Achaia yet,  
 Nor on our loved earth happy foot had set,  
 But, mishaps suffering, err'd from coast to coast,  
 Ever since first the mighty Grecian host  
 Divine Atrides led to Ilion, 215  
 And I his follower to set war upon  
 The rapeful Trojans ; and so pray'd she would  
 The fate of that ungentle death unfold,  
 That forced her thither ; if some long disease,  
 Or that the spleen of her that arrows please, 220  
 Diana, envious of most eminent dames,  
 Had made her th' object of her deadly aims ?

My father's state and sons I sought, if they  
Kept still my goods? Or they became the prey  
Of any other, holding me no more 225  
In power of safe return? Or if my store  
My wife had kept together with her son?  
If she her first mind held, or had been won  
By some chief Grecian from my love and bed?  
All this she answer'd: ' That affliction fed 230  
On her blood still at home, and that to grief  
She all the days and darkness of her life  
In tears had consecrate. That none possess  
My famous kingdom's throne, but th' interest  
My son had in it still he held in peace, 235  
A court kept like a prince, and his increase  
Spent in his subjects' good, administ'ring laws  
With justice, and the general applause  
A king should merit, and all call'd him king.  
My father kept the upland, labouring, 240  
And shunn'd the city, used no sumptuous beds,  
Wonder'd-at furnitures, nor wealthy weeds,  
But in the winter strew'd about the fire  
Lay with his slaves in ashes, his attire  
Like to a beggar's; when the summer came, 245  
And autumn all fruits ripen'd with his flame,  
Where grape-charged vines made shadows most abound,  
His couch with fall'n leaves made upon the ground,  
And here lay he, his sorrow's fruitful state  
Increasing as he faded for my fate; 250  
And now the part of age that irksome is  
Lay sadly on him. And that life of his  
She led, and perish'd in; not slaughter'd by  
The Dame that darts lov'd, and her archery;

Nor by disease invaded, vast and foul, 255  
 That wastes the body, and sends out the soul  
 With shame and horror ; only in her moan,  
 For me and my life, she consum'd her own.

She thus, when I had great desire to prove  
 My arms the circle where her soul did move. 260  
 Thrice proved I, thrice she vanish'd like a sleep,  
 Or fleeting shadow, which struck much more deep  
 The wounds my woes made, and made ask her why  
 She would my love to her embraces fly,  
 And not vouchsafe that even in hell we might 265  
 Pay pious Nature her unalter'd right,  
 And give Vexation here her cruel fill ?  
 Should not the Queen here, to augment the ill  
 Of every suff'rance, which her office is,  
 Enforce thy idol to afford me this ? 270

' O son,' she answer'd, ' of the race of men  
 The most unhappy, our most equal Queen  
 Will mock no solid arms with empty shade,  
 Nor suffer empty shades again t' invade  
 Flesh, bones, and nerves ; nor will defraud the fire 275  
 Of his last dues, that, soon as spirits expire  
 And leave the white bone, are his native right,  
 When, like a dream, the soul assumes her flight.  
 The light then of the living with most haste,  
 O son, contend to. This thy little taste 280  
 Of this state is enough ; and all this life  
 Will make a tale fit to be told thy wife.'

This speech we had ; when now repair'd to me  
 More female spirits, by Persephone  
 Driven on before her. All th' heroës' wives, 285

286 Proserpine.

And daughters, that led there their second lives,  
About the black blood throng'd. Of whom yet more  
My mind impell'd me to inquire, before  
I let them altogether taste the gore,  
For then would all have been dispersed, and gone 290  
Thick as they came. I, therefore, one by one  
Let taste the pit, my sword drawn from my thigh,  
And stand betwixt them made, when, severally,  
All told their stocks. The first, that quench'd her fire,  
Was Tyro, issued of a noble sire. 295  
She said she sprung from pure Salmoneus' bed,  
And Cretheus, son of Æolus, did wed ;  
Yet the divine flood Enipeus loved,  
Who much the most fair stream of all floods moved.  
Near whose streams Tyro walking, Neptune came, 300  
Like Enipeus, and enjoy'd the dame.  
Like to a hill, the blue and snaky flood  
Above th' immortal and the mortal stood,  
And hid them both, as both together lay,  
Just where his current falls into the sea. 305  
Her virgin waist dissolved, she slumber'd then ;  
But when the God had done the work of men,  
Her fair hand gently wringing, thus he said :  
' Woman ! rejoice in our combined bed,  
For when the year hath run his circle round 310  
(Because the Gods' loves must in fruit abound)  
My love shall make, to cheer thy teeming moans,  
Thy one dear burden bear two famous sons ;  
Love well, and bring them up. Go home, and see  
That, though of more joy yet I shall be free, 315  
Thou dost not tell, to glorify thy birth ;  
Thy love is Neptune, shaker of the earth.'  
This said, he plunged into the sea ; and she,

Begot with child by him, the light let see  
 Great Pelias, and Neleus, that became 320  
 In Jove's great ministry of mighty fame.  
 Pelias in broad Iolcus held his throne,  
 Wealthy in cattle ; th' other royal son  
 Ruled sandy Pylos. To these issue more  
 This queen of women to her husband bore, 325  
 Æson, and Pheres, and Amythaon  
 That for his fight on horseback stoop'd to none.

Next her, I saw admir'd Antiope,  
 Asopus' daughter, who (as much as she  
 Boasted attraction of great Neptune's love) 330  
 Boasted to slumber in the arms of Jove,  
 And two sons likewise at one burden bore  
 To that her all-controlling paramour,  
 Amphion, and fair Zethus ; that first laid  
 Great Thebes' foundations, and strong walls convey'd  
 About her turrets, that seven ports enclosed. 336  
 For though the Thebans much in strength reposed,  
 Yet had not they the strength to hold their own,  
 Without the added aids of wood and stone.

Alcmena next I saw, that famous wife 340  
 Was to Amphytrio, and honour'd life  
 Gave to the lion-hearted Hercules,  
 That was of Jove's embrace the great increase.

I saw, besides, proud Creon's daughter there,  
 Bright Megara, that nuptial yoke did wear 345  
 With Jove's great son, who never field did try  
 But bore to him the flower of victory.

The mother then of Oedipus I saw,  
 Fair Epicasta, that, beyond all law,  
 Her own son married, ignorant of kind, 350  
 And he, as darkly taken in his mind,

His mother wedded, and his father slew.  
 Whose blind act Heaven exposed at length to view,  
 And he in all-loved Thebes the supreme state  
 With much moan managed, for the heavy fate      355  
 The Gods laid on him. She made violent flight  
 To Pluto's dark house from the loathed light,  
 Beneath a steep beam strangled with a cord,  
 And left her son, in life, pains as abhorr'd  
 As all the Furies pour'd on her in hell.      360  
 Then saw I Chloris, that did so excell  
 In answering beauties, that each part had all.  
 Great Neleus married her, when gifts not small  
 Had won her favour, term'd by name of dower.  
 She was of all Amphion's seed the flower ;      365  
 Amphion, call'd Iasides, that then  
 Ruled strongly, Mynæan Orchomen,  
 And now his daughter ruled the Pylian throne,  
 Because her beauty's empire overshone.  
 She brought her wife-awed husband, Neleus,      370  
 Nestor much honour'd, Periclymenus,  
 And Chromius, sons with sovereign virtues graced ;  
 But after brought a daughter that surpass'd,  
 Rare-beautied Pero, so for form exact  
 That Nature to a miracle was rack'd      375  
 In her perfections, blazed with th' eyes of men ;  
 That made of all the country's hearts a chain,  
 And drew them suitors to her. Which her sire  
 Took vantage of, and, since he did aspire  
 To nothing more than to the broad-brow'd herd      380  
 Of oxen, which the common fame so rear'd,  
 Own'd by Iphiclus, not a man should be  
 His Pero's husband, that from Phylace

Those never-yet-driven oxen could not drive.  
 Yet these a strong hope held him to achieve, 385  
 Because a prophet, that had never err'd,  
 Had said, that only he should be preferr'd  
 To their possession. But the equal fate  
 Of God withstood his stealth ; inextricate  
 Imprisoning bands, and sturdy churlish swains 390  
 That were the herdsmen, who withheld with chains  
 The stealth attempter ; which was only he  
 That durst abet the act with prophecy,  
 None else would undertake it, and he must ;  
 The king would needs a prophet should be just. 395  
 But when some days and months expired were,  
 And all the hours had brought about the year,  
 The prophet did so satisfy the king  
 (Iphiclus, all his cunning questioning)  
 That he enfranchised him ; and, all worst done, 400  
 Jove's counsel made th' all-safe conclusion.

Then saw I Leda, link'd in nuptial chain  
 With Tyndarus, to whom she did sustain  
 Sons much renown'd for wisdom ; Castor one,  
 That past for use of horse comparison ; 405  
 And Pollux, that excell'd in whirlbat fight ;  
 Both these the fruitful earth bore, while the light  
 Of life inspired them ; after which, they found  
 Such grace with Jove, that both lived under ground,  
 By change of days ; life still did one sustain, 410  
 While th' other died ; the dead then lived again,  
 The living dying ; both of one self date  
 Their lives and deaths made by the Gods and Fate.  
 Iphimedia after Leda came,  
 That did derive from Neptune too the name 415

Of father to two admirable sons.  
 Life yet made short their admirations,  
 Who God-opposed Otus had to name,  
 And Ephialtes far in sound of fame.  
 The prodigal earth so fed them, that they grew 420  
 To most huge stature, and had fairest hue  
 Of all men, but Orion, under heaven.  
 At nine years old nine cubits they were driven  
 Abroad in breadth, and sprung nine fathoms high.  
 They threaten'd to give battle to the sky, 425  
 And all th' Immortals. They were setting on  
 Ossa upon Olympus, and upon  
 Steep Ossa leavy Pelius, that even  
 They might a highway make with lofty heaven ;  
 And had perhaps perform'd it, had they lived 430  
 Till they were striplings ; but Jove's son deprived  
 Their limbs of life, before th' age that begins  
 The flower of youth, and should adorn their chins.  
 Phædra and Procris, with wise Minos' flame,  
 Bright Ariadne, to the offering came. 435  
 Whom whilome Theseus made his prise from Crete,  
 That Athens' sacred soil might kiss her feet,  
 But never could obtain her virgin flower,  
 Till, in the sea-girt Dia, Dian's power  
 Detain'd his homeward haste, where (in her fane, 440  
 By Bacchus witness'd) was the fatal wane  
 Of her prime glory. Mæra, Clymene,  
 I witness'd there ; and loath'd Eriphyle,  
 That honour'd gold more than she loved her spouse.  
 But, all th' heroesses in Pluto's house 445

444 Amphiaras was her husband, whom she betrayed to  
 his ruin at Thebes, for gold taken of Adrastus her brother.

CHAPMAN.



That then encounter'd me, exceeds my might  
 To name or number, and ambrosian night  
 Would quite be spent, when now the formal hours  
 Present to sleep our all-disposed powers,  
 If at my ship, or here: My home-made vow 450  
 I leave for fit grace to the Gods and you."

This said ; the silence his discourse had made  
 With pleasure held still through the house's shade,  
 When white-arm'd Arete this speech began :  
 " Phæacians! How appears to you this man, 455  
 So goodly person'd, and so match'd with mind ?  
 My guest he is, but all you stand combin'd  
 In the renown he doth us. Do not then  
 With careless haste dismiss him, nor the main  
 Of his dispatch to one so needy maim, 460  
 The Gods' free bounty gives us all just claim  
 To goods enow." This speech, the oldest man  
 Of any other Phæacensian,  
 The grave heroö, Echineus, gave  
 All approbation, saying: " Friends ! ye have 465  
 The motion of the wise queen in such words  
 As have not miss'd the mark, with which accords  
 My clear opinion. But Alcinous,  
 In word and work must be our rule." He thus ;  
 And then Alcinous said: " This then must stand, 470  
 If while I live I rule in the command  
 Of this well-skill'd-in-navigation state :  
 Endure then, guest, though most importunate  
 Be your affects for home. A little stay  
 If your expectance bear, perhaps it may 475  
 Our gifts make more complete. The cares of all  
 Your due deduction asks ; but principal

I am therein the ruler." He replied :  
 " Alcinous, the most duly glorified  
 With rule of all of all men, if you lay 480  
 Commandment on me of a whole year's stay,  
 So all the while your preparations rise,  
 As well in gifts as time, ye can devise  
 No better wish for me ; for I shall come  
 Much fuller handed, and more honour'd, home, 485  
 And dearer to my people, in whose loves  
 The richer evermore the better proves."

He answer'd : " There is argued in your sight  
 A worth that works not men for benefit,  
 Like prollers or impostors ; of which crew, 490  
 The gentle black earth feeds not up a few,  
 Here and there wanderers, blanching tales and lies,  
 Of neither praise, nor use. You move our eyes  
 With form, our minds with matter, and our ears  
 With elegant oration, such as bears 495  
 A music in the order'd history  
 It lays before us. Not Demodocus  
 With sweeter strains hath used to sing to us  
 All the Greek sorrows, wept out in your own.  
 But say : Of all your worthy friends, were none 500  
 Objected to your eyes that consorts were  
 To Ilion with you, and served destiny there ?  
 This night is passing long, unmeasur'd, none

<sup>483</sup> *Venustè et falsè dictum.*—CHAPMAN.

<sup>490</sup> *Prollers*—prowlers, wanderers in quest of plunder.

<sup>492</sup> *Blanching*.—The word to *blanch* not infrequently occurs in the sense of to put a fair appearance on a thing, to slur over, deceive. See *Iliad*, Bk. xii. 223. Florio, in his " *World of Wordes*," 1598, says, under the word "*Biancheggiare*," "*metaphorically it is taken to raile at one secretly.*" The sense is obvious here.

Of all my household would to bed yet; on,  
 Relate these wondrous things. Were I with you, 505  
 If you would tell me but your woes, as now,  
 Till the divine Aurora show'd her head,  
 I should in no night relish thought of bed."

"Most eminent king," said he, "times all must keep,  
 There's time to speak much, time as much to sleep, 510  
 But would you hear still, I will tell you still,  
 And utter more, more miserable ill  
 Of friends than yet, that scaped the dismal wars,  
 And perish'd homewards, and in household jars  
 Waged by a wicked woman. The chaste Queen, 515  
 No sooner made these lady ghosts unseen,  
 Here and there flitting, but mine eye-sight won  
 The soul of Agamemnon, Atreus' son,  
 Sad, and about him all his train of friends,  
 That in Ægisthus' house endured their ends 520  
 With his stern fortune. Having drunk the blood,  
 He knew me instantly, and forth a flood  
 Of springing tears gush'd; out he thrust his hands,  
 With will t' embrace me, but their old commands  
 Flow'd not about him, nor their weakest part. 525  
 I wept to see, and moan'd him from my heart,  
 And ask'd: 'O Agamemnon! King of men!  
 What sort of cruel death hath render'd slain  
 Thy royal person? Neptune in thy fleet  
 Heaven and his hellish billows making meet, 530  
 Rousing the winds? Or have thy men by land  
 Done thee this ill, for using thy command,  
 Past their consents, in diminution  
 Of those full shares their worths by lot had won

515 Proserpina.

Of sheep or oxen ? Or of any town, 535  
In covetous strife, to make their rights thine own  
In men or women prisoners ?' He replied :  
' By none of these in any right I died,  
But by Ægisthus and my murderous wife  
(Bid to a banquet at his house) my life 540  
Hath thus been reft me, to my slaughter led  
Like to an ox pretended to be fed.  
So miserably fell I, and with me  
My friends lay massacred, as when you see  
At any rich man's nuptials, shot, or feast, 545  
About his kitchen white-tooth'd swine lie drest.  
The slaughters of a world of men thine eyes,  
Both private, and in prease of enemies,  
Have personally witness'd ; but this one  
Would all thy parts have broken into moan, 550  
To see how strew'd about our cups and cates,  
As tables set with feast, so we with fates,  
All gash'd and slain lay, all the floor embrued  
With blood and brain. But that which most I rued,  
Flew from the heavy voice that Priam's seed, 555  
Cassandra, breath'd, whom, she that wit doth feed  
With baneful crafts, false Clytemnestra, slew,  
Close sitting by me ; up my hands I threw  
From earth to heaven, and tumbling on my sword  
Gave wretched life up ; when the most abhorr'd, 560  
By all her sex's shame, forsook the room,  
Nor deign'd, though then so near this heavy home,  
To shut my lips, or close my broken eyes.

<sup>545</sup> *Shot*.—See Bk. i. 352. The Greek *ἐπαιος* was a feast at which each guest brought his portion, or contributed his share in money.

Nothing so heap'd is with impieties,  
As such a woman that would kill her spouse 565  
That married her a maid. When to my house  
I brought her, hoping of her love in heart,  
To children, maids, and slaves. But she (in th' art  
Of only mischief hearty) not alone  
Cast on herself this foul aspersion, 570  
But loving dames, hereafter, to their lords  
Will bear, for good deeds, her bad thoughts and words.'  
' Alas,' said I, ' that Jove should hate the lives  
Of Atreus' seed so highly for their wives !  
For Menelaus' wife a number fell, 575  
For dangerous absence thine sent thee to hell.'  
' For this,' he answer'd, ' be not thou more kind  
Than wise to thy wife. Never all thy mind  
Let words express to her. Of all she knows,  
Curbs for the worst still, in thyself repose. 580  
But thou by thy wife's wiles shalt lose no blood,  
Exceeding wise she is, and wise in good.  
Icarius' daughter, chaste Penelope,  
We left a young bride, when for battle we  
Forsook the nuptial peace, and at her breast 585  
Her first child sucking, who, by this hour, blest,  
Sits in the number of surviving men.  
And his bliss she hath, that she can contain,  
And her bliss thou hast, that she is so wise.  
For, by her wisdom, thy returned eyes 590  
Shall see thy son, and he shall greet his sire  
With fitting welcomes ; when in my retire,  
My wife denies mine eyes my son's dear sight,  
And, as from me, will take from him the light,  
Before she adds one just delight to life, 595

Or her false wit one truth that fits a wife.  
 For her sake therefore let my harms advise,  
 That though thy wife be ne'er so chaste and wise,  
 Yet come not home to her in open view,  
 With any ship or any personal show, 600  
 But take close shore disguised, nor let her know,  
 For 'tis no world to trust a woman now.  
 But what says Fame? Doth my son yet survive,  
 In Orchomen, or Pylos? Or doth live  
 In Sparta with his uncle? Yet I see 605  
 Divine Orestes is not here with me.'

I answer'd, asking: 'Why doth Atreus' son  
 Enquire of me, who yet arrived where none  
 Could give to these news any certain wings?  
 And 'tis absurd to tell uncertain things.' 610

Such sad speech past us; and as thus we stood,  
 With kind tears rendering unkind fortunes good,  
 Achilles' and Patroclus' soul appear'd,  
 And his soul, of whom never ill was heard,  
 The good Antilochus, and the soul of him 615  
 That all the Greeks past both for force and limb  
 Excepting the unmatched Æacides,  
 Illustrious Ajax. But the first of these  
 That saw, acknowledged, and saluted me,  
 Was Thetis' conquering son, who (heavily 620  
 His state here taking) said: 'Unworthy breath!  
 What act yet mightier imagineth  
 Thy vent'rous spirit? How dost thou descend  
 These under regions, where the dead man's end  
 Is to be look'd on, and his foolish shade?' 625

I answer'd him: 'I was induced t' invade

630 This advice he followed at his coming home.—CHAPMAN.

These under parts, most excellent of Greece,  
To visit wise Tiresias, for advice  
Of virtue to direct my voyage home  
To rugged Ithaca ; since I could come 630  
To note in no place, where Achaia stood,  
And so lived ever, tortured with the blood  
In man's vain veins. Thou therefore, Thetis' son,  
Hast equal'd all, that ever yet have won  
The bliss the earth yields, or hereafter shall. 635  
In life thy eminence was ador'd of all,  
Even with the Gods ; and now, even dead, I see  
Thy virtues propagate thy empery  
To a renew'd life of command beneath ;  
So great Achilles triumphs over death.' 640  
This comfort of him this encounter found :  
' Urge not my death to me, nor rub that wound,  
I rather wish to live in earth a swain,  
Or serve a swain for hire, that scarce can gain  
Bread to sustain him, than, that life once gone, 645  
Of all the dead sway the imperial throne.  
But say, and of my son some comfort yield,  
If he goes on in first fights of the field,  
Or lurks for safety in the obscure rear ?  
Or of my father if thy royal ear 650  
Hath been advertised, that the Phthian throne  
He still commands, as greatest Myrmidon ?  
Or that the Phthian and Thessalian rage  
(Now feet and hands are in the hold of age)  
Despise his empire ? Under those bright rays, 655  
In which heaven's fervour hurls about the days,  
Must I no more shine his revenger now,  
Such as of old the Ilium overthrow

Witness'd my anger, th' universal host  
Sending before me to this shady coast, 660  
In fight for Grecia. Could I now resort,  
(But for some small time) to my father's court,  
In spirit and power as then, those men should find  
My hands inaccessible, and of fire my mind,  
That durst with all the numbers they are strong 665  
Unseat his honour, and suborn his wrong.'

This pitch still flew his spirit, though so low,  
And this I answer'd thus: ' I do not know  
Of blameless Peleus any least report,  
But of your son, in all the utmost sort, 670  
I can inform your care with truth, and thus :

From Scyros princely Neoptolemus  
By fleet I convey'd to the Greeks, where he  
Was chief, at both parts, when our gravity  
Retired to council, and our youth to fight. 675  
In council still so fiery was Conceit  
In his quick apprehension of a cause,  
That first he ever spake, nor past the laws  
Of any grave stay, in his greatest haste.  
None would contend with him, that counsell'd last, 680  
Unless illustrious Nestor, he and I  
Would sometimes put a friendly contrary  
On his opinion. In our fights, the prease  
Of great or common, he would never cease,  
But far before fight ever. No man there, 685  
For force, he forced. He was slaughterer  
Of many a brave man in most dreadful fight.  
But one and other whom he reft of light,  
In Grecian succour, I can neither name,  
Nor give in number. The particular fame 690



Of one man's slaughter yet I must not pass ;  
 Eurypylus Telephides he was,  
 That fell beneath him, and with him the falls  
 Of such huge men went, that they show'd like whales  
 Rampired about him. Neoptolemus 695  
 Set him so sharply, for the sumptuous  
 Favours of mistresses he saw him wear ;  
 For past all doubt his beauties had no peer  
 Of all that mine eyes noted, next to one,  
 And that was Memnon, Tithon's Sun-like son. 700  
 Thus far, for fight in public, may a taste  
 Give of his eminence. How far surpast  
 His spirit in private, where he was not seen,  
 Nor glory could be said to praise his spleen,  
 This close note I excerpted. When we sat 705  
 Hid in Epeus' horse, no optimate  
 Of all the Greeks there had the charge to ope  
 And shut the stratagem but I. My scope  
 To note then each man's spirit in a strait  
 Of so much danger, much the better might 710  
 Be hit by me, than others, as, provoked,  
 I shifted place still, when, in some I smoked  
 Both privy tremblings, and close vent of tears,  
 In him yet not a soft conceit of theirs  
 Could all my search see, either his wet eyes 715  
 Ply'd still with wipings, or the goodly guise,  
 His person all ways put forth, in least part,  
 By any tremblings, show'd his touch'd-at heart.

694 This place (and a number more) is most miserably mistaken by all translators and commentators.—CHAPMAN.

700 The horse abovesaid.—CHAPMAN.

712 *Smoked*.—See Bk. IV. 338.

But ever he was urging me to make  
Way to their sally, by his sign to shake 720  
His sword hid in his scabbard, or his lance  
Loaded with iron, at me. No good chance  
His thoughts to Troy intended. In th' event,  
High Troy depopulate, he made ascent  
To his fair ship, with prise and treasure store, 725  
Safe, and no touch away with him he bore  
Of far-off hurl'd lance, or of close-fought sword,  
Whose wounds for favours war doth oft afford,  
Which he (though sought) miss'd in war's closest wage.  
*In close fights Mars doth never fight, but rage.* 730

This made the soul of swift Achilles tread  
A march of glory through the herby mead,  
For joy to hear me so renown his son ;  
And vanish'd stalking. But with passion  
Stood th' other souls struck, and each told his bane.  
Only the spirit Telamonian 736  
Kept far off, angry for the victory  
I won from him at fleet ; though arbitry  
Of all a court of war pronounced it mine,  
And Pallas' self. Our prise were th' arms divine 740  
Of great Æacides, proposed t' our fames  
By his bright Mother, at his funeral games.  
I wish to heaven I ought not to have won ;  
Since for those arms so high a head so soon  
The base earth cover'd, Ajax, that of all 745  
The host of Greece had person capital,  
And acts as eminent, excepting his  
Whose arms those were, in whom was nought amiss.  
I tried the great soul with soft words, and said :

736 Ajax the son of Telamon.—CHAPMAN.

' Ajax ! Great son of Telamon, array'd 750  
 In all our glories ! What ! not dead resign  
 Thy wrath for those curst arms ? The Powers divine  
 In them forged all our banes, in thine own one,  
 In thy grave fall our tower was overthrown.  
 We mourn, for ever maim'd, for thee as much 755  
 As for Achilles ; nor thy wrong doth touch,  
 In sentence, any but Saturnius' doom ;  
 In whose hate was the host of Greece become  
 A very horror ; who express'd it well  
 In signing thy fate with this timeless hell. 760  
 Approach then, king of all the Grecian merit,  
 Repress thy great mind, and thy flaming spirit,  
 And give the words I give thee worthy ear.'

All this no word drew from him, but less near  
 The stern soul kept ; to other souls he fled, 765  
 And glid along the river of the dead.  
 Though anger moved him, yet he might have spoke,  
 Since I to him. But my desires were strook  
 With sight of other souls. And then I saw  
 Minos, that minister'd to Death a law, 770  
 And Jove's bright son was. He was set, and sway'd  
 A golden sceptre ; and to him did plead  
 A sort of others, set about his throne,  
 In Pluto's wide-door'd house ; when straight came on  
 Mighty Orion, who was hunting there 775  
 The herds of those beasts he had slaughter'd here  
 In desert hills on earth. A club he bore,  
 Entirely steel, whose virtues never wore.

Tityus I saw, to whom the glorious earth  
 Open'd her womb, and gaye unhappy birth. 780

Upwards, and flat upon the pavement, lay  
 His ample limbs, that spread in their display  
 Nine acres' compass. On his bosom sat  
 Two vultures, digging, through his caul of fat,  
 Into his liver with their crooked beaks ; 785  
 And each by turns the concrete entrail breaks  
 (As smiths their steel beat) set on either side.  
 Nor doth he ever labour to divide  
 His liver and their beaks, nor with his hand  
 Offer them off, but suffers by command 790  
 Of th' angry Thund'rer, off'ring to enforce  
 His love Latona, in the close recourse  
 She used to Pytho through the dancing land,  
 Smooth Panopæus. I saw likewise stand,  
 Up to the chin, amidst a liquid lake, 795  
 Tormented Tantalus, yet could not slake  
 His burning thirst. Oft as his scornful cup  
 Th' old man would taste, so oft 'twas swallow'd up,  
 And all the black earth to his feet descried,  
 Divine power (plaguing him) the lake still dried. 800  
 About his head, on high trees, clust'ring, hung  
 Pears, apples, granates, olives ever young,  
 Delicious figs, and many fruit trees more  
 Of other burden ; whose alluring store  
 When th' old soul strived to pluck, the winds from sight,  
 In gloomy vapours, made them vanish quite. 806  
 There saw I Sisypheus in infinite moan,  
 With both hands heaving up a massy stone,  
 And on his tip-toes racking all his height,  
 To wrest up to a mountain-top his freight ; 810  
 When prest to rest it there, his nerves quite spent,

811 *Prest.*—ready.

Down rush'd the deadly quarry, the event  
Of all his torture new to raise again ;  
To which straight set his never-rested pain.  
The sweat came gushing out from every pore, 815  
And on his head a standing mist he wore,  
Reeking from thence, as if a cloud of dust  
Were raised about it. Down with these was thrust  
The idol of the force of Hercules,  
But his firm self did no such fate oppress, 820  
He feasting lives amongst th' Immortal States,  
White-ankled Hebe and himself made mates  
In heavenly nuptials. Hebe, Jove's dear race,  
And Juno's whom the golden sandals grace.  
About him flew the clamours of the dead 825  
Like fowls, and still stoop'd cuffing at his head.  
He with his bow, like Night, stalk'd up and down,  
His shaft still nock'd, and hurling round his frown  
At those vex'd hoverers, aiming at them still,  
And still, as shooting out, desire to still. 830  
A horrid bawdrick wore he thwart his breast,  
The thong all gold, in which were forms imprest,  
Where art and miracle drew equal breaths,  
In bears, boars, lions, battles, combats, deaths.  
Who wrought that work did never such before, 835  
Nor so divinely will do ever more.  
Soon as he saw, he knew me, and gave speech :  
' Son of Laertes, high in wisdom's reach,  
And yet unhappy wretch, for in this heart,  
Of all exploits achieved by thy desert, 840  
Thy worth but works out some sinister fate,  
As I in earth did. I was generate

<sup>819</sup> *The idol of the force of Hercules.*—The shade of Hercules.

By Jove himself, and yet past mean oppress  
 By one my far inferior, whose proud hest  
 Impos'd abhorred labours on my hand. 845

Of all which one was, to descend this strand,  
 And hale the dog from thence. He could not think  
 An act that danger could make deeper sink.  
 And yet this depth I drew, and fetch'd as high,  
 As this was low, the dog. The Deity 850  
 Of sleight and wisdom, as of downright power,  
 Both stoop'd, and raised, and made me conqueror.'

This said, he made descent again as low  
 As Pluto's court; when I stood firm, for show  
 Of more heroës of the times before, 855  
 And might perhaps have seen my wish of more,  
 (As Theseus and Pirithous, derived  
 From roots of Deity) but before th' achieved  
 Rare sight of these, the rank-soul'd multitude  
 In infinite flocks rose, venting sounds so rude, 860  
 That pale Fear took me, lest the Gorgon's head  
 Rush'd in amongst them, thrust up, in my dread,  
 By grim Persephone. I therefore sent  
 My men before to ship, and after went. 864  
 Where, boarded, set, and launch'd, th' ocean wave  
 Our oars and forewinds speedy passage gave.

860 Mercury.

FINIS LIBRI UNDECIMI HOM. ODYSSE.



## THE TWELFTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

### THE ARGUMENT.

HE shows from Hell his safe retreat  
To th' isle *Ææa*, Circe's seat;  
And how he scap'd the Sirens' calls,  
With th' erring rocks, and waters' falls,  
That Scylla and Charybdis break;  
The Sun's stolen herds; and his sad wreck  
Both of Ulysses' ship and men,  
His own head 'scaping scarce the pain.

### ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

Mũ. The rocks that err'd.  
The Sirens' call.  
The Sun's stolen herd.  
The soldiers' fall.



OUR ship now past the straits of th' ocean  
flood,  
She plow'd the broad sea's billows, and  
made good  
The isle *Ææa*, where the palace stands  
Of th' early riser with the rosy hands,  
Active Aurora, where she loves to dance,  
And where the Sun doth his prime beams advance.

When here arrived, we drew her up to land,  
And trod ourselves the re-saluted sand,  
Found on the shore fit resting for the night,  
Slept, and expected the celestial light. 10

Soon as the white-and-red-mix'd-finger'd Dame  
Had gilt the mountains with her saffron flame,  
I sent my men to Circe's house before,  
To fetch deceas'd Elpenor to the shore.

Straight swell'd the high banks with fell'd heaps of  
trees, 15

And, full of tears, we did due exsequies  
To our dead friend. Whose corse consum'd with fire,  
And honour'd arms, whose sepulchre entire,  
And over that a column raised, his oar,  
Curiously carved, to his desire before, 20  
Upon the top of all his tomb we fixed.  
Of all rites fit his funeral pile was mix'd.

Nor was our safe ascent from Hell concealed  
From Circe's knowledge ; nor so soon revealed  
But she was with us, with her bread and food, 25  
And ruddy wine, brought by her sacred brood  
Of woods and fountains. In the midst she stood,  
And thus saluted us : ' Unhappy men,  
That have, inform'd with all your senses, been  
In Pluto's dismal mansion ! You shall die 30  
Twice now, where others, that Mortality  
In her fair arms holds, shall but once de cease.  
But eat and drink out all conceit of these,  
And this day dedicate to food and wine,  
The following night to sleep. When next shall shine 35  
The cheerful morning, you shall prove the seas.  
Your way, and every act ye must address,



My knowledge of their order shall design,  
 Lest with your own bad counsels ye incline  
 Events as bad against ye, and sustain, 40  
 By sea and shore, the woful ends that reign  
 In wilful actions.' Thus did she advise,  
 And, for the time, our fortunes were so wise  
 To follow wise directions. All that day  
 We sat and feasted. When his lower way 45  
 The Sun had enter'd, and the Even the high,  
 My friends slept on their gables; she and I  
 (Led by her fair hand to a place apart,  
 By her well-sorted) did to sleep convert  
 Our timid powers; when all things Fate let fall 50  
 In our affair she asked; I told her all.  
 To which she answer'd: ' These things thus took end.  
 And now to those that I inform attend,  
 Which you rememb'ring, God himself shall be  
 The blessed author of your memory. 55  
 First to the Sirens ye shall come, that taint  
 The minds of all men, whom they can acquaint  
 With their attractions. Whomsoever shall,  
 For want of knowledge moved, but hear the call  
 Of any Siren, he will so despise 60  
 Both wife and children, for their sorceries,  
 That never home turns his affection's stream,  
 Nor they take joy in him, nor he in them.  
 The Sirens will so soften with their song  
 (Shrill, and in sensual appetite so strong) 65  
 His loose affections, that he gives them head.  
 And then observe: They sit amidst a mead,  
 And round about it runs a hedge or wall  
 Of dead men's bones, their wither'd skins and all

Hung all along upon it ; and these men 70  
Were such as they had fawn'd into their fen,  
And then their skins hung on their hedge of bones.  
Sail by them therefore, thy companions  
Beforehand causing to stop every ear  
With sweet soft wax, so close that none may hear 75  
A note of all their charmings. Yet may you,  
If you affect it, open ear allow  
To try their motion ; but presume not so  
To trust your judgment, when your senses go  
So loose about you, but give straight command 80  
To all your men, to bind you foot and hand  
Sure to the mast, that you may safe approve  
How strong in instigation to their love  
Their rapping tunes are. If so much they move,  
That, spite of all your reason, your will stands 85  
To be enfranchised both of feet and hands,  
Charge all your men before to slight your charge,  
And rest so far from fearing to enlarge  
That much more sure they bind you. When your  
friends  
Have outsail'd these, the danger that transcends 90  
Rests not in any counsel to prevent,  
Unless your own mind finds the tract and bent  
Of that way that avoids it. I can say  
That in your course there lies a twofold way,  
The right of which your own, taught, present wit, 95  
And grace divine, must prompt. In general yet  
Let this inform you : Near these Sirens' shore  
Move two steep rocks, at whose feet lie and roar  
The black sea's cruel billows ; the bless'd Gods  
Call them the Rovers. Their abhorr'd abodes 100

No bird can pass ; no not the doves, whose fear  
 Sire Jove so loves that they are said to bear  
 Ambrosia to him, can their ravine 'scape,  
 But one of them falls ever to the rape  
 Of those sly rocks ; yet Jove another still 105  
 Adds to the rest, that so may ever fill  
 The sacred number. Never ship could shun  
 The nimble peril wing'd there, but did run  
 With all her bulk, and bodies of her men,  
 To utter ruin. For the seas retain 110  
 Not only their outrageous æsture there,  
 But fierce assistants of particular fear,  
 And supernatural mischief, they expire,  
 And those are whirlwinds of devouring fire  
 Whisking about still. Th' Argive ship alone, 115  
 Which bore the care of all men, got her gone,

<sup>101</sup> Πέλειαι τρήρωνες. *Columbæ timidæ*. What these doves were, and the whole mind of this place, the great Macedon asking Chiron Amphipolites, he answered : They were the Pleiades or seven Stars. One of which (besides his proper imperfection of being ἀμυδρός, i. e. *adeo exilis, vel subobscurus, ut vix appareat*) is utterly obscured or let by these rocks. Why then, or how, Jove still supplied the lost one, that the number might be full, Athenæus falls to it, and helps the other out, interpreting it to be affirmed of their perpetual septenary number, though there appeared but six. But how lame and loathsome these prozers show in their affected expositions of the poetical mind, this and an hundred others, spent in mere presumptuous guess at this inaccessible Poet, I hope will make plain enough to the most envious of any thing done, besides their own set censures, and most arrogant overweenings. In the 23 of the Iliads (being ψ) at the games celebrated at Patroclus' funerals, they tied to the top of a mast πέλειαν τρήρωνα, *timidam columbam*, to shoot at for a game, so that (by these great men's abovesaid expositions) they shot at the Pleiades.—CHAPMAN.

<sup>116</sup> Νηὺς πᾶσι μέλουσα, &c. *Navis omnibus curæ: the ship that held the care of all men, or of all things: which our critics will needs restrain, omnibus heroibus, Poetis omnibus, vel Histo-*

Come from Areta. Yet perhaps even she  
 Had wrack'd at those rocks, if the Deity,  
 That lies by Jove's side, had not lent her hand  
 To their transmission ; since the man, that mann'd 120  
 In chief that voyage, she in chief did love.  
 Of these two spiteful rocks, the one doth shove  
 Against the height of heaven her pointed brow.  
 A black cloud binds it round, and never show  
 Lends to the sharp point ; not the clear blue sky 125  
 Lets ever view it, not the summer's eye,  
 Not fervent autumn's. None that death could end  
 Could ever scale it, or, if up, descend,  
 Though twenty hands and feet he had for hold,  
 A polish'd ice-like glibness doth enfold 130  
 The rock so round, whose midst a gloomy cell  
 Shrouds so far westward that it sees to hell.  
 From this keep you as far, as from his bow  
 An able young man can his shaft bestow.  
 For here the whuling Scylla shrouds her face, 135

*ricis*, when the care of all men's preservation is affirmed to be the freight of it ; as if poets and historians comprehended all things, when I scarce know any that makes them any part of their care. But this likewise is garbage good enough for the monster. Nor will I tempt our spiced consciences with expressing the divine mind it includes. Being afraid to affirm any good of poor poesy, since no man gets any goods by it. And notwithstanding many of our bird-eyed starters at profanation are for nothing so afraid of it ; as that lest their galled consciences (scarce believing the most real truth, in approbation of their lives) should be rubbed with the confirmation of it, even in these contemned vanities (as their impieties please to call them) which by much more learned and pious than themselves have ever been called the raptures of divine inspiration, by which, *Homo supra humanam naturam erigitur, et in Deum transit.*—Plat.—CHAPMAN.

<sup>135</sup> Δεινὸν λελακνῖα, &c. *Graviter vociferans* ; as all most untruly translate it. As they do in the next verse these words

That breathes a voice at all parts no more base  
 Than are a newly-kitten'd kitling's cries,  
 Herself a monster yet of boundless size,  
 Whose sight would nothing please a mortal's eyes,  
 No nor the eyes of any God, if he 140  
 (Whom nought should fright) fell foul on her, and she  
 Her full shape show'd. Twelve foul feet bear about  
 Her ugly bulk. Six huge long necks look out  
 Of her rank shoulders; every neck doth let  
 A ghastly head out; every head three set, 145  
 Thick thrust together, of abhorred teeth,  
 And every tooth stuck with a sable death.

*σκύλακος νεογιλῆς catulū leonis*, no lion being here dreamed of, nor any vociferation. *Δεινὸν λελακνῖα* signifying *indignam*, *dissimilem*, or *horribilem vocem edens*: but in what kind *horribilem*? Not for the gravity or greatness of her voice, but for the unworthy or disproportionable small whuling of it; she being in the vast frame of her body, as the very words *πέλωρ κακὸν* signify, *monstrum ingens*; whose disproportion and deformity is too poetically (and therein elegantly) ordered for fat and flat prosers to comprehend. Nor could they make the Poet's words serve their comprehension; and therefore they add of their own, *λάσκω*, from whence *λελακνῖα* is derived, signifying *crepo*, or *stridulè clamo*. And *σκύλακος νεογιλῆς*, is to be expounded, *catulū nuper* or *recens nati*, not *leonis*. But thus they botch and abuse the incomparable expressor, because they knew not how otherwise to be monstrous enough themselves to help out the monster. Imagining so huge a great body must needs have a voice as huge; and then would not our Homer have likened it to a lion's whelp's voice, but to the lion's own; and all had been much too little to make a voice answerable to her hugeness. And therefore found our inimitable master a new way to express her monstrous disproportion; performing it so, as there can be *nil supra*. And I would fain learn of my learned detractor, that will needs have me only translate out of the Latin, what Latin translation tells me this? Or what Grecian hath ever found this and a hundred other such? Which may be some poor instance, or proof, of my Grecian faculty, as far as old Homer goes in his two simple poems, but not a syllable further will my silly spirit presume.

CHAPMAN.

She lurks in midst of all her den, and streaks  
 From out a ghastly whirlpool all her necks ;  
 Where, gloting round her rock, to fish she falls ;      150  
 And up rush dolphins, dogfish ; somewhiles whales,  
 If got within her when her rapine feeds ;  
 For ever-groaning Amphitrite breeds  
 About her whirlpool an unmeasured store.  
 No sea-man ever boasted touch of shore      155  
 That there touch'd with his ship, but still she fed  
 Of him and his ; a man for every head  
 Spoiling his ship of. You shall then descry  
 The other humbler rock, that moves so nigh  
 Your dart may mete the distance. It receives      160  
 A huge wild fig-tree, curl'd with ample leaves,  
 Beneath whose shades divine Charybdis sits,  
 Supping the black deeps. Thrice a day her pits  
 She drinking all dry, and thrice a day again  
 All up she belches, baneful to sustain.      165  
 When she is drinking, dare not near her draught,  
 For not the force of Neptune, if once caught,  
 Can force your freedom. Therefore in your strife  
 To 'scape Charybdis labour all for life  
 To row near Scylla, for she will but have      170  
 For her six heads six men ; and better save  
 The rest, than all make off'rings to the wave.'

This need she told me of my loss, when I  
 Desired to know, if that Necessity,  
 When I had 'scaped Charybdis' outrages,      175  
 My powers might not revenge, though not redress ?  
 She answer'd : ' O unhappy ! art thou yet  
 Enflamed with war, and thirst to drink thy sweat ?

<sup>148</sup> *Streaks*—stretches. See Bk. ix. 416.

Not to the Gods give up both arms and will?  
 She deathless is, and that immortal ill 180  
 Grave, harsh, outrageous, not to be subdued,  
 That men must suffer till they be renew'd.  
 Nor lives there any virtue that can fly  
 The vicious outrage of their cruelty.  
 Shouldst thou put arms on, and approach the rock, 185  
 I fear six more must expiate the shock.  
 Six heads six men ask still. Hoise sail, and fly,  
 And, in thy flight, aloud on Cratis cry  
 (Great Scylla's mother, who exposed to light  
 The bane of men) and she will do such right 190  
 To thy observance, that she down will tread  
 Her daughter's rage, nor let her show a head.

From thenceforth then, for ever past her care,  
 Thou shalt ascend the isle triangular,  
 Where many oxen of the Sun are fed, 195  
 And fatted flocks. Of oxen fifty head  
 In every herd feed, and their herds are seven;  
 And of his fat flocks is their number even.  
 Increase they yield not, for they never die.  
 There every shepherdess a Deity. 200  
 Fair Phaethusa, and Lampetie,  
 The lovely Nymphs are that their guardians be,  
 Who to the daylight's lofty-going Flame  
 Had gracious birthright from the heavenly Dame,  
 Still young Neæra; who (brought forth and bred) 205  
 Far off dismiss'd them, to see duly fed  
 Their father's herds and flocks in Sicily.  
 These herds and flocks if to the Deity  
 Ye leave, as sacred things, untouch'd, and on

104 Sicily.

203 The Sun.

Go with all fit care of your home, alone, 210  
(Though through some suff'rance) you yet safe shall land  
In wished Ithaca. But if impious hand  
You lay on those herds to their hurts, I then  
Presage sure ruin to thy ship and men.  
If thou escap'st thyself, extending home 215  
Thy long'd-for landing, thou shalt loaded come  
With store of losses, most exceeding late,  
And not consorted with a saved mate.'

This said, the golden-throned Aurora rose,  
She her way went, and I did mine dispose 220  
Up to my ship, weigh'd anchor, and away.  
When reverend Circe helped us to convey  
Our vessel safe, by making well inclined  
A seaman's true companion, a forewind,  
With which she fill'd our sails; when, fitting all 225  
Our arms close by us, I did sadly fall  
To grave relation what concern'd in fate  
My friends to know, and told them that the state  
Of our affairs' success, which Circe had  
Presaged to me alone, must yet be made 230  
To one nor only two known, but to all;  
That, since their lives and deaths were left to fall  
In their elections, they might life elect,  
And give what would preserve it fit effect.

I first inform'd them, that we were to fly 235  
The heavenly-singing Sirens' harmony,  
And flower-adorned meadow; and that I  
Had charge to hear their song, but fetter'd fast  
In bands, unfavour'd, to th' erected mast,  
From whence, if I should pray, or use command, 240  
To be enlarged, they should with much more band



Contain my strugglings. This I simply told  
 To each particular, nor would withhold  
 What most enjoin'd mine own affection's stay,  
 That theirs the rather might be taught t' obey. 245

In mean time flew our ships, and straight we fetch'd  
 The Siren's isle; a spleenless wind so stretch'd  
 Her wings to waft us, and so urged our keel.  
 But having reach'd this isle, we could not feel  
 The least gasp of it, it was stricken dead, 250  
 And all the sea in prostrate slumber spread,  
 The Sirens' devil charm'd all. Up then flew  
 My friends to work, struck sail, together drew,  
 And under hatches stow'd them, sat, and plied  
 The polish'd oars, and did in curls divide 255  
 The white-head waters. My part then came on:

A mighty waxen cake I set upon,  
 Chopp'd it in fragments with my sword, and wrought  
 With strong hand every piece, till all were soft.  
 The great power of the sun, in such a beam 260  
 As then flew burning from his diadem,  
 To liquefaction help'd us. Orderly  
 I stopp'd their ears; and they as fair did ply  
 My feet and hands with cords, and to the mast  
 With other halsers made me soundly fast. 265

Then took they seat, and forth our passage strook,  
 The foamy sea beneath their labour shook.

Row'd on, in reach of an erected voice,  
 The Sirens soon took note, without our noise,  
 Tuned those sweet accents that made charms so strong,  
 And these learn'd numbers made the Sirens' song: 271

*'Come here, thou worthy of a world of praise,  
 That dost so high the Grecian glory raise,*

*Ulysses! stay thy ship, and that song hear*  
*That none past ever but it bent his ear,* 275  
*But left him ravish'd, and instructed more*  
*By us, than any ever heard before.*  
*For we know all things whatsoever were*  
*In wide Troy labour'd; whatsoever there*  
*The Grecians and the Trojans both sustain'd* 280  
*By those high issues that the Gods ordain'd.*  
*And whatsoever all the earth can show*  
*T' inform a knowledge of desert, we know.'*

This they gave accent in the sweetest strain  
That ever open'd an enamour'd vein. 285  
When my constrain'd heart needs would have mine ear  
Yet more delighted, force way forth, and hear.  
To which end I commanded with all sign  
Stern looks could make (for not a joint of mine  
Had power to stir) my friends to rise, and give 290  
My limbs free way. They freely strived to drive  
Their ship still on. When, far from will to loose,  
Eurylochus, and Perimedes rose  
To wrap me surer, and oppress'd me more  
With many a halser than had use before. 295  
When, rowing on without the reach of sound,  
My friends unstopp'd their ears, and me unbound,  
And that isle quite we quitted. But again  
Fresh fears employ'd us. I beheld a main  
Of mighty billows, and a smoke ascend, 300  
A horrid murmur hearing. Every friend  
Astonish'd sat; from every hand his oar  
Fell quite forsaken; with the dismal roar  
Were all things there made echoes; stone still stood  
Our ship itself, because the ghastly flood 305

Took all men's motions from her in their own.  
 I through the ship went, labouring up and down  
 My friends' recover'd spirits. One by one  
 I gave good words, and said : That well were known  
 These ills to them before, I told them all, 310  
 And that these could not prove more capital  
 Than those the Cyclops block'd us up in, yet  
 My virtue, wit, and heaven-help'd counsels set  
 Their freedoms open. I could not believe  
 But they remember'd it, and wish'd them give 315  
 My equal care and means now equal trust.  
 The strength they had for stirring up they must  
 Rouse and extend, to try if Jove had laid  
 His powers in theirs up, and would add his aid  
 To 'scape even that death. In particular then, 320  
 I told our pilot, that past other men  
 He most must bear firm spirits, since he sway'd  
 The continent that all our spirits convey'd,  
 In his whole guide of her. He saw there boil  
 The fiery whirlpools that to all our spoil 325  
 Inclosed a rock, without which he must steer,  
 Or all our ruins stood concluded there.

All heard me and obey'd, and little knew  
 That, shunning that rock, six of them should rue  
 The wrack another hid. For I conceal'd 330  
 The heavy wounds, that never would be heal'd,  
 To be by Scylla open'd ; for their fear  
 Would then have robb'd all of all care to steer,  
 Or stir an oar, and made them hide beneath,  
 When they and all had died an idle death. 335  
 But then even I forgot to shun the harm

<sup>323</sup> *Continent*—ship, that which contained us.

Circe forewarn'd ; who will'd I should not arm,  
Nor show myself to Scylla, lest in vain  
I ventured life. Yet could not I contain,  
But arm'd at all parts, and two lances took, 340  
Up to the foredeck went, and thence did look  
That rocky Scylla would have first appear'd,  
And taken my life with the friends I fear'd.

From thence yet no place could afford her sight,  
Though through the dark rock mine eye threw her light,  
And ransack'd all ways. I then took a strait 346  
That gave myself, and some few more, receipt  
'Twixt Scylla and Charybdis ; whence we saw  
How horridly Charybdis' throat did draw  
The brackish sea up, which when all abroad 350  
She spit again out, never caldron sod  
With so much fervour, fed with all the store  
That could enrage it ; all the rock did roar  
With troubled waters ; round about the tops  
Of all the steep crags flew the foamy drops. 355  
But when her draught the sea and earth dissunder'd,  
The troubled bottoms turn'd up, and she thunder'd,  
Far under shore the swart sands naked lay.  
Whose whole stern sight the startled blood did fray  
From all our faces. And while we on her 360  
Our eyes bestow'd thus to our ruin's fear,  
Six friends had Scylla snatch'd out of our keel,  
In whom most loss did force and virtue feel.  
When looking to my ship, and lending eye  
To see my friends' estates, their heels turn'd high, 365  
And hands cast up, I might discern, and hear  
Their calls to me for help, when now they were  
To try me in their last extremities.

And as an angler med'cine for surprise  
 Of little fish sits pouring from the rocks, 370  
 From out the crook'd horn of a fold-bred ox,  
 And then with his long angle hoists them high  
 Up to the air, then slightly hurls them by,  
 When helpless sprawling on the land they lie ;  
 So easily Scylla to her rock had rapt 375  
 My woeful friends, and so unhelp'd entrapt  
 Struggling they lay beneath her violent rape,  
 Who in their tortures, desperate of escape,  
 Shriek'd as she tore, and up their hands to me  
 Still threw for sweet life. I did never see, 380  
 In all my suff'rance ransacking the seas,  
 A spectacle so full of miseries.

Thus having fled these rocks (these cruel dames  
 Scylla, Charybdis) where the King of flames  
 Hath offerings burn'd to him our ship put in, 385  
 The island that from all the earth doth win  
 The epithet *Faultless*, where the broad-of-head  
 And famous oxen for the Sun are fed,  
 With many fat flocks of that high-gone God.  
 Set in my ship, mine ear reach'd where we rode 390  
 The bellowing of oxen, and the bleat  
 Of fleecy sheep, that in my memory's seat  
 Put up the forms that late had been impress'd  
 By dread Ææan Circe, and the best  
 Of souls and prophets, the blind Theban seer, 395  
 The wise Tiresias, who was grave decreer  
 Of my return's whole means ; of which this one  
 In chief he urg'd—that I should always shun  
 The island of the man-delighting Sun.  
 When, sad at heart for our late loss, I pray'd 400

My friends to hear fit counsel (though dismay'd  
 With all ill fortunes) which was given to me  
 By Circe's and Tiresias' prophecy,—  
 That I should fly the isle where was ador'd  
 The Comfort of the world, for ills abhorr'd 406  
 Were ambush'd for us there ; and therefore will'd  
 They should put off and leave the isle. This kill'd  
 Their tender spirits ; when Eurylochus  
 A speech that vex'd me utter'd, answering thus :  
 ' Cruel Ulysses ! Since thy nerves abound 410  
 In strength, the more spent, and no toils confound  
 Thy able limbs, as all beat out of steel,  
 Thou ablest us too, as unapt to feel  
 The teeth of Labour and the spoil of Sleep,  
 And therefore still wet waste us in the deep, 415  
 Nor let us land to eat, but madly now  
 In night put forth, and leave firm land to strow  
 The sea with errors. All the rabid flight  
 Of winds that ruin ships are bred in night.  
 Who is it that can keep off cruel Death, 420  
 If suddenly should rush out th' angry breath  
 Of Notus, or the eager-spirited West,  
 That cuff ships dead, and do the Gods their best ?  
 Serve black Night still with shore, meat, sleep, and ease,  
 And offer to the Morning for the seas.' 425  
 This all the rest approved, and then knew I  
 That past all doubt the Devil did apply  
 His slaught'rous works. Nor would they be withheld ;  
 I was but one, nor yielded but compell'd.

<sup>406</sup> *The Comfort of the world*—the Sun. (Τερψυμβόρον ἡλείοιο.)

<sup>413</sup> *Ablest*—the word here seems used in the same sense as Shakespeare, *King Lear*, iv. 6. See NARES in v.

But all that might contain them I assay'd, 430  
A sacred oath on all their powers I laid,  
That if with herds or any richest flocks  
We chanc'd t' encounter, neither sheep nor ox  
We once should touch, nor (for that constant ill  
That follows folly) scorn advice and kill, 435  
But quiet sit us down and take such food  
As the immortal Circe had bestow'd.

They swore all this in all severest sort ;  
And then we anchor'd in the winding port  
Near a fresh river, where the long'd-for shore 440  
They all flew out to, took in victuals store,  
And, being full, thought of their friends, and wept  
Their loss by Scylla, weeping till they slept.

In Night's third part, when stars began to stoop,  
The Cloud-assembler put a tempest up. 445  
A boist'rous spirit he gave it, drave out all  
His flocks of clouds, and let such darkness fall  
That Earth and Seas, for fear, to hide were driven,  
For with his clouds he thrust out Night from heaven.

At Morn we drew our ships into a cave, 450  
In which the Nymphs that Phœbus' cattle drave  
Fair dancing-rooms had, and their seats of state.  
I urg'd my friends then, that, to shun their fate,  
They would observe their oath, and take the food  
Our ship afforded, nor attempt the blood 455  
Of those fair herds and flocks, because they were  
The dreadful God's that all could see and hear.

They stood observant, and in that good mind  
Had we been gone ; but so adverse the wind  
Stood to our passage, that we could not go. 460  
For one whole month perpetually did blow

Impetuous Notus, not a breath's repair  
But his and Eurus' ruled in all the air.  
As long yet as their ruddy wine and bread  
Stood out amongst them, so long not a head 465  
Of all those oxen fell in any strife  
Amongst those students for the gut and life ;  
But when their victuals fail'd they fell to prey,  
Necessity compell'd them then to stray  
In rape of fish and fowl ; whatever came 470  
In reach of hand or hook, the belly's flame  
Afflicted to it. I then fell to prayer,  
And (making to a close retreat repair,  
Free from both friends and winds) I wash'd my hands,  
And all the Gods besought, that held commands 475  
In liberal heaven, to yield some mean to stay  
Their desperate hunger, and set up the way  
Of our return restrain'd. The Gods, instead  
Of giving what I pray'd for—power of deed—  
A deedless sleep did on my lids distill, 480  
For mean to work upon my friends their fill.  
For whiles I slept there waked no mean to curb  
Their headstrong wants ; which he that did disturb  
My rule in chief at all times, and was chief  
To all the rest in counsel to their grief, 485  
Knew well, and of my present absence took  
His fit advantage, and their iron strook  
At highest heat. For, feeling their desire  
In his own entrails, to allay the fire  
That Famine blew in them, he thus gave way 490  
To that affection : ' Hear what I shall say,  
Though words will staunch no hunger, every death  
To us poor wretches that draw temporal breath



You know is hateful ; but, all know, to die  
 The death of Famine is a misery 495  
 Past all death loathsome. Let us, therefore, take  
 The chief of this fair herd, and offerings make  
 To all the Deathless that in broad heaven live,  
 And in particular vow, if we arrive  
 In natural Ithaca, to straight erect 500  
 A temple to the Haughty in aspect,  
 Rich and magnificent, and all within  
 Deck it with relics many and divine.  
 If yet he stands incens'd, since we have slain  
 His high-brow'd herd, and, therefore, will sustain 505  
 Desire to wrack our ship, he is but one,  
 And all the other Gods that we atone  
 With our divine rites will their suffrage give  
 To our design'd return, and let us live.  
 If not, and all take part, I rather crave 510  
 To serve with one sole death the yawning wave,  
 Than in a desert island lie and sterve,  
 And with one pin'd life many deaths observe.  
 All cried ' He counsels nobly,' and all speed  
 Made to their resolute driving ; for the feed 515  
 Of those coal-black, fair, broad-brow'd, sun-loved beeves  
 Had place close by our ships. They took the lives  
 Of sence, most eminent ; about their fall  
 Stood round, and to the States Celestial  
 Made solemn vows ; but other rites their ship 520  
 Could not afford them, they did, therefore, strip  
 The curl'd-head oak of fresh young leaves, to make  
 Supply of service for their barley-cake.  
 And on the sacredly enflamed, for wine,

<sup>518</sup> *Sence*.—*Qy. seven the most eminent?* No number is specified in the Greek.

Pour'd purest water, all the parts divine 525  
Spitting and roasting ; all the rites beside  
Orderly using. Then did light divide  
My low and upper lids ; when, my repair  
Made near my ship, I met the delicate air  
Their roast exhaled ; out instantly I cried, 530  
And said : ' O Jove, and all ye Deified,  
Ye have oppress'd me with a cruel sleep,  
While ye conferr'd on me a loss as deep  
As Death descends to. To themselves alone  
My rude men left ungovern'd, they have done 535  
A deed so impious, I stand well assured,  
That you will not forgive though ye procured.'

Then flew Lampetie with the ample robe  
Up to her father with the golden globe,  
Ambassadress t' inform him that my men 540  
Had slain his oxen. Heart-incensed then,  
He cried : ' Revenge me, Father, and the rest  
Both ever-living and for ever blest !  
Ulysses' impious men have drawn the blood  
Of those my oxen that it did me good 545  
To look on, walking all my starry round,  
And when I trod earth all with meadows crown'd.  
Without your full amends I'll leave heaven quite,  
Dis and the dead adorning with my light.'

The Cloud-herd answer'd : ' Son ! Thou shalt be ours,  
And light those mortals in that mine of flowers ! 551  
My red-hot flash shall graze but on their ship,  
And eat it, burning, in the boiling deep.'

This by Calypso I was told, and she  
Informed it from the verger Mercury. 555

Come to our ship, I chid and told by name

Each man how impiously he was to blame.  
 But chiding got no peace, the beeves were slain !  
 When straight the Gods forewent their following pain  
 With dire ostents. The hides the flesh had lost 560  
 Crept all before them. As the flesh did roast,  
 It bellow'd like the ox itself alive.

And yet my soldiers did their dead beeves drive  
 Through all these prodigies in daily feasts.  
 Six days they banqueted and slew fresh beasts ; 565  
 And when the seventh day Jove reduced the wind  
 That all the month raged, and so in did bind  
 Our ship and us, was turn'd and calmed, and we  
 Launch'd, put up masts, sails hoised, and to sea.

The island left so far that land nowhere 570  
 But only sea and sky had power t' appear,  
 Jove fixed a cloud above our ship, so black  
 That all the sea it darken'd. Yet from wrack  
 She ran a good free time, till from the West  
 Came Zephyr ruffling forth, and put his breast 575  
 Out in a singing tempest, so most vast  
 It burst the gables that made sure our mast ;  
 Our masts came tumbling down, our cattle down  
 Rush'd to the pump, and by our pilot's crown  
 The main-mast pass'd his fall, pash'd all his skull, 580  
 And all this wrack but one flaw made at full ;  
 Off from the stern the sternsman diving fell,  
 And from his sinews flew his soul to hell.  
 Together all this time Jove's thunder chid,  
 And through and through the ship his lightning glid,  
 Till it embraced her round ; her bulk was fill'd 586  
 With nasty sulphur, and her men were kill'd,  
 Tumbled to sea, like sea-mews swum about,

And there the date of their return was out.

I toss'd from side to side still, till all broke 590  
 Her ribs were with the storm, and she did choke  
 With let-in surges ; for the mast torn down  
 Tore her up piecemeal, and for me to drown  
 Left little undissolved. But to the mast  
 There was a leather thong left, which I cast 595  
 About it and the keel, and so sat tost  
 With baneful weather, till the West had lost  
 His stormy tyranny. And then arose  
 The South, that bred me more abhorred woes ;  
 For back again his blasts expell'd me quite 600  
 On ravenous Charybdis. All that night  
 I totter'd up and down, till Light and I  
 At Scylla's rock encounter'd, and the nigh  
 Dreadful Charybdis. As I drave on these,  
 I saw Charybdis supping up the seas, 605  
 And had gone up together, if the tree  
 That bore the wild figs had not rescued me ;  
 To which I leap'd, and left my keel, and high  
 Chamb'ring upon it did as close imply  
 My breast about it as a reremouse could ; 610  
 Yet might my feet on no stub fasten hold  
 To ease my hands, the roots were crept so low  
 Beneath the earth, and so aloft did grow  
 The far-spread arms that, though good height I gat,  
 I could not reach them. To the main bole flat 615  
 I, therefore, still must cling ; till up again  
 She belch'd my mast, and after that amain  
 My keel came tumbling. So at length it chanced  
 To me, as to a judge that long advanced

609 *Chambering*—the word is doubtless *clambering*.

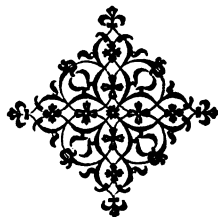
To judge a sort of hot young fellows' jars, 620  
 At length time frees him from their civil wars,  
 When glad he riseth and to dinner goes ;  
 So time, at length, released with joys my woes,  
 And from Charybdis' mouth appear'd my keel.  
 To which, my hand now loos'd and now my heel, 625  
 I altogether with a huge noise dropp'd,  
 Just in her midst fell, where the mast was propp'd,  
 And there row'd off with owers of my hands.  
 God and man's Father would not from her sands  
 Let Scylla see me, for I then had died 630  
 That bitter death that my poor friends supplied.  
 Nine days at sea I hover'd ; the tenth night  
 In th' isle Ogygia, where, about the bright  
 And right renown'd Calypso, I was cast  
 By power of Deity ; where I lived embraced 635  
 With love and feasts. But why should I relate  
 Those kind occurrents ? I should iterate  
 What I in part to your chaste queen and you  
 So late imparted. And, for me to grow  
 A talker over of my tale again, 640  
 Were past my free contentment to sustain."

<sup>638</sup> *Owers*—oars. The old orthography would show that the word was generally pronounced as a dissyllable.

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*Opus novem dierum.*

Σὺν Θέῳ.



5. 25/864

1. 11

Lucas. 11/12. 64





2. 590



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